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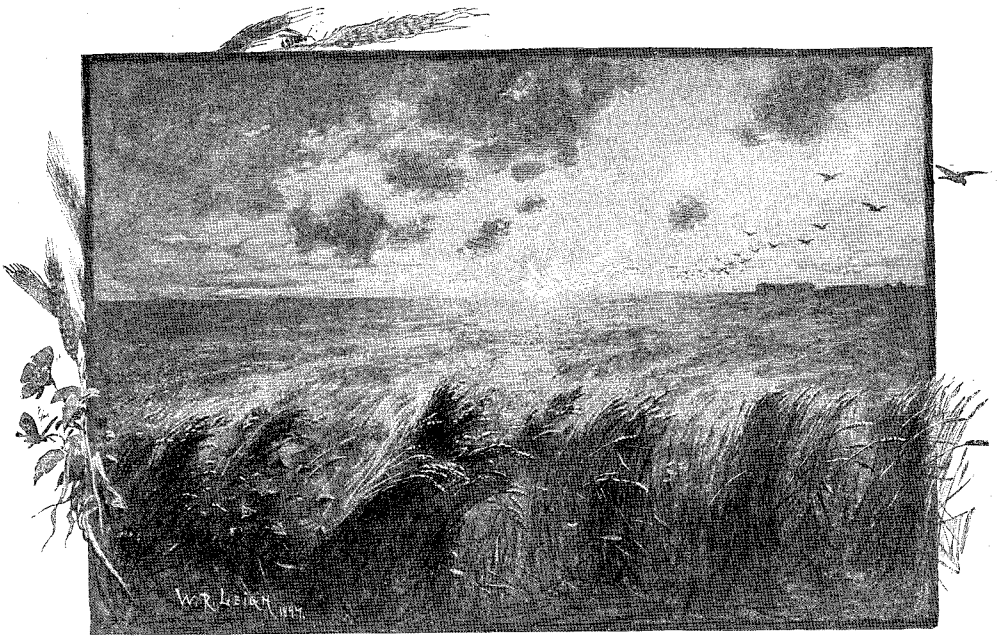

THE BUSINESS OF A WHEAT FARM

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—SEVENTH PAPER)

By William Allen White

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH

WHEN one is cataloguing the callings of men one says "the business man, and the farmer," never "the business man and farmer" or the "business man engaged in farming." In daily speech modern men and women pay unconscious tribute to the ghost of the old order—the order which seemed to decree that the farmer's existence depended upon brawn and not upon brain. This thoughtless slighting of the farmer's vocation—which is made manifest in a score of forms in all departments of art, and in the conduct of material affairs—seems curious when one pauses to observe how deeply the farmer of to-day is involved in the meshes of commerce. The successful farmer of this generation must be a business man first, and a tiller of the soil afterward. In him must be combined many talents. He must be a capitalist, cautious and crafty; he must be an operator of industrial affairs, daring and resourceful, and he must play labor's part, with patience and humility. He is in busi-

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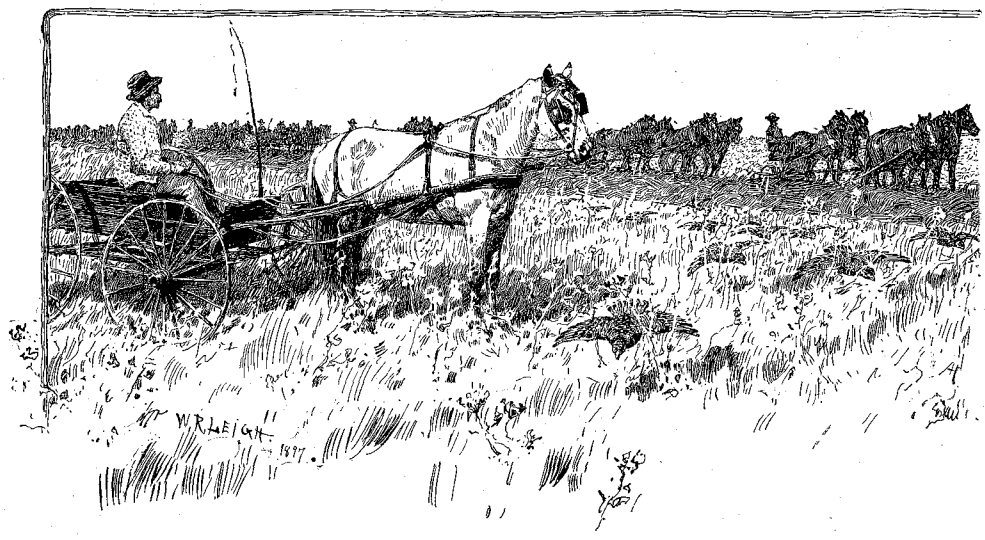

GANG

ness as certainly as the banker. And henceforth until the order changes, the farmer's success in business will quadrate with the kind and quantity of brains he uses, and with the number of fertile acres under his plough.

Out in the West—where until lately land might be secured for the asking—farms of many acres are found. In the Dakotas and in California and in the far northwestern States of the Union, these large farms are devoted almost exclusively to wheat-growing. In the vernacular of the wheat belt, these farms are called "bonanza" farms. The best examples of such farms may be found in the valley of the Red River of the North, where the stream flows through North Dakota. Oddly enough when the river crosses the Canadian border, the bonanza farms are not found in its valleys, and even smaller farms have not been established universally upon the rich soil, as they have been a few score of miles south in Yankeedom. In the valley upon the American side there is not a barren acre. Wheat stretches away from the car-window to the horizon, over a land flat as a floor. The monotonous exactness of the level makes one long for the undulating prairies of the middle west. Yet the very evenness of the plain has a commercial value, and makes the location here of the great wheat-farms possible. For in a rolling country there is waste land — here an "eighty" on a hill-top, there a "forty" in a swamp. But in bonanza farming every foot of land must be productive with the expenditure of the least possible amount of human labor upon it. In the lexicon of the Dakota farmer there is no such word as "hoe."

The smallest implement upon a big wheat farm is a plough. And from the plough to the elevator—from the first operation in wheat-farming to the last—one is forced to realize how the spirit of the age has made itself felt here, and has reduced the amount of human labor to the minimum. The man who ploughs uses his muscle only incidentally in guiding the machine. The man who operates the harrow has half a dozen levers to lighten his labor. The "sower who goeth forth to sow," walks leisurely behind a drill and works brakes. The reaper needs a quick brain and a quick hand—but not necessarily a strong arm, nor a powerful back. He works sitting down. The threshers are merely assistants to a machine, and the men who heave the wheat into the bins only press buttons. The most desirable farm-hand is not the fellow who can pound the "mauling machine" most lustily at the county fair. He is the man with the cunning brain who can get the most work out of a machine without breaking it. The farm laborer in the West to-day, where machinery is employed, finds himself advanced to the ranks of skilled labor, and enjoys a position not widely different from that of the mill-hand in the East. Each is a tender of a machine.

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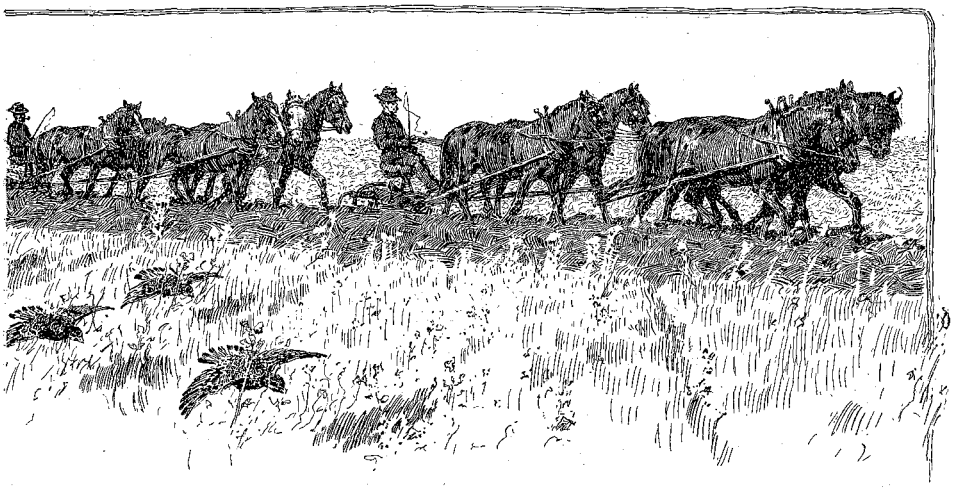

PLOUGHING.*

This much concerning the industrial side of Western farm life seems to be a necessary introduction to the elaboration of the scheme under which the financial business of the great wheat-growing plantation is conducted. From this brief explanation it may be seen that the problem which confronts the business man entering upon the extensive production of wheat is not entirely different from that which confronts him in any considerable producing enterprise. In the wheat-farm the investor has the use of labor-saving machinery to increase the output of his establishment; his profits are large or small according to the caprices of his market. Here the parallel between the manufacturer and the bonanza farmer ends, for the farmer must produce to the full capacity every year. And he cannot estimate with much accuracy what his cost of production is going to be at any season. The rain, the hail, or the drought may cut his crop short fifty per cent. within a fortnight of the harvest. The weather, as an element of expense, finds a more important place in the ledger of the big wheat farm than is accorded to it in the books of any industrial enterprise. It happens that in the valley of the Red River of the North the weather during any given month is about the same year after year. This also is true of California. For that reason probably, more than for any other, capital has been bold enough to venture out of its beaten path to those favored regions. It may interest the reader to know that the season last past has been an exceptional one in the Dakotas, and that hundreds of thousands of acres of wheat in the bonanza country were damaged by rains just before harvest-time. But usually the rains are sent to these fields with beneficent timeliness.

The big farms have been operating in the Red River Valley for twenty years. The history of their early development has little economic or sociological interest. They did not grow as a snowball grows, by accumulation, the big farms swallowing up the little ones. The land came to its present owners generally by direct purchase from the railroad corporations. It became the property of the railroads through government grants—a bonus for the construction and operation of the line. The railroad people interested capitalists, and the establishment of the farms came naturally. The "wheat-kings" purchased their land at low prices. The improvements that have been made upon it—after the first breaking, have consisted largely of machinery. Only a small per cent. of the land is under fence, and the houses upon a farm are not at all expensive. Yet as the land of the nation has become occupied in the last quarter of a century, the price of land has increased. This rise of land values has put

* Two furrows are made by each plough. There are twenty or thirty ploughs in a gang, each drawn by five horses. They travel an average of twenty miles a day. An overseer follows every gang.

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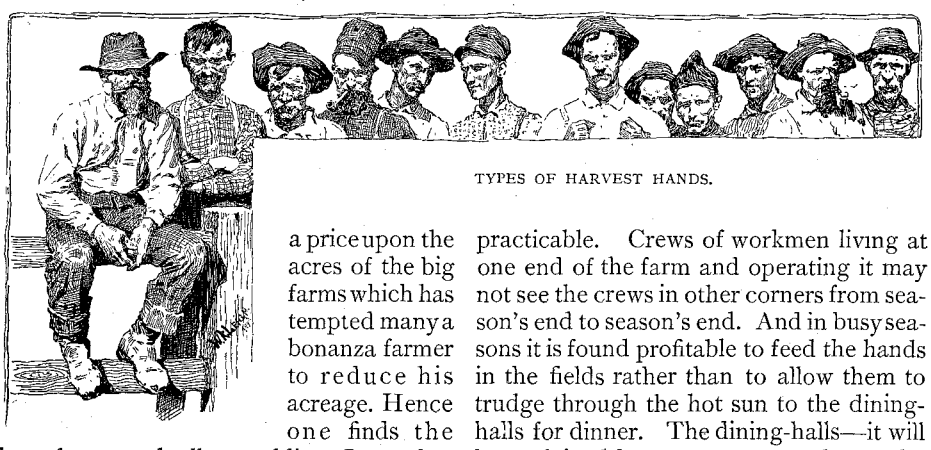

TYPES OF HARVEST HANDS.

a price upon the acres of the big farms which has tempted many a bonanza farmer to reduce his acreage. Hence one finds the large farms gradually crumbling. In another generation, if land continues to rise in the market, the big farmers may follow the "troubadours and the mound-builders." At present land in the Red River Valley is worth twenty-five dollars an acre. The improvements upon a first-class bonanza farm are worth about five dollars an acre. The average bonanza farmer operates from three to ten thousand acres. There are, of course, scores of small farmers who have one, two, and three sections under plough. They are not counted in the same breath with the more extensive wheat-growers. And it is with these latter only that there will be any concern in this paper, for they work upon a system of their own.

It is difficult to present the idea of the bigness of these farms to the person whose preconceived notion of a farm is a little checker-board lying upon a hillside or in a valley. Seven thousand acres present the average bonanza farm. Generally these tracts are not divided. Yet distances across fields are so great that horseback communication is impracticable. Crews of workmen living at one end of the farm and operating it may not see the crews in other corners from season's end to season's end. And in busy seasons it is found profitable to feed the hands in the fields rather than to allow them to trudge through the hot sun to the dining-halls for dinner. The dining-halls—it will be explained later—are scattered over the farm at convenient points. They are frequently five or six miles apart, and many a noon finds the harvesting crew two miles from its hall. This illustration may give one some sort of a rough conception of the bigness of these farms. Here is another point of view: Averaging twenty bushels to the acre—as many farms will this year—the total number of bushels in a crop on a bonanza farm would be 140,000; putting five hundred bushels of that crop in a freight-car, and allowing forty feet to the car, the train which would haul the crop from the farm would be two miles long, and if it were to come charging down Fifth Avenue and Broadway in New York, the "rear end" brakeman would be craning his neck from the caboose to catch sight of the Vanderbilt mansion while the engineer and fireman were enjoying themselves bumping the cable-car down by Union Square.

WATER TANK.

There are from three to four of these on large farms, fed by artesian wells.

And this train-load would be the product of but one farm. The money

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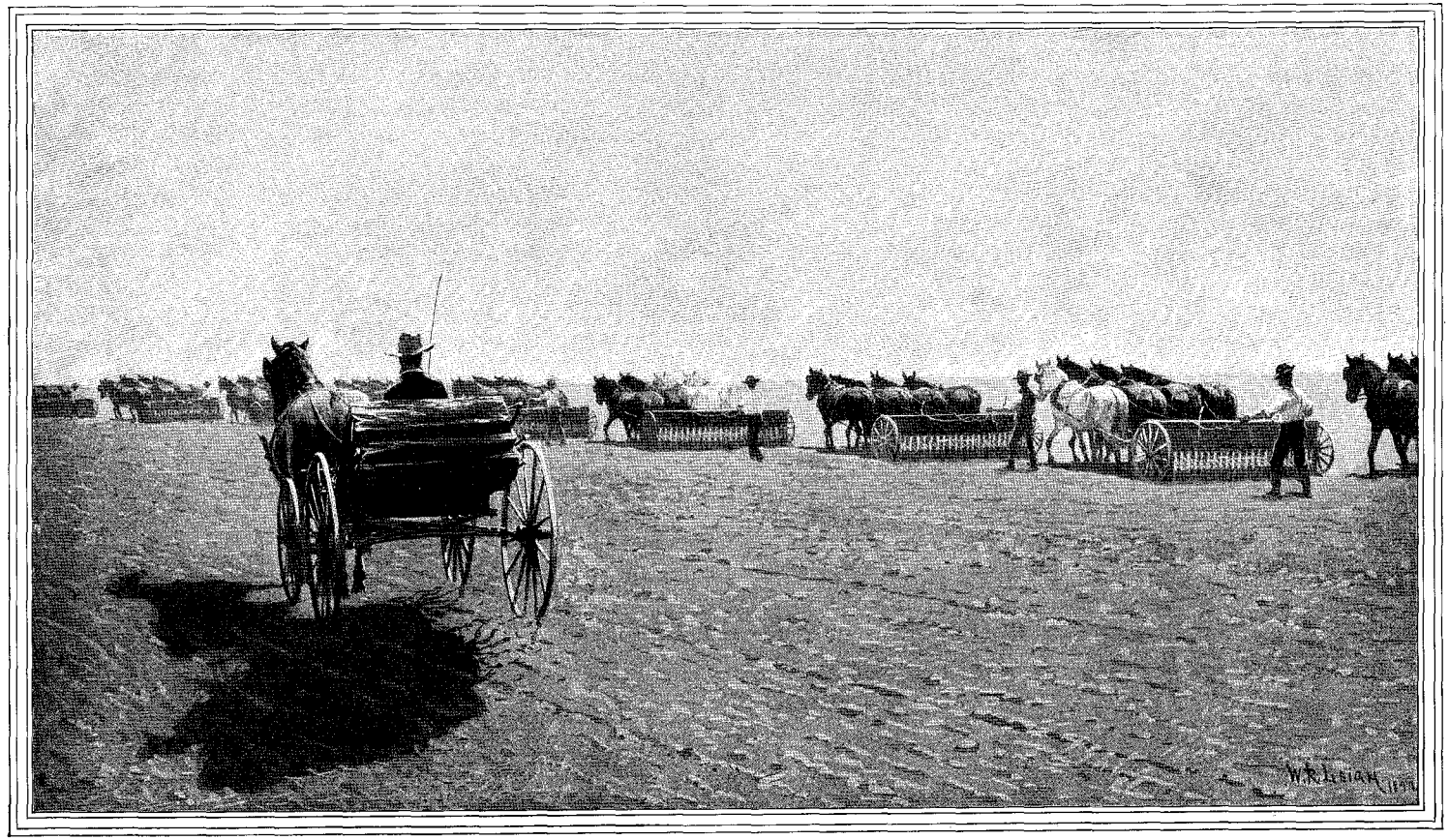

SEEDING.

Each drill has four horses and travels from twenty to twenty-five miles a day.

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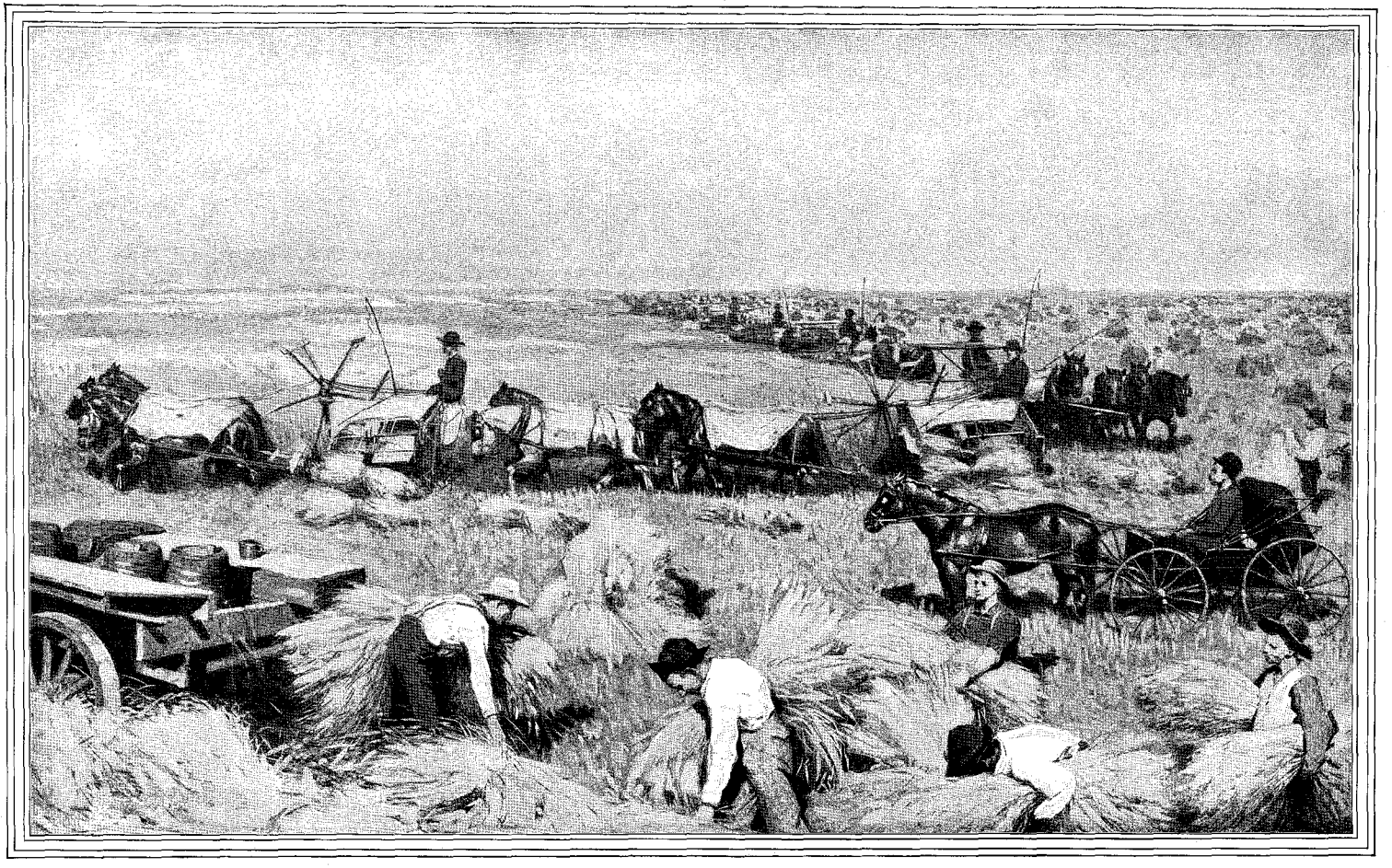

REAPING WITH RIGHT-HAND BINDERS.

Usually with three horses, but in wet seasons like the recent harvest, four horses are used. The covers are necessary to protect the horses from the sun and mosquitoes.

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SHOCKING A SEA OF WHEAT.

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A Straw-pitcher.

value of this crop would be what the old-fashioned books used to call "a king's ransom." If this crop had to go to mill the old-fashioned way, in two bushel sacks on a mule, the procession would stretch more than halfway from Brooklyn to Buffalo, and would give every man, woman, and child in Oklahoma Territory a mule to ride and pay them $2 apiece for the work if the wheat should find a dollar market. This year's crop of the Red River valley would put all the people in New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts on muleback and make a procession clear around the globe and back to the Klondike country.

As a general thing the titles to these great farms lie in the names of individuals. The corporation is rarely found operating a farm. Frequently the private partnership exists. Sometimes one of the partners is manager of the farm. But more often the land owners live in the East. Many live in the smaller towns of Pennsylvania and New York. A well-known farm in North Dakota is owned by three brothers, living in seaboard States. They do not concern themselves with the active management of the farm, but hire a manager who is paid a salary equivalent to that of the superintendent of an important railway division, and upon this manager rests the actual business of the farm—the growing of the product and selling it.

This is his plant: First there is the land—about seven thousand acres of it. The raw land—if there were any raw land in this part of the world—would be worth about $175,000. The improvements are worth about $35,000. There are three divisions of the farm, each division having its division superintendent. Upon each division is a large white-washed dining hall and dormitory. In the front of this building is a smoking and loafing room for the men. The beds are clean—better than those in the average American farm-house. The kitchen is not a large affair, but it is arranged with that nice economy of space which makes the dining-car kitchen on the Pullman train a delight to housewives' eyes. Every kitchen utensil has its place, and two men cooks prepare the meals in it. At each division house there are stables and implement barns. In each division-stable are about one hundred head of horses, and it may be noted in passing that stable hands are employed the year around to look after the horses, and the men who work the horses in the field are never allowed to feed the horses. In the machine-shed upon each division are ten four-horse ploughs, eight four-horse drills, half a dozen harrows, and seven binders of the new "right-hand-binding" pattern. There are three steam-motor threshing machines on the place, but except while they are in use they are kept at the division nearest the manager's house. This is all the big machinery. But of course there are wagons, carts, wheel-barrows, and small farm tools in proportion to the number of large machines on the place. A blacksmith's outfit, and a wood-worker's shop is maintained on the place the year round.

The Engineer.

Two elevators, one with a capacity of 40,000 bushels and the other with a capacity of 60,000, are located upon opposite corners of the farm by the railroad track which runs through the great field. A central office, wherein the book-keeper and the manager conduct the business of the farm, is connected with the three division houses and with other important points on the farm by telephone. A handsome modern home is provided for the book-keeper and a comfortable home of an older fashion

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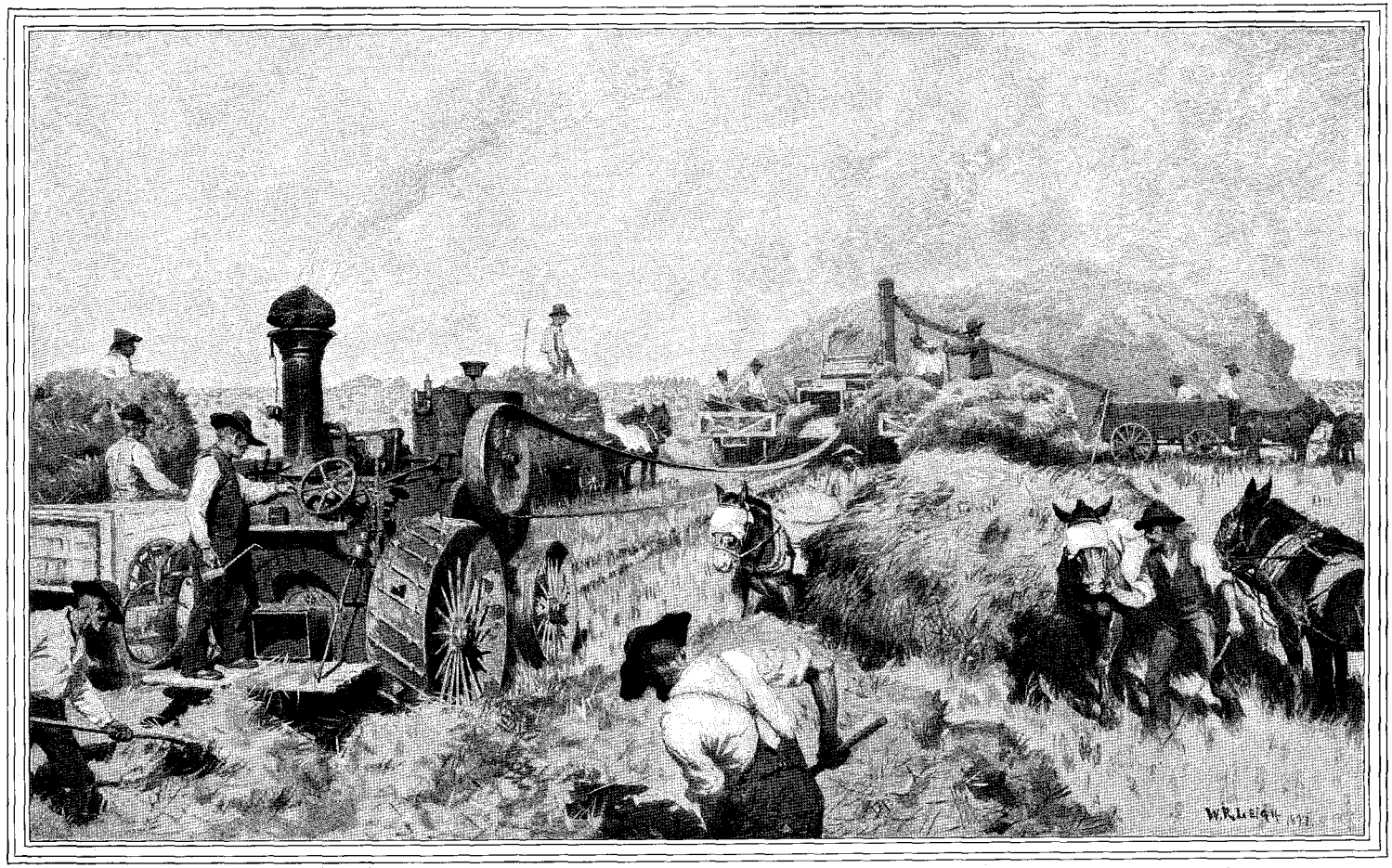

STEAM THRESHERS AT WORK.

These machines are fed from *two wagons, one standing* on either side, and two men on each load pitch as fast as they can. It cuts the binding twine and throws out the straw through the blower. Part of the straw is "bucked"—pulled back on a gate-like frame, to be burnt in the engine.

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DINING HALL AND DORMITORY.

On the largest farms houses are built for the use of the men during harvesting time.

shelters the manager and his family. A score and a half of cows furnish the milk for the workmen, and a half hundred pigs root in the feed-lot. A room containing over a carload of machinery repairs, and another room filled with staple groceries, purchased at wholesale, and a third room filled with harness, join the main office. A set of books, kept as carefully as the books of a bank are kept, and a telephone connecting the farm with a telegraph wire to the world's markets complete the list of articles which may properly be called the tools of the business—the plant.

The first step taken toward raising a wheat crop is the burning of the old straw of the previous year's crop. This is done on a still fair day in the early fall—just before the ploughing season. For all the wheat grown in this northern country is spring wheat—which being translated into English means that it is wheat planted in spring. Winter wheat is planted in the fall. Spring planting, however, requires fall ploughing, and during October the work begins. The plough that is used has a sixteen-inch shear. It turns two furrows and is drawn by four or five horses, according to the weight of the soil. Each plough is supposed to cover between two and three hundred acres a season, travelling a daily average of twenty miles. The season requires sometimes four weeks, sometimes six weeks, its duration depending upon the

A CAMP.

Where there are no houses the men camp in the open, and have a portable kitchen on wheels.

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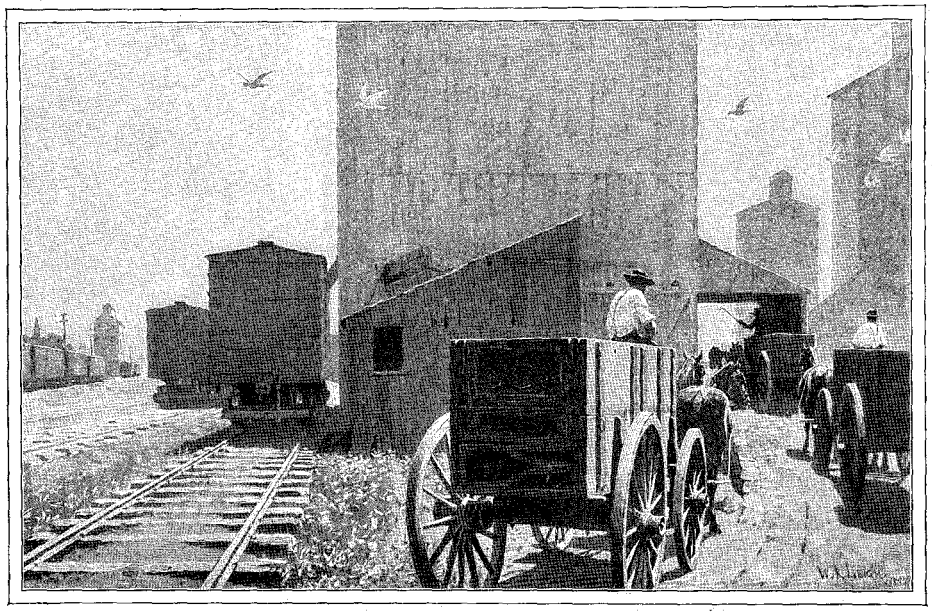
number of fair days that come after the ploughing begins. The men, however, are not paid by the day, but by the month, and they receive from twenty to twenty-five dollars, including their board and room and washing. They eat breakfast at five o'clock and supper at half-past seven. The men enjoy the usual noon hour. Upon each division, the ploughs work in "gangs," under the eye of the division superintendent, who rides along the row. If one stands a few rods ahead of the ploughs, or a few rods behind them, they seem to be following one another in a line, but when one stands to the right or to the left of the "gang," one sees that the line is broken, and that the second plough in the procession is a plough's-width further in the field than the leader is, and that the third plough is still another plough's-width farther in, and the fourth plough still another width, and so on. The line viewed from the right or the left of it, instead of being a file, forms a kind of stair-steps, from the first to the tenth. It costs about sixty-five cents an acre to plough a big farm.

During the ploughing season about fifty men are employed. At the end of the ploughing season these men are discharged —all but ten of them, who find work on the farm the year round. The discharged men go back to their homes in the pineries or in the cities farther south. The men who stay are kept busy during the fall and winter, getting wood from along the creek that runs through the place. They work the roads for the township, and incidentally drain the fields. When the weather keeps the men indoors they are put at repairing harness, and doing the score of "odd jobs" that every winter brings upon any farm. As spring opens, the men begin to overhaul the machinery and make lists of needed repairs. Those who are "handy" help the blacksmith and the woodworker. The others continue to do chores and "putter" around until the spring has advanced far enough to put the harrows in the field. Sometimes this is in early March. At other times it is May before the spring work begins.



HAULING TO THE ELEVATORS.

The grain is shipped by the car-load. Wagons are weighed before and after delivery of the grain. The elevators belong to the farmers, and are located near the railroads. Some of them have a capacity of 60,000 bushels, and the grain is often held in them for months to wait for a rising market.

Then the dormitories in the division houses fill up. Some seasons the men who are employed by the month find six weeks' work, with little to do but to sit in the division houses and watch the rain, while their pay goes on regularly. Last April,

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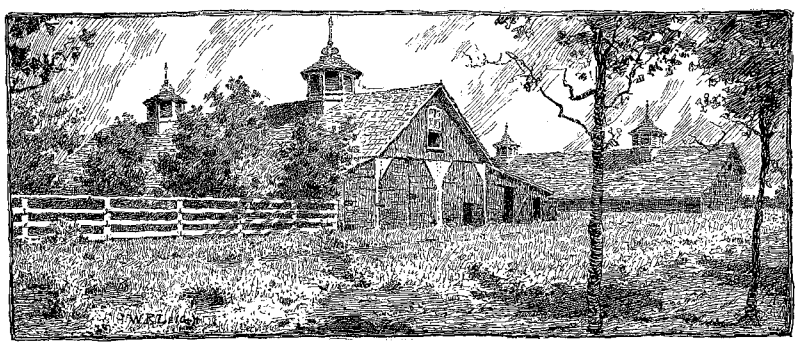
A MANAGER'S HOME.

however, the harrowing and the seeding was done in seventeen days. Providence was on the side of the farmer that time. When the weather permits the work to go on it proceeds rapidly. One man can harrow sixty to seventy-five acres a day. He controls a twenty-five foot harrow, and an acre is pulverized in a few minutes. After the harrowing follows the seeding. The seeding is done with four-horse drills, that cover eleven feet. Occasionally after the seed is planted, the ground is "cross-harrowed"—but this is not the rule. It requires a bushel and a peck of wheat to the acre to seed the land well. This seed is reserved after harvest the year before, and the best graded wheat is selected from the crop, and thoroughly cleaned and then stored. The wheat most successfully grown in the Red River Valley is a variety with a smooth, flinty berry. It is known as Scotch-Fife wheat. Blue-stem wheat is also very popular. In twenty years of cultivation, evolution has produced a grain particularly adapted to the soil and the climate, and it has been found much more profitable to use native seed than seed from other countries, or even from neighboring States. Adding to the selling price of the seed-wheat in the spring the cost of labor at $15 a month, and one finds that it costs from seventy to ninety-five cents an acre to harrow the ground and plant the wheat. This estimate is accepted by the most successful operators in the Valley.

After the planting season the extra laborers leave the farm again and the regular "hands" put in the corn and oats, and the Hungarian grass grown for fodder. It should be said in passing that this Hungarian grass is a variety of millet. It is almost the only tame grass used in the Dakotas. It is relished by the horses, and they are the



SHEDS FOR STORING MACHINERY.

Only found on the best farms. It is considered cheaper to buy new machinery than to pay for delays and repairs of the old.

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SCATTERING AND BURNING THE STRAW.

After reserving enough for the care of the stock in winter, the straw is spread in the autumn over wide areas and burned for fertilizing.

most important feature of the live stock. The Hungarian grass takes a deep root, and pulverizes the soil. Often the straw is also allowed to remain in the fields as a fertilizer. It seems to rejuvenate the earth, which has been debilitated by successive wheat crops. When the planting is out of the way, the work of repairing the binders and the threshing machines proceeds. There is a season between May and the middle of July during which the army of "hands" who work on these North Dakota wheat-farms wait for the crops to ripen. In fact except the half score of men who are regularly employed upon each place, all the men who are engaged upon the big farms—in ploughing season, at seeding-time, during harvest and when the season for threshing comes—the men who do the most important work —are transient laborers. Frequently they are birds of passage, whose faces are familiar to the foremen, but whose homes may be a thousand miles away. Men of this character are not "hoboes"—yet now and then a tramp does "rest from his loved employ" and work with the "harvest hands." A majority of the laborers comes from the South in harvest-time. These men are regular harvesters, who begin with the early June harvest in Oklahoma, working northward until the season closes in the Red River country. Men of this class never pay railroad fare. Thousands of them—perhaps fifteen men for every thousand acres in wheat—ride into the bonanza district on the "blind-baggage" on passenger trains. When they have leisure and a taste for scenery they jolt placidly across the continent homeward-bound in what the lingo of the cult calls "side-door sleepers." Many of these workmen live in the larger towns in the Middle West—in St. Louis, in Omaha, in St. Paul, in Chicago or in Milwaukee. And they bring home probably a million dollars in wages. They are steady, industrious men with no bad habits, and small ambitions. On the best farms there is no drinking, and card-playing is strictly prohibited. The foremen say that cards keep men out of bed at

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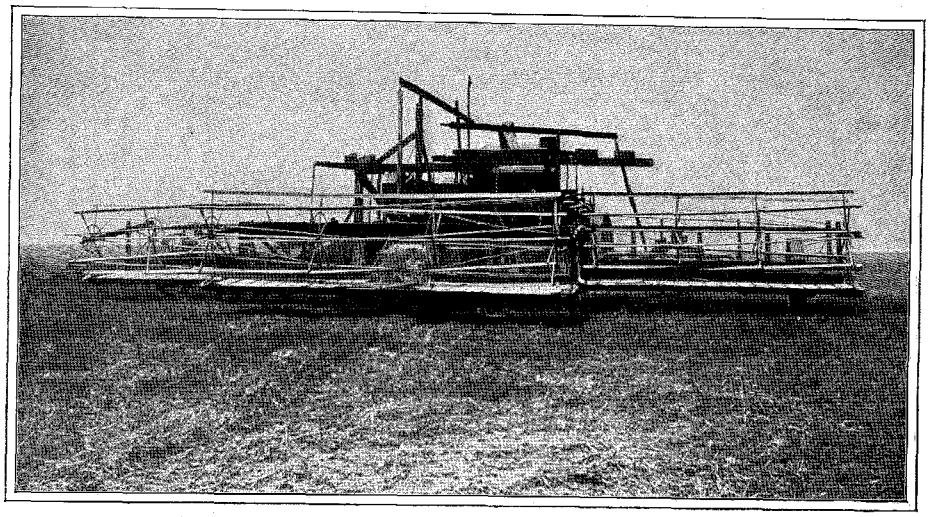
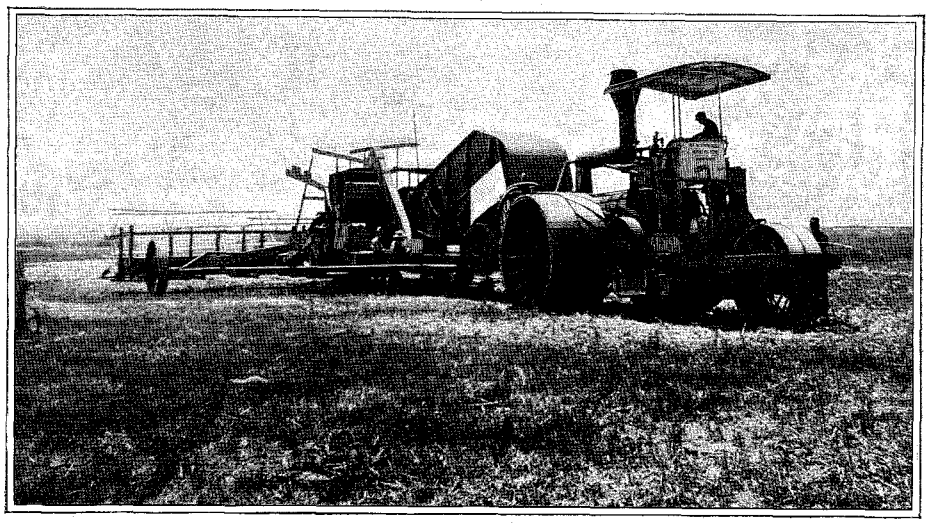


A GIANT HARVESTER.

This new type of harvester has been used in the San Joaquin Valley, California. The cutting line of the machine is fifty-two feet wide. It cuts, threshes, and sacks the grain at the rate of 1,500 to 1,800 sacks a day, and covers an area in that time of one hundred acres.

night, and they have not their best strength to work during the day. There are no amusements on the farm, and at nine o'clock the fatigue usually drives the men to bed. Even in the summer the nights are cool. It is an uncommon thing to find a night so hot that it will drive the "harvest hands" from the dormitories to the straw stacks. In the old days, before the system of farming had been reduced to a business problem, no sleeping quarters were provided, and the men slept in tents and upon the straw. The cooking for the crews was done in the open. But this plan brought sickness to the farms in the harvest season, and the farmers found that it was more expensive than housing and caring for the men in the best possible manner. Therefore, in the business of wheat-growing, the food and the shelter for the workmen play leading parts. On smaller farms, farther south than the Red



BACK VIEW OF THE SAME.

Showing traction-engine used as motive power.

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River country, it is no unusual thing to find farmers "skimping" the table at harvesting and threshing time. And many a landlord has found a strike on his hands in the midst of the harvest because of the quantity or the quality of the food he served. But the bonanza farmers—at least the better class of them—are as careful of the food set before the men as they are of the fodder that is put before their horses, and this is as far as agricultural generosity can go. Here is a sample bill of fare served for dinner in August at one of the division dining-halls of a Dakota farm: Corned-beef, boiled potatoes, salt pork, baked beans, stewed turnips, tea and coffee, milk, white sugar—and that is a point that has caused many a strike in the Mississippi Valley—syrup, hot and cold bread, cookies, doughnuts, pickles, two kinds of pie, and cheese. The book-keeper, who issues rations to the cooks from the grocery-room, says that it is a notable fact that the rations for the first week of the harvest are nearly a third more than the amount required to feed not only the same number of men, but the identical men afterward. The book-keeper's theory is that it takes a week to fill the hungry men up. It has been estimated that the cost of feeding a harvest army is thirty cents a day for each man. Upon many farms this means $2.50 a week. But by maintaining a good table the farmer has his choice of workmen, and the operators say that no money brings such sure returns as that put upon the tables, and in the bedrooms

The harvest usually begins about July 20th. This year it was a month late. The sweet-peas in the garden by the superintendents' houses were in the glory of their full bloom, when the men began to come to the bonanza farms. Many a farmer used one hundred extra men. A few farmers used more. The wet weather in July damaged the crops on other fields which usually gave work to harvesters by the score, so that they were employed this year only by the dozen. With the men came the new machinery. Train loads of it went into the valley this year. At Fargo they sell a few thousand dollars less than $3,000,000 worth of machinery annually. The item of machinery each year is almost as large as that of labor. City-folk, who know nothing of farming, have much fault to find with farmers, great and small, for leaving expensive machines to stand unsheltered in the fence corners. The Dakota farmers, who buy machinery by the car-load, say that many times it does not pay to take a machine to the shed after a hard season's wear and tear. They say that where one employs much labor, more money is lost in time repairing and tinkering with an old implement than would pay for two new ones. They who have figured it out say that if a man keeps repairing a machine long enough—not counting the lost time of his employees—he will have paid for just five machines and still have an old machine. And in farm machinery breaks are certain to occur. More breaks occur during harvest than in any other season because of the rush and confusion that comes with it. When ten or a dozen machines are eating through a field of wheat in a row, when the men who shock it are working like beavers behind the line of binders, when the hurrah and bustle of this scene is being duplicated three or four places on a farm, something is bound to break. During August the binders on one farm in the bonanza country used up one car-load of twine—enough to tie two New England States together and anchor them to Minots Ledge Light out in Boston Bay. In putting all that twine around wheat-sheafs, the wonder is that more levers and screws and bolts and nuts and bars and pivots are not broken than the records at the book-keeper's office show. Yet with all the ruinous waste of cast iron which must inevitably occur every season, it is by the use of machinery, and the careful use of it too, that the profits in wholesale wheat-growing come. The harvest hand earns from $9 to $12 a week. This he gets all over the nation. But in the small farming country the farmer generally has about half a man more than he needs; yet the farmer cannot economize. He needs a binding machine if he has forty acres of wheat, or if he has a quarter section planted. But the bonanza farmer figures that in a harvest one machine will cut exactly two hundred and fifty acres, and it will take exactly three men to two binders. This ratio will work the men and the machines to their limits. Yet the work is not too wearing on the men, for death from natural causes up-

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on the big farms seldom occurs. For all this apparent systematizing of work, there is much that depends upon the generalship of the superintendent. A rain in the midst of harvest means a complete change of work. It means that the order must come from the general superintendent to each of the division superintendents, and that the men must either be allowed to loaf, or do such work as the weather will permit about the place. Even in fair weather orders to each division superintendent come from the chief's office the night before for each day's work.

It is to the credit of the better class of farm managers that they do not order work on Sunday. They say Sunday work does not pay from a business stand-point, as the men work so hard during week-days that a rest is necessary to obtain the best results from their labor. The harvest lasts about ten days. It has been estimated that under average conditions it costs the Red River operators forty-five cents an acre to harvest their wheat. This estimate includes labor, and the wear and tear of machinery.

The last day of the harvest is the first day of the threshing. It takes a day and a quarter to thresh wheat that it has taken a day to cut. Here again the farmer of many acres has the advantage over the farmer in a smaller way. The farmer who owns a threshing-machine must have the grain upon, at least, 1,300 acres before the machine may be said to be working upon its minimum capacity. Many farmers with one-third of this number of acres in grain are compelled to own threshing-machines. But the bonanza farmer can make one machine do the threshing for all the wheat ordinarily grown upon 2,400 acres. After the wheat-field passes the 2,500-acre point a second machine is needed, and a third machine is required after the field has covered 6,500 acres. Of course one separator in time would thresh all the grain that could grow on 2,500 acres or 6,000 acres or twice that much. But time is an important consideration. For while the single thresher was puffing away a rain might spoil enough grain in one night to buy half a dozen machines. This consideration of the time element is so vital that on most farms the noon hour is shortened, and the cooks come from the dining-halls with jars full of warm food, and the men eat near their work.

During the threshing season about thirty men are employed by the farm managers for each threshing-machine. These thirty men are supposed to thresh between two and three thousand bushels of wheat a day and store it in the elevators. The wheat is not stacked, but stands upright in shocks in the field. These shocks are hauled to the thresher. There the self-feeder takes the wheat. Account is kept of the product from each section on the farm, and when the grain flows from the spout of the thresher into the wheat tanks on wheels, standing ready to take it to the elevator, account is made of the section from which the grain comes. The book-keeper at the elevator enters this account in his book, and when the yield upon any section of the farm begins to decrease—when it is not up to that of other sections—the farmer knows that the soil needs strengthening. The next year the crop on that section is Hungarian grass.

In the meantime the men at the thresher are struggling with the accumulating straw. A little of it is used for fuel to keep the engine running, which furnishes the power for the separator.. But most of the straw is dragged away by a large rack. This is called "bucking the straw." On many separators there is a device which chops the straw into bits and literally blows it away from the machine. But occasionally even then the straw-pile becomes awkwardly high, and the separator is moved from it.

From the time wheat-sheaves are tumbled into the wagon, until the flour reaches the cooks no human hand touches it. At the elevator, which is owned by the farmer, an unloosened bolt dumps the threshed grain into the bin, where it remains until a lever pitches it into the cars. Yet every ounce of it is weighed and accounted for, and appears on the books in the main office of the farm where it grew. And while it takes thirty men to thresh the wheat one man at the elevator stores it. It costs about $1.60 an acre to thresh the grain and put it in the elevator. That sum, added to the estimated cost of the other processes in wheat-farming, will make the total cost of growing an acre of grain about $3.75. This total will include the cost of labor, seed, and wear and tear of machinery.

But there are other accounts which en-

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ter into the cost of the cultivation of the wheat aside from those just indicated. The taxes on the land amount to twenty cents an acre. A system of water-works, for fire protection to the sheds and elevators, is maintained. Some large farms own two, others three, large elevators, which must be repaired. The insurance on the wheat in the field and in the bins is another item, which must be added. The loss of horses, and the cost of growing fodder for the stock —which means the cultivation of a hundred acres or so—are not trifling items of expense which must be added to the cost of the wheat crop. Adding these items to the original estimate of $3.75 per acre—the primary cost of growing an acre of wheat—one finds it easy to justify the statement, agreed upon by the successful bonanza farmers, that it costs about $5.70 an acre to operate a wheat farm in the Red River Valley. In terms of bushels the cost is placed at thirty cents a bushel. This may well represent the expense account—the red side of the wheat farmer's ledger.

This cost per bushel of wheat is reached upon a basis of a yield of nineteen bushels to the acre. The books of the successful farms which have been kept for the past fifteen or twenty years will authorize this estimate in the long run. Here and there a year has come with a much smaller crop, occasionally a year has brought a yield much larger than the average. The profits upon a farm may not be estimated annually. Often one year's receipts pay for another year's deficits. To calculate the returns upon a given sum invested in farming upon any scale—large or small—one must figure upon a basis of a period of years. During the past seven years, the bonanza farmers have sold their wheat at an average price of fifty-five cents a bushel. Here again the wholesale wheat grower has the advantage of his retail competitor, for the grower of 100,000 bushels can store his product until the best market is made for the grain. The business office of every big wheat farm in the Red River Valley is connected by wire with the markets at Duluth, at Minneapolis, and at Buffalo. After the harvest, quotations from the price schedules of these markets arrive hourly at the farm. The superintendent keeps in the closest touch with his agents in the world's great wheat-pits. When the telegraph ticker indicates the arrival of a good price, the farm's agent—a commission merchant at some city board of trade—is instructed to sell. Ten days are allowed for delivery. That ten days represents a season of worry for the buyer. The farmer has his "nights devoid of ease" before he sells. Nothing could better illustrate the thoroughness with which commerce covers the farmer than the presence of the "ticker" on the farm. A rainfall in India or a hot wind in South America is felt upon the Dakota farm in a few hours. The nerves of trade thrill around the globe, and the wages of the harvester in the Red River Valley are fixed by conditions in the fields in Russia, or in Argentina, or in India. The distance between the fields has been lost. The world's wheat-crop might as well lie in one great field, for the scattered acres are wired together in the markets, and those markets are brought to the farmer's door. Indeed, it is whispered about in North Dakota that where the unsuccessful farmer is found, often more paint is worn from the chair by the "ticker" than from the threshing-machine in the fields. The owner of one of the largest farms in the world is about to lose it because he was not content to sell his own million bushels of wheat, but he had to buy and sell the product of mythical fields that hover in the air over the world's great wheat-pits. This man has but few imitators. Most of the bonanza farmers are content to let their operations in wheat end when the railroad company backs its cars upon the "siding" by the farm elevator, and a lever heaves the wheat into the car.

Much of the best wheat goes to Duluth, although the Minneapolis millers have all the first-grade grain they can handle. From Duluth it goes by water to its destination. There is a terrible story in vogue in the wheat-fields, that when this flinty wheat arrives at a certain lake port town many hundred miles east of the western prairie, it is deftly mixed with soft southern wheat and then it is reshipped to Liverpool as "No. 1 hard Dakota wheat." This, however, is probably a folk-tale, and is important only if true.

Accepting the cost of operating a bonanza wheat-farm at $5.70 an acre, and accepting the average selling price of the wheat at fifty-five cents a bushel on an av-

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erage yield of nineteen bushels to the acre, one finds that the product of an acre is $10.45. This would seem to leave a net profit to the capitalist who maintains the field of about $4.75 an acre. From this gross sum there must be subtractions. The matter of interest must be considered. The returns from the year's business do not come in until the farm has been operated practically a year. It is not uncommon to hold the product for six months or a year after it has been harvested, waiting for a profitable market. Eighteen months is about the time that may be said to elapse between the first ploughing and the return of the cash for the crop. Eight per cent. is not an exorbitant rate for money in North Dakota. This eight per cent. should be charged for the operation expenses of the farm—that is upon $5.70 for each acre. The interest, therefore, on the operating expenses would be forty-five cents per acre. The final subtraction from this gross profit must be made in the form of interest on the capital invested in the farm. Accepting the estimated value of the land, improvements, and machinery to be $30 per acre, and conceding that for a sound investment six per cent. would be a fair interest return to capital, one comes to the real profit, which is not such an exorbitant profit after all. Subtracting from $4.75, the gross profits, forty-five cents the interest on the operating expenses, and $1.80 the interest on the capital invested, the real profits dwindle to $2.50, or less than eight per cent. profit on the capital invested in land, improvements, and all operating expenses. Figuring the items of interest with the profits — making the result a gross profit — the rate of profit is about doubled.

Thus the balance-sheet stands with the successful operators. Upon scores and scores of farms this balance is written in red ink. It represents assessments—not profits. The value of the wheat in the territory tributary to Fargo, N. D.—where the big farms are found—was estimated at $25,000,000 this year. The nearly $3,000,000 worth of machinery sold at Fargo this year does not include the machinery left over from last year's purchase. It is new machinery. Probably if one could know the amount of capital invested in bonanza farming in the valley of the Red River of the North, the profit in this $25,000,000 worth of wheat would shrink far below the profits which accrue to the few successful farmers in the valley. And if one were to include in his estimate of profit and loss the possibility of a soil giving out in half a score of years, after a generation of wheat-growing, the balance-sheet, even for the best-paying farms might need changing. Perhaps every business is conducted under some such dread possibility. The wheat farmer of to-day in the rich Red River Valley does not seem to be disturbed by thoughts about the failure of the soil. With him sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and so long as crops continue fair he does not borrow trouble. He is much more interested in the shortage of the wheat crop abroad, and in the steady rise in the price of wheat than he is in the future failure of a soil which for twenty years has shown no "shadow of turning."

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THE WORKERS

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

IV—A FARM-HAND

WILKESBARRE, PA.,
Saturday, 19th September, 1891.

HAVE a wide sweep of country to cover from the "—— House" in the Highlands above the Hudson, where I served as a porter, and received with my wages a reference to the effect that my work was done "faithfully and well," to the coal regions of Pennsylvania in the valley of the Susquehanna.

My spirits rise at every recollection of the journey. For days I walked through the crisp autumn air, breathing its tingling freshness, and barely sensible of fatigue.

The way led me over the rich farm lands of Orange County, and across the Delaware, and through the lonely wilderness of the Pennsylvania border, until I emerged upon the hills above the Susquehanna, and caught sight of the splendid valley, with its native beauty hideously marred by the blackened trails of forest fires and the monstrous heaps of colm, that mark the mouths of the coal-pits.

So far work has not failed me, unless I mark as an exception the single case when I began a search, and brought it abruptly to an end by descending suddenly upon a camping party of friends.

Quietly and mysteriously, I fancy, to the other servants, I appeared among them at the "—— House," and with as little notice I tried to steal away. Instead of going to the kitchen at five o'clock on that Wednesday morning for scrubbing water, I took to the road with my pack, and left behind me the "—— House," awakening to life in the servants' quarters.

I had been a gang-laborer and a hotel porter, and now I wondered what my next rôle was to be. But the feeling was simply a genial curiosity, and was free from the timid shrinking with which I set out from the minister's home in Wilton, and my lodgings at Highland Falls. Then it was under the spur of self-compulsion that I launched afresh upon this fortuitous life. With strong animal instinct I clung to any haven where shelter and food were secure. Now I warmly welcomed a freer courage born of experience. Not too sure of newly gained powers, but like a boy learning to swim, I fancied that I felt the strength of some confidence in the novel element. Light-hearted in spite of my pack, which gained weight with every step, I walked briskly along the country roads, charmed with everything I saw, and feeling sure that my wages would see me through to another job. Was it a real acquisition, and had I learned to catch the strange pleasure of this fugitive life? Or did the difference lie in the bracing cool of the morning, and the beauty of the open country, and the sense of freedom after long restraint, and, most subtly of all, in that little hoarded balance in my purse?

It was nightfall when I entered Middletown, and too late to look for work. With my eye upon the rows of cottages which line the street, by which I entered the town, I soon found a boarding-house for workmen. A bed could be had for twenty cents. At a bakery near by, I got a loaf of bread and a quart of milk for a dime, and was thus supplied with a supper and breakfast.

Twelve hours of unbroken sleep fell to me that night, and in the cool of a threatening morning I set out to find work. The scaffolding about a brick building in process of erection drew my attention, and I applied for a job as a hod-carrier, but found no demand there for further unskilled labor. The boss in charge refused me, with some show of petulance, as though annoyed by repeated appeals. He was not

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more cheerful, but was politely communicative enough when I asked after the likelihood of my finding work in the town.

"There is no business doing," he said. "The bottom has fallen out of this place. There's two men looking for every job here, and my advice to you is to go somewhere else."

At the head of the street I came upon the foundation-work of another building, which, I learned, was to be an armory. Here the boss instantly offered me a job, if I could lay brick or do the work of a mason, but of unskilled labor he said that he had an abundant supply.

"But yonder," he added, "is the Asylum, and much work is in progress on the grounds, and there, surely, is your best chance of employment."

The Asylum was a State Homœopathic Institution for the Insane. I could see the large brick buildings on the highest area of spacious grounds, which spread away in easy undulations, with their natural beauty heightened by the tasteful work of a landscape gardener.

Near the entrance to the grounds, I came upon a large force of laborers digging a ditch for a water-main. The boss refused me a place, but not without evident regret at the necessity, and he was at pains to explain to me that, already on that morning, he had been obliged to turn away half a dozen men.

It was with no great expectation of success at finding work there that I began walking somewhat aimlessly through the Asylum grounds. The first person whom I met was an old Irish gardener. He painfully stood erect as I questioned him as to whom I should apply to for a job, and supported himself with one hand on my shoulder, while he told me of the medical superintendent, and the overseer and the foreman, who are in charge of various departments of the work. Presently his face brightened with excitement as he pointed to a large man who was walking toward one of the buildings, and he pushed me in his direction with a pressing injunction to apply to him, for he was the overseer of the grounds.

The overseer listened to my request, and read in silence my reference from the "—— House," and looked me over for a moment; and then abruptly ordered me to report at seven o'clock on the next morning, adding, as he disappeared within the building, that he was paying his men a dollar and a half a day. The old Irish gardener showed the heartiest pleasure at my success, and directed me to a boarding-house near the Asylum grounds, where I was soon settled, and where, at noon, I ate a memorable dinner, the first square meal for thirty-six hours, and the first one which had about it the elements of decent comfort, since I left Mrs. Flaherty's table.

At seven o'clock on the next morning I was one of a gang of twenty laborers who were digging a sewer-ditch. The ditch had passed the farther edge of a meadow, and must cut its way through the field to the Asylum buildings, two hundred yards beyond. Its course was marked by a straight cut through the sod which was to furnish us a guide. Some of the men took their former places in unfinished portions of the work, and the rest of us fell apart, leaving intervals of about three yards from man to man. With the cut as a guide, and with the single instruction to keep the ditch two feet wide, we began to wield our picks and shovels.

A thick, unmoving fog lay damp upon the meadow already saturated with dew. The sun-rays, gathering penetrating power as they pierced the fog, were soon producing the effect of prickly heat. The atmosphere, surcharged with moisture, and lifeless in its sluggish weight, yet quick with stinging heat, was a medium in which the actual work done was out of proportion to its cost in potential energy. In the forceful Irishism of one of the laborers: "It was a muggy morning, and a man must do his work twice over to get it done."

By dint of strenuous industry and careful imitation of the methods of the other men, I managed to keep pace with them. I saw, from the first, that the work would be hard; and, in point of severity, it proved all that I had expected and more. To ply a pick and urge a shovel for five continuous hours calls for endurance. Down sweeps your pick with a mighty stroke upon what appears yielding, penetrable earth, only to come into contact with a rock concealed just below the surface—a contact which sends a violent jar through all your frame, causing vibrations which end in the sensation of an electric shock at your fin-

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ger-tips. A few repetitions of this experience are distinctly disheartening in effect. Besides, the sun has cleared the fog, and is shining full upon us through the still air. The trench is well below the surface now, and we work with the sun beating on our aching backs, and our heads buried in the ditch, where we breathe the hot air, heavy with the smell of fresh soil, and the sweat drips from our faces upon the damp clay.

By nine o'clock, what strength and courage I have left seem oozing from every pore. The demoralization is complete, and I know that only "the shame of open shame" holds me to my work. I dig mechanically on, through another sluggish hour of torment, and then I come to, and find myself breathing deeply, with long, regular breaths, in the miracle of "second wind," with fresh energy flowing like a stream of new life through my body.

Through all the working hours of the day the foreman sat upon a pile of tools, silently watching us at the job. Now and then, he politely urged that the ditch be kept not less than two feet wide, and nothing could have been farther from his manner and speech than any approach to abusing the men. It was his evident purpose to treat us well, but the act of his oversight, under the conditions of our employment, involved the practical wasting of his day, and cast upon us the suspicion of dishonesty.

On the next day, which was Saturday, the foreman sent me down the ditch, where the pipe was already laid, and ordered me, with two other men, to fill in the earth. On Monday morning, he met me with an order for yet another change. At the barn I would find "Hunt," he said, and I was to report to him as his "help."

Hunt proved to be a good-looking, taciturn teamster, who had just hitched his horses to a "truck," and he told me to get aboard. The "truck" was a heavy, four-wheeled vehicle, without a box, but with, instead, a stout platform, suspended from the axle-trees, and resting but a few inches from the ground. Standing upon this, we drove all day, from point to point about the buildings and grounds, attending to manifold needs.

We carted the milk-cans from the dairy to the kitchen, and great bags of soiled clothes from the entries to the laundry, and huge cans of swill from the kitchen to the pig-sty at the edge of the wood below the meadow. Then we emptied the ash-barrels, and replaced them for a fresh supply; and carted several loads of vegetables from the garden to the kitchen; and spent most of the afternoon in filling the great refrigerators with ice.

With slight changes in detail, this continued the order of our work through the remaining days of my stay. I had reached my level, and I held the job long enough to find myself well ensconced at the asylum, and then I told the foreman that I wished to go. He looked at me in some surprise, and began to argue the point.

"You'd better stay by your job," he said. "It is not the best work, but we'll find better for you in time."

I thanked him heartily, and told him that I was interested to learn that, but that I felt obliged to go. He shook hands with me, and cordially "wished me luck," and told me to apply to him for work, if I happened again in those parts.

It was clear that a rate of progress which had carried me not even so far as the eastern border-line of Pennsylvania, during nearly two months of my expedition, would require a considerable portion of a lifetime in which to accomplish the three thousand miles before me. I resolved upon longer walks as a wiser policy for at least the immediate future.

A rough plan was soon formed. I had saved nearly six dollars. It was a Wednesday morning. I would give three days to uninterrupted walking, and by Friday evening I should reach Wilkesbarre. The whole of Saturday, if so much time were needed, could then be given to a search for employment; and the rest of Sunday would put me in trim to begin, on Monday morning, the work which would provide in a few days for present needs, and furnish a balance with which to begin the journey once more.

I cannot dwell here upon the details of that three days' tramp. At nightfall of the third evening, I entered Wilkesbarre, but I got so far in that time only by virtue of a long lift, which carried me, by a stroke of rare good fortune, over much the longest part of the last day's journey.

So far, my plan had been carried out. It was Friday evening, and I was safe in

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Wilkesbarre, somewhat worn with a walk of rather over eighty miles, and with an increased dislike for my burdensome pack, but with every prospect of being fit for work so soon as I should find it.

My success, in this direction, had been so uniform that, instead of sleeping in the open, as I had done on the night before, I allowed myself the luxury of a supper and a bed in a cheap boarding-house, and a breakfast at its table, before beginning my search in the morning. Further good fortune awaited me, for Saturday lent itself with cheerful brightness to the enterprise. At an early hour, I stepped out into a busy street of the city, sore and stiff with walking, but high of hope, and not without a certain elevation of spirit, which might have warned me of a fall.

Work on the city sewers was being carried through the public square. I found the contractor, and applied for work as a digger. Very courteously, he took the pains to explain to me that he was obliged to keep on hand, and pay for full time, a force of men far larger than was demanded, except by certain exigencies, and that he could not increase their number. Not far from the square, another gang of workmen were laying the curbstones and repairing the street, but here I was again refused. I lifted my eyes to the sight of a stone building that was nearing completion, and there, too, no added hands were needed.

By this time, I had neared the post-office, and I found letters awaiting me there which claimed the next half-hour. But even more embarrassing, as a check to further search, was a "Free Reading Room," which now invited me to files of New York newspapers, in which I knew that I should find details of recent interesting political developments at Rochester and Saratoga, not to mention possible fresh complications in the more exciting game of politics abroad. I went in, and, like Charles Kingsley's young monk, Philemon, who, wandering one day, farther than ever before, from the monastery in the desert, chanced upon the ruins of an old Egyptian temple, and, mindful of a warning against such seductions, yet guiltily charmed by the rare beauty of the frescoes, prayed aloud, "Lord, turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity," but looked, nevertheless—I looked, too, and read on until mounting remorse robbed the reading of all pleasure, and drove me to my task again.

But I had fallen once, and by a sad fatality, scarcely had I renewed the search, with weakened powers of resistance, when I stumbled upon a fiercer temptation, in the form of a library, which announced in plain letters its freedom to the public until the hour of nine in the evening.

Forgetful of my character as a workman, miserably callous to the claim of duty to find employment, if possible, and in any case, to live honestly the life which I had assumed, I entered the wide-open, hospitable doors, and was soon lost to other thought, and even to the sense of shame, in the absorbing interest of favorite books.

In the lonely tramp across the mountains of Pike County, I walked sometimes for miles with no opportunity of quenching a growing thirst, when suddenly I came upon a mountain spring that trickled from the solid rock, and formed a pool in its shade, where I threw myself on the ground, and, with a glorious sense of relief, drank deeply of its cold water. The analogy is a weak one, for the physical relief and the momentary pleasure but faintly suggest the prolonged intellectual delight, after two months of unslackened thirst.

Here was an inexhaustible supply, and there were polite librarians, who responded cheerfully to your slightest wish; and, best of all, there was an inner door which disclosed a reading-room, where perfect quiet reigned, and comfortable chairs invited you to grateful ease, and shelves on shelves of books were free to your eager hand.

To pass from one writer to another among the volumes that lay on the table, lingering over long-loved passages, or dipping lightly here and there, absorbing pleasure from the very touch of the book and the sight of the well-printed page, charmed by some characteristic phrase, as when George Eliot describes a crucifix as "the image of a willing anguish for a great end," or in commenting, in passing, upon the quotation, "δεινὸν τὸ τίκτειν ἐστίν," she paraphrases it in her glowing English, "Mighty is the force of motherhood!"

> Ah, what delights can equal those
> That stir the spirit's inner deeps?

What indeed, unless it be to sink into the folds of an easy-chair, with a hitherto

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unseen edition of Tennyson in six volumes, new and beautiful, a fit setting for the verse of that great master, whom Mr. Andrew Lang has lately called, with the glow of a true enthusiasm, "the sweetest and strongest, the most exquisite, the most learned, and the most Virgilian of all our modern poets." To catch once more the pure, rich melody of his music as he sings from "the midmost heart of grief," or mounts to the abounding ecstasy of the "hungry heart," to whom life piled on life were all too little! Old passages, worn by wont and use to little meaning, but returning now to my craving sense with the freshness of their first awakening power.

And last, and best of all, to reach an Iliad from its shelf and lose myself in strong delight in

> . . . matin songs that woke
> The darkness of the planet . . .

songs of rich, abundant life, when the world was young and men were heroes all, and knew their vital kinship with the gods, and with the living springs and fragrant flowers, and with the singing birds and snow-white sheep. And life moved forward in the strength of great passions that make men, and "in the glorious might of heaven-born freedom" men grew to nature's strength and beauty, and never knew the yoke of long tradition nor the load of custom that "lies upon us with a weight heavy as frost and deep almost as life."

And now the noise of battle rose in that incomparable hexameter, and "three times the bravest of the Greeks attacked the walls of Troy, there by the fig-tree near the Scaian gates where the city lies lowest, led on by Ajax and Idomeneus, by the two Atridæ and Tydeus's son, whether some cunning seer taught the craft or their own spirits stirred and drove them on!" And clanging in horrid discord with the clash of arms, there broke suddenly the sound of slamming shutters, which was the janitor's signal for nine o'clock, the hour of closing for the night.

Taking my hat and stick I walk out into the gas-lit street and into our modern world so different from the past, with its artificialities and its social and labor problems, and I remember that I am a proletaire out of a job, and that with shameless neglect of duty I have been idling through priceless hours. Crestfallen I hurry to my boarding-house, longing, like any conscience-stricken inebriate, to lose remorse in sleep.

As I walk to my lodgings a certain fellow-feeling warms me with fresh sympathy for my kind. I have met with my first reverse, not a serious one, but still the search for work, for the first time in my experience, has been fruitless through most of a morning. Instead of persevering industriously I yield weakly to the desire to forget my present lot and the duty it entails in the intoxication that beacons to me from free books. That happens to be my temptation, and I fall. Another workman of my class in precisely my position encounters, not one chance temptation which he might escape by taking another street, but at every corner open doors that invite him to the companionship of other men, who will help him to forget his discouragements so long as his savings last; and as we are both turned into the street at night, in what do we differ as regards our moral strength? He yielded to his temptation and I to mine.

The history of the next few days does not belong to the present story. A reference in church on the following morning to a sorrow which threatened the home of friends, and threatened me with the loss of a most honored teacher, drove me in anxious haste to a point in the mountains where I learned that his near kinsfolk were camping. For a time I forgot the exciting perplexities of a common laborer's life in the ease and comfort and delightful intercourse of a charming home.

. . . . . .

WILLIAMSPORT, LYCOMING COUNTY, PA.,
Saturday, 3d October, 1891.

FROM Wilkesbarre it was an easy day's march to the village of Pleasant Hill, which lies in the way to Williamsport. The only notable incident of the tramp was one which confirmed me in an early formed policy. I have avoided the railways, and have walked, in preference, along the country roads, as affording better opportunities of intercourse with people. But in going on that morning from Wilkesbarre to the ferry, which crosses the river to Plymouth, I took the advice of a gatekeeper at a railway-crossing and started

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down the track on a long trestle as a short cut to the ferry. All went well until I was half way over, and then two coal-trains passed simultaneously in opposite directions, and I hung by my hands from the framework at one side, while the engineer and fireman on the locomotive nearest me laughed heartily at the figure that I cut, with the side of each car grazing my pack and my hold on the railing growing visibly slacker.

It was a little after nightfall when I reached the tavern at Pleasant Hill. Of my wages I had fifty cents left. I questioned the proprietor as to the demand for work in his community. He was quite encouraging. Only that afternoon, he said, one of the best farmers of the neighborhood had been inquiring in the village for a possible man, and to the best of his knowledge he had not found one. I said that I should apply at his farm in the morning, and then I broached the subject of entertainment. We soon struck a bargain for a supper and breakfast and the privilege of a bed on the hay, but when, after supper, I asked to be directed to the barn, the landlord silently led the way to a little room upstairs, and there wished me good-night.

In the early morning he pointed out for me the road to his neighbor's farm, which I followed with ready success. I was penniless now and had only an uncertain chance of work. And then, if the farmer should ask me, I should be obliged to own to inexperience, and the demand for farm hands, I supposed, must be limited at a date so far into the autumn. But the morning was exquisite, and the buoyancy that it bred was an easy match for misgivings, so that it was with a light heart that I turned from the road into a lane which leads to the house of a farmer, whom I shall call Mr. Hill.

All about me were the marks of thrift. The fences stood straight and stout, with an air of lasting security. On a rising ledge above the lane was the farm-house, a small, unpainted wooden cottage, bleached to the rich, deep brown of a well-colored meerschaum pipe, and as snug and tight as a pilot's schooner. Near it was a summer kitchen, that seemed fairly to glow with conscious pride in its cleanness, and the very foot-path from the gate to the cottage door was swept like a threshing-floor.

On the doorstep sat a girl in a calico dress of delicate pink, with a dark gingham apron concealing all its front. She was shelling peas into a milk-pan which rested on her lap, and the morning sunlight was in her flaxen hair, and showed you the delicate freshness of a pink and white complexion.

Sober hazel eyes were fixed on me as I walked up the footpath, and of us two I was the embarrassed one. I have not got over a certain timidity in asking for work, and each request is a sturdy effort of the will, with the rest of me in cowardly revolt, and a timid shrinking much in evidence, I fear.

"Is this Mr. Hill's farm?" I ask.

"Yes," says the young woman, with grave dignity, and the most natural self-possession in the world.

"Is he at home?" I am sweating freely now, as I stand with my hat crushed between my hands, and the pack feeling like a mountain on my back.

"He is down at the pond on the edge of the farm." And her serious eyes follow the line of the lane which sinks from the house with the downward slope of the land.

With her permission, I leave the pack behind, and then follow the indicated way. The barn is on my right, a large, unpainted structure, stained by weather to as dark a hue as the house, but there are no loose boards about it, nor any rifts among the shingles, and the doors hang true on their hinges, and meet in well-adjusted touch. The cow-yard and the pig-sty flank the lane, and the neatness of the yard and the tightness of the troughs make clear that there is no waste of fodder there. Farther down and on my left is the wagon-house, as good a building almost as the cottage, and with much the same clean, strong compactness. There are no ploughs nor other farming tools lying exposed to the weather, no signs of idle capital wasting with the wear of rust, but everywhere the active, thrifty strength of wise economy.

Two men are at work at the pond, and I pick my man at once. They are plainly brothers, but the Mr. Hill of whom I am in search is the stronger looking man, and is clearly in command of the job. I am

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reminded of a certain type which one comes to know on "the street," a clean-cut vigorous man, who keeps his youth till sixty, and who, for many years, has had a masterful, compelling hand upon the conduct of affairs; has put railways through the West, and opened up mining regions, and knows the inner workings of legislatures, and of much else besides.

I wait for a pause in the work, and try to screw my courage to the sticking point, and then I tell Mr. Hill that the landlord at the tavern has sent me to him in the belief that he needs a man, and I add that I should be glad of the job. Without preliminary questions Mr. Hill engages me on the spot, and makes me an offer of board and lodging and seventy-five cents a day, which, he says, is the usual rate on the farms at that season. I close with the bargain, and ask to be set to work immediately. A minute later I am walking up the lane with a message for Mrs. Hill, to the effect that I am the new "hired man," and that she will please give me, to take to the pond, a certain "broad hoe" from the wagon-house.

Mrs. Hill understands the situation at once; she makes no comment, however, but goes with me to the wagon-house, where she points out the hoe among the other tools in a corner. She has said nothing so far, and I feel a little uncomfortable, but now she turns to me with a frank directness of manner that is very reassuring:

"I ain't got room for you in the house, but I guess you'll be comfortable sleeping out here. You can fetch your grip, and I'll show you your bed."

Pack in hand, I follow her up the steps to the loft of the wagon-house, and she points to a cot near the farther window, and a wooden chair beside it.

"Some time to-day I'll make up your bed, and if there's anything you want you can tell me." This is her final word, as she leaves me to return to the house. I slip on my overalls, and take note of my new quarters. Windows at both ends of the loft provide ample ventilation. The cot is covered with a corn-husk mattress, as clean and fresh as a cock of new hay. The very floor is free from dust. The rafters hang thick with bunches of seed-corn on the cob, with their outer husks removed and the inner husks drawn back and neatly interwoven, the whole effect suggesting stalactites in a cave. The air is fragrant with the perfume from slices of apples, that are closely threaded and hung up to dry in graceful festoons from rafter to rafter.

Five minutes later I am at work at the pond. The pond is an artificial one, created by a wooden dam. The water has been allowed to flow out and the old wood-work is to be renewed.

My immediate task is to dig a ditch along the outer side of the rotting planks, so that they can be removed and replaced by new ones. I am soon alone on the job, for the farmers' work calls them elsewhere. The experience in a sewer-ditch at Middletown is all to my credit, and my spirits rise with the discovery that I can handle my pick and shovel more effectively, and with less sense of exhaustion. And then the stint is my own, and no boss stands guard over me as a dishonest workman—at least I am conscious of none, and I am working on merrily, when, suddenly, I become aware of my employer bending over the ditch and watching me intently.

It is a face very red with the heat and much bespattered with mud, into which my tools sink gurglingly, that I turn up to him.

"How are you getting on?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"You mustn't work too hard. All that I ask of a man is to work steady. Have an apple?"

He is gone in a moment, and I stand in the ditch eating the apple with immense relish, and thinking what a good sort that farmer is, and how thoroughly he understands the principle of getting his best work out of a man! He has appealed to my sense of honor by entrusting the job to me, and now he has won me completely to his interests by showing concern in mine.

The work is hard, and the morning hours are very long, but the labor achieves its own satisfaction as the task grows under one's self-directed effort, and there is no torture of body and soul in the surveillance of a slave-driving boss.

But I am thoroughly tired and very hungry when Mr. Hill calls to me from

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across the pond that it is time to go to dinner. I join him in haste, and we walk up the lane together, while he drives his team before him, and points out, with evident pride, the young colts and other stock in the pasture.

On a bench near the door of the summer kitchen are two tin basins full of water, and there we wash ourselves, drawing, by means of a gourd-dipper from a brimming bucket near by, any fresh supply of water that we want. A coarse, clean towel hangs on a roller above the bench, and at this we take our turns.

The dinner is a quiet meal and tends to solemnity. Mrs. Hill and her daughter sit opposite the farmer and me. Little is said, but for me there is absorbing interest in the meal itself. It is worthy of the best traditions of country life. Clean in all its appointments to a degree of spotlessness, really elegant in its quiet simplicity, and appetizing, how was I ever to stop eating those potatoes that spread under the pressure of my fork into a mass of flaky deliciousness, or the ears of sweet corn fresh from a late field, or the green peas that swim in a sweet stew of their own brewing, or, best of all, the little pond pickerel that are grilled to a crisp brown turn!

In our more artificial forms of living we habitually eat when we are not hungry, and drink when we are not thirsty, and we know little of the sheer physical delight in meat and drink, when our natures seize joyously upon the means of life, and organs work in glad adaptation to function, and the organism, in full revival, responds to its environment!

The work moves uninterruptedly in the afternoon, and at six o'clock, as I wearily drag my feet along the lane by the farmer's side, I can see his daughter driving the cattle through the pasture to the cow-yard, and I wonder how I shall fare at the evening milking. But I am not put to that test, for the farmer declines my offer of help, with the explanation that, under our arrangement, my day's work is done at six o'clock, and that he is not entitled to further help, nor does he need it, he adds, for his wife and daughter always lend a hand at the chores.

Supper is almost a repetition of dinner, with a pitcher of rich milk kindly pressed upon me when I decline the tea, with apple-sauce and cake in the place of pumpkin pie. Soon after, I am lighting my way with a lantern through the dark to my cot in the loft, and for ten hours I sleep the sleep of a child, and wake at six in the morning to the farmer's call of "John, hey, John!" from under the window.

All of that day, which was Wednesday, was given to completing the work on the dam. The necessary excavation was soon finished, and then we laid the timbers, and nailed the new planks into place, and filled in, and packed the earth behind them. Over the completed job the farmer expressed such a depth of satisfaction that I felt a glow of pride in the work, and a sense of proprietorship which was splendidly compensating for the effort which it had cost.

The remaining three days of the week we spent in picking apples. Behind the wagon-house was an orchard. Mr. Hill first selected a tree, and then we placed under it the number of empty barrels, which, in his judgment, corresponded to its yield, a judgment which was always singularly accurate. Then, each supplied with a half-bushel basket with a wooden hook attached to the handles, we next climbed among the branches, and, suspending our baskets, we carefully picked the apples with a quick upward turn of the fruit, which detached them at the point at which the stem was fast to the twig. Both baskets were usually full at about the same moment, and then we took turns in climbing down, and receiving the baskets from the tree, and emptying the apples into the barrels, with great caution against possible bruising.

All this was Arcadian in its joyous simplicity. All day we moved among the boughs, breathing the fragrance of ripened fruit and the mellow odor of apple-trees turning at the touch of frost, picking ceaselessly the full-juiced apples "sweetened with the summer light," while above us white clouds fled briskly before the northwest wind across the clear blue of the autumn sky, and below us lay the pasture, where the patient cattle grazed, and beyond stretched open country of field and forest, which in that crystal air met the horizon in a clean, sharp line.

Mr. Hill and I were growing very chummy. A faint, uncomfortable distrust

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of me, which I suspected through the first two days, had wholly disappeared. We talked with perfect freedom now, and with a growing liking for each other, which, for me, added vastly to the charm of those six days on the farm.

I tried at first to lead the talk, and to draw Mr. Hill into expressions of his views of life, that I might learn his attitude toward modern progress, and catch glimpses of the growth of things from his point of view. But Mr. Hill was proof against such promptings. He was a shrewd, practical farmer with a masterful hold upon all details of his enterprise, and with a mind quickened by thrifty conduct of his own affairs to a catholic taste for information. His schooling had been limited, he said, but he must have meant his actual school training; for life itself had been his school, and admirably had he improved its advantages. He was a trained observer and a close student of actual events.

Instead of my getting him to talk, he made me talk, but with so natural a force as to rob it of all thought of compulsion. The talk drifted early into politics, and I soon found that my light-hearted generalizations would not pass muster. Back and back he would press me upon the data of each induction, until I was forced to tell what I knew, or was confronted with my ignorance.

And then he delighted in talk of other people than our own, and his knowledge of a somewhat general contemporaneous history was curiously varied and accurate. Stories of succeeding English ministries, and even of the short-lived French cabinets, were ready to his use, and he tactfully righted me in my errors.

But he held me closest to my memories of things among the common people, the agricultural laborers in England, and their relation to the farmers, and theirs in turn to the landed proprietors, and the promise which the land could give of continued support to three classes, under the changed conditions of modern life. All that I could remember of a typical laborer's home, and of its manner of life, and of the general aspect of an English farm, seemed only to whet his appetite, and to strengthen his demand for what I knew of the continental peasantry. His interest centred strongly in the French, and there was plainly a peculiar charm for him in every detail which I could give of the French farmers, with their small holdings and their inherited habits of thrift, and of the close culture of their lands. But he would even lead me on to speak of great cities, and of the life in them of the rich and poor, and of any signs of which I knew of growing social discontent.

And, with an interest that never flagged, he questioned me on works of art, and followed patiently, and with a zest that warmed one's own enthusiasm, through endless churches, and long dim galleries, and by the narrow, crooked streets of a modern city to the ruins of its distant past. And there we restored the crumbling piles, until there stood clear to his imagination a vision of Imperial Rome, and his eyes kindled to some great general's triumph moving through the Via Sacra, and "the people swarming to the very chimney-tops, their infants in their arms," and on the air the deep, rich, moving roar of high acclaim.

Sunday was the last day of my stay on the farm. When in the middle of the week, I found that Mr. Hill was likely to keep me, I was conscience-stricken, because I had not told him that my stay would be short. He said nothing at first in reply to my announcement, but presently remarked that it was very hard to get men in that part of the country.

"But surely," I said, "more men apply to you for work than you can possibly employ."

He looked at me with some wonder at my ignorance. "For a long time I have been looking for a man to help me," he said. "I'm growing old, and I can't do the work that I once did; and if I could find the right man, I'd keep him the year round, and pay him good wages. But the best young fellows go to the cities, and the rest are mostly a worthless lot. There's hardly a day in the year when I haven't a job for any decent man who'll ask for it. I have to go looking for men, and then I generally can't find one that's any account."

This was much the longest speech that he had made me so far, and a very interesting one I thought it, and I am only sorry that I cannot reproduce the exact phraseology, with its Anglo-Saxon words set, by an instinctive choice, into rugged sentences that admirably expressed the

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man. I waited hopefully for further speech from him, and at last it came, quite of its own accord; for I had given up trying to draw him out.

We were sitting together on Sunday evening on the platform of the pump, in front of the farm-house. It had been a very restful Sunday. In the morning I went to the village church, where two services followed each other in quick succession. The first was a prayer-meeting, attended by a little company of farming people and village folk, who conscientiously parted company at the church door on the basis of sex, and sat on opposite sides of a central aisle.

The service was a simple one. The leader read a passage from the Bible and offered prayer, and then gave out a hymn. When the singing ceased, one after another, the older men, with nervous pauses between, rose to "testify," or sank to their knees and prayed aloud.

I chiefly remember one as a typical figure, an old man, whose thick, white hair mingled with a bushy beard that covered his face. I noticed him first in comfortable possession of a bench along which he stretched his legs. On his feet were loose carpet-slippers; and with his shoulders braced against the wall, and his head thrown back, and his eyes closed, he looked the vision of physical ease which matched the expression of deep contentment that he wore. There was no suspicion of sleep about him. Most evidently he followed with liveliest sympathy every word that was said or sung. I looked up presently at the sound of a new voice, and found the old man on his feet. He was adding his "testimony" to what had gone before, and was speaking rapidly in a deep, gruff voice with blunt articulation. There was a strong reminder in the performance of a schoolboy's "speaking his piece;" the monotonous, unnatural tone; the rapid flow of conventional, committed phrase; and the nervous tension which communicated itself to his hearers in a fear that he might forget.

But there came at length, without calamity, the final "pray for me that I may be kept faithful," and then he knelt in prayer. Invocations from the Prophets, and supplications from the Psalms, and glowing exhortations from the Epistles, were interwoven with strangest interpolations of his own, while his voice rose and fell in regular cadences, and he audibly caught his breath between. But he was losing himself in his devotion, and presently his voice fell to a natural tone, and his words grew plain and direct, as he held converse with the Almighty about our common life—of sin and its awful guilt, of temptation and its fateful trial, of suffering and its terrible reality, of sorrow and its cruel mystery. Then, as though quickened by the touch of truth, his faith rose on surer wings, and his prayer breathed the sense of sin forgiven, and of life made strong by a power not our own, and of hope exultant in the knowledge "of that new life when sin shall be no more!"

A solemn stillness held us when he rose, and made us feel the presence in our common lot of things divine, and that deep sacredness of life which awes us most.

A short preaching service followed. The preacher drove up on the hour from another parish, and started off at the meeting's end for yet a third appointment.

This is a long digression from Mr. Hill's talk of the evening, and I have said nothing yet of the afternoon. We took chairs out on the grass in front of the cottage after dinner, and sat in the shade. We soon had visitors. Mr. Hill's brother and his wife walked up from the lower farm, and a little later there came Mr. Hill's son and his young bride. The son is a physician, whose practice covers much of that country-side, and it was interesting to me to learn that his professional training was got at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

Fearful of disturbing the family gathering, I drew off a little, and gave my attention to a book. Later in the afternoon I was roused by the coming of another guest. He was an old neighboring farmer out in search of a heifer, which had broken through the pasture fence. As he joined us he was speaking so swiftly and incoherently about the heifer's escape, that I felt some doubt of his sanity. But he quieted down in a moment and threw himself on the grass, with the evident purpose of resting before resuming the search. He was lying flat upon his back, and his long bony fingers were clasped under his head.

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He wore no hat or coat or waistcoat, and a dark gingham shirt lay close to the sharp outlines of his almost fleshless body. Braces that were patched with strings passed over his lean shoulders, and were made fast to faded blue jeans, whose extremities were tucked into an old pair of coarse, cowhide boots. A long white beard rested on his breast, reaching almost to his waist. Only a thin fringe of hair remained above his ears, and over the skull the bare skin was so tightly drawn that you could almost trace the zigzagging junctures of the frontal and cranial bones.

But skeleton as he was, he was marvellously alive. His eyes were aflame with life, and prone as he lay and resting, he impressed you as a man so vitalized, that, with a single movement, he could be upon his feet and in intense activity. He was talking on about the heifer, nervously repeating to us, again and again, the details of where he had seen her last, and the rift which he had found in the fence, and how he had sent his hired man in one direction and had gone in another himself.

He was a rich farmer, Mr. Hill told me afterward, and he lived alone, except for an occasional hired man, whom he could induce to stay with him for a season. But even in his old age, he worked on his farm with the strength and endurance of three men, laying aside, year by year, his store of gain.

Without a single human tie, he worked as though spurred by every claim of affection and the highest sense of responsibility to provide for those whom he loved; and all the while a vast misanthropy grew upon him, and he would see less and less of his fellow-men, and an almost life-long scepticism hardened into downright unbelief.

So far he had not noticed me, but now he turned my way, lifting himself upon his elbow, and fixing his sunken, burning eyes on mine, while the white hairs of his beard mingled with the blades of grass.

"You're hired out to Jim, ain't ye?" Jim was his designation of Mr. Hill.

"Yes," I said.

"What's he payin' you?"

I told him. Mr. Hill was squirming in nervous discomfort.

"What's your name?"

I gave it him.

"Where are you come from?"

"Connecticut."

"Connecticut? That's down South, ain't it?"

"No, that's down East."

"Was you raised there?"

I do not know into what particulars of my history and of my antecedents this process might have forced me, had not the heifer come to my relief. She was a beautiful creature, with a clean sorrel coat, and wide, liquid, mischievous eyes; and as she ran daintily over the turf at the side of the lane, saucily tossing her head, you knew that she was closely calculating every chance of dodging the gawky country boy who, breathing hard, lunged after her.

Without a word of parting, and as abruptly as he came, the old man was gone to head her off in the right direction at the mouth of the lane. And so he disappeared, as strange a human figure as the world holds, living tremendously a life of strenuous endeavor, yet Godless and hopeless and loveless in it all, except for the greedy love of gain, which holds him in miserable bondage, as he works his life away.

It was soon after supper that Mr. Hill and I sat down together on the platform of the pump. There was little movement in the air, and it was very mild for the 27th of September. As the stars appeared they shone upon us through a mellow warmth like that of summer, in which they seem magically near, and one feels their calm companionship in human things.

"And you've made up your mind to go in the morning?" Mr. Hill began.

"Yes," I said, "I must be off. I'm truly sorry to go. But you surprise me by what you tell me of the difficulty in the country of getting men to work. One hears so much about the unemployed that any demand for labor which remains unsupplied seems an anomalous condition."

"That's a big question," he said, with a deep sigh, as he leaned back against the pump, and looked at me out of blue eyes that were gray and keen in the starlight. And then for a long time, out of the fulness of his experience and of his patient thinking, he talked to me about the general business of agriculture, and the problem of the unemployed as it stands related to that form of production.

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All that he said was so practical and human and sane, so full of insight into actual conditions, and so free from remedial measures in the form of theories of social reconstruction. It was not of another social order that he spoke at all, but of immediate, practicable improvement in the present order; it was not of the business of agriculture upon another than its present economic basis, but of more thrifty and enterprising farming under present conditions, as demanded by improvement in all forms of production, and urged as possible from his own long experience of facts.

I have not space here for what he said, and at best I can reproduce it but imperfectly; but I listened with absorbing interest, not simply to the succinct statement of his views, but to him as representative of a type.

Under the stars we sat talking until nearly midnight, and, quite inevitably, we launched upon the subject of religion. Mr. Hill appeared curiously apathetic, I thought, as I urged what seemed to me vital. And when, at the end, he narrowed it all to the single inquiry as to whether I believed in a real recognition in some future life, among those who have loved one another here, I found myself wondering, with a feeling of disappointment, at so wide a drift from essentials, on the part of a mind which had impressed me as so actively clear and strong. I looked up in my surprise. Even in the starlight I could see the tears, and from a single halting sentence I got the hint of a daughter dead in early childhood, and of a sorrow too deep for human speech, and of an eager questioning of the future that was the soul's one great desire.

"For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known," was all that I could say to him, and I went to bed pitying myself for my shallow judgment and my ignorance of life.

(To be continued.)

A PRAYER

By Charles Edwin Markham

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon:
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

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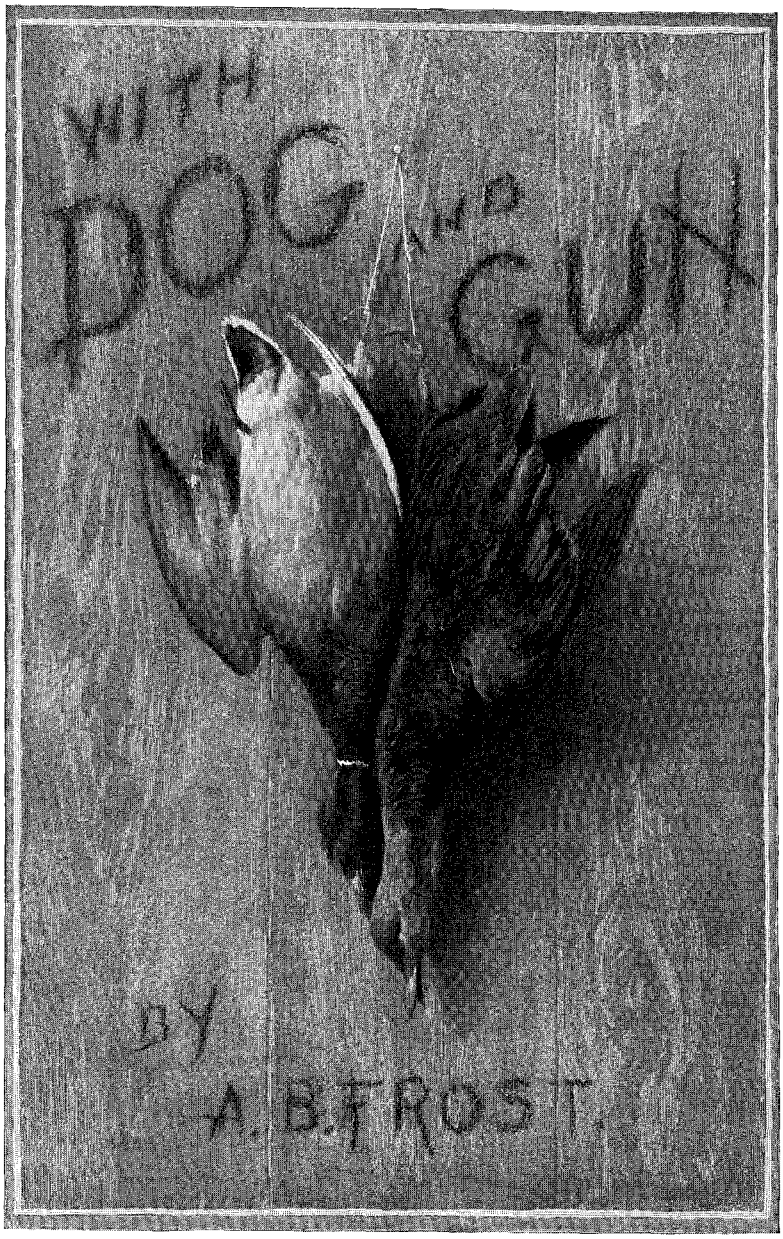

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Ruffed Grouse.

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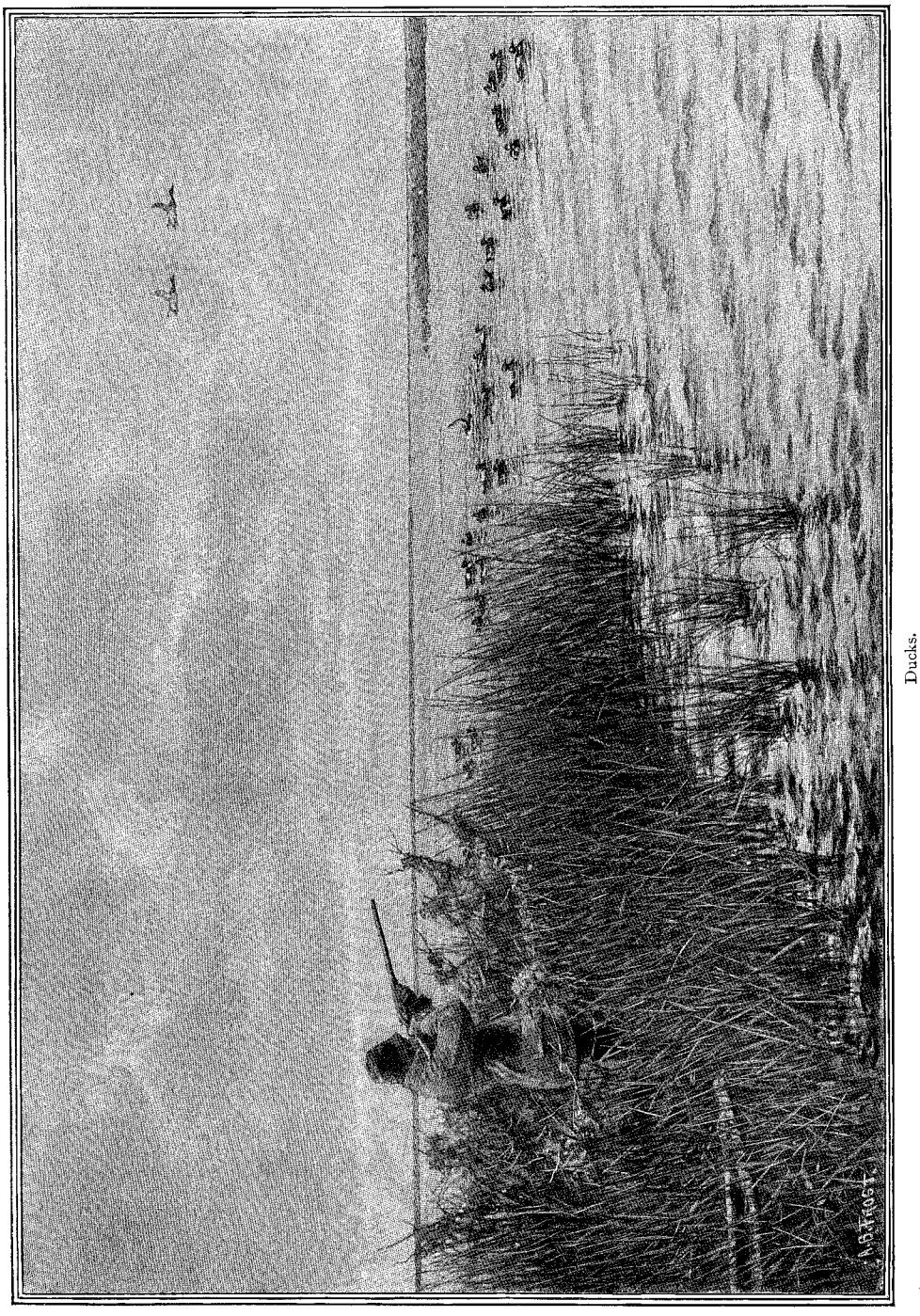

Ducks.

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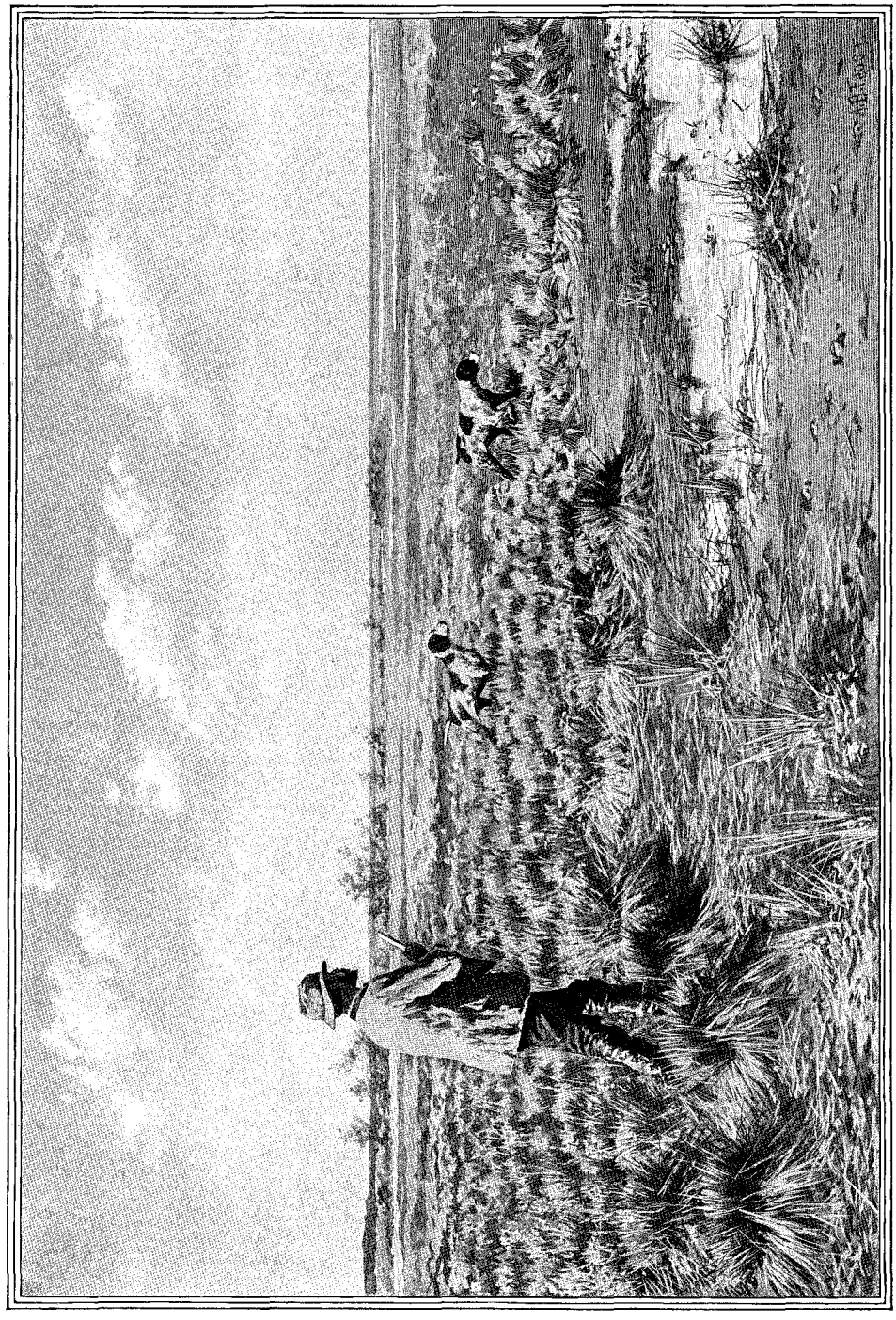

Snipe.

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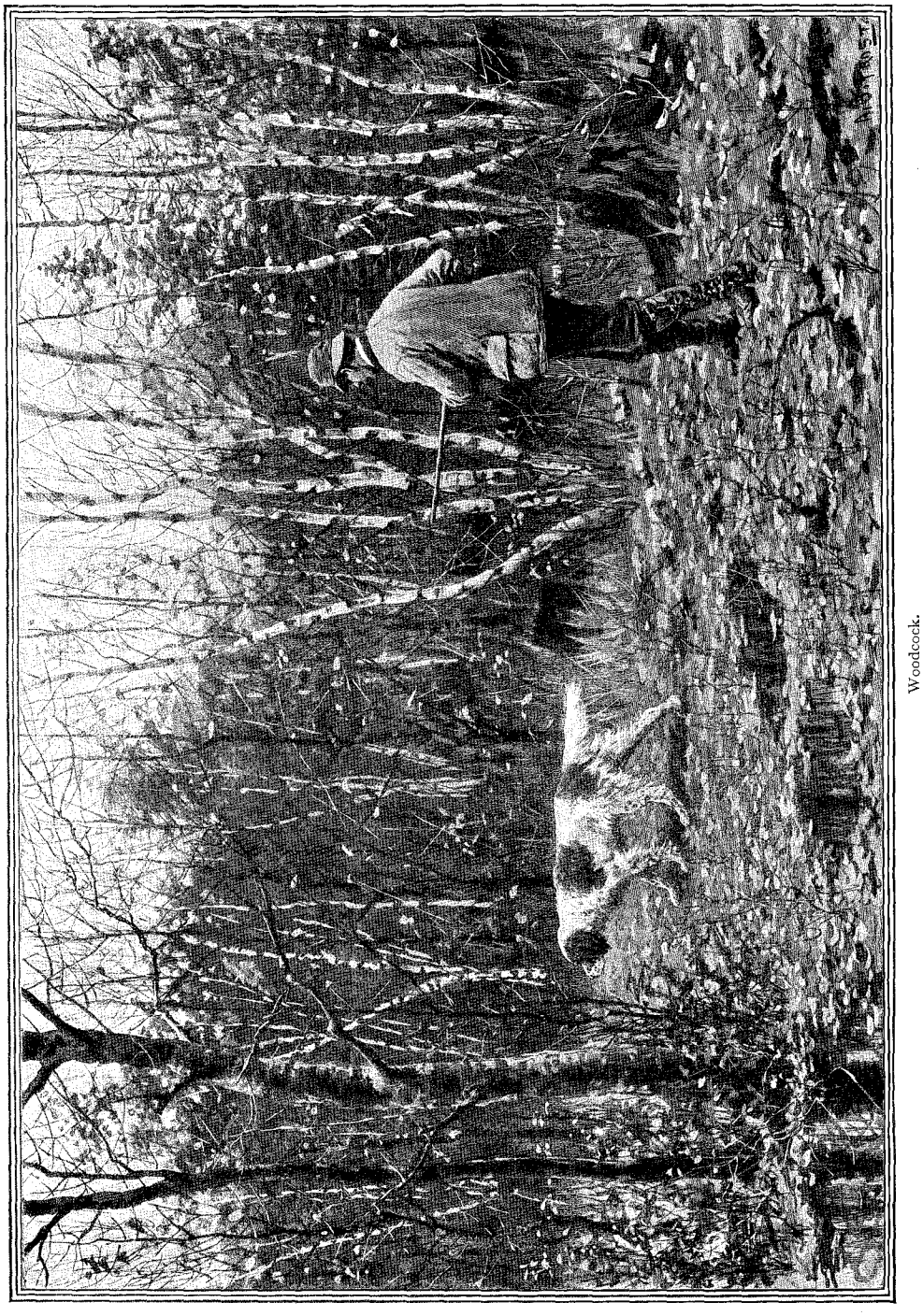

Woodcock.

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Quail.

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English Pheasant.

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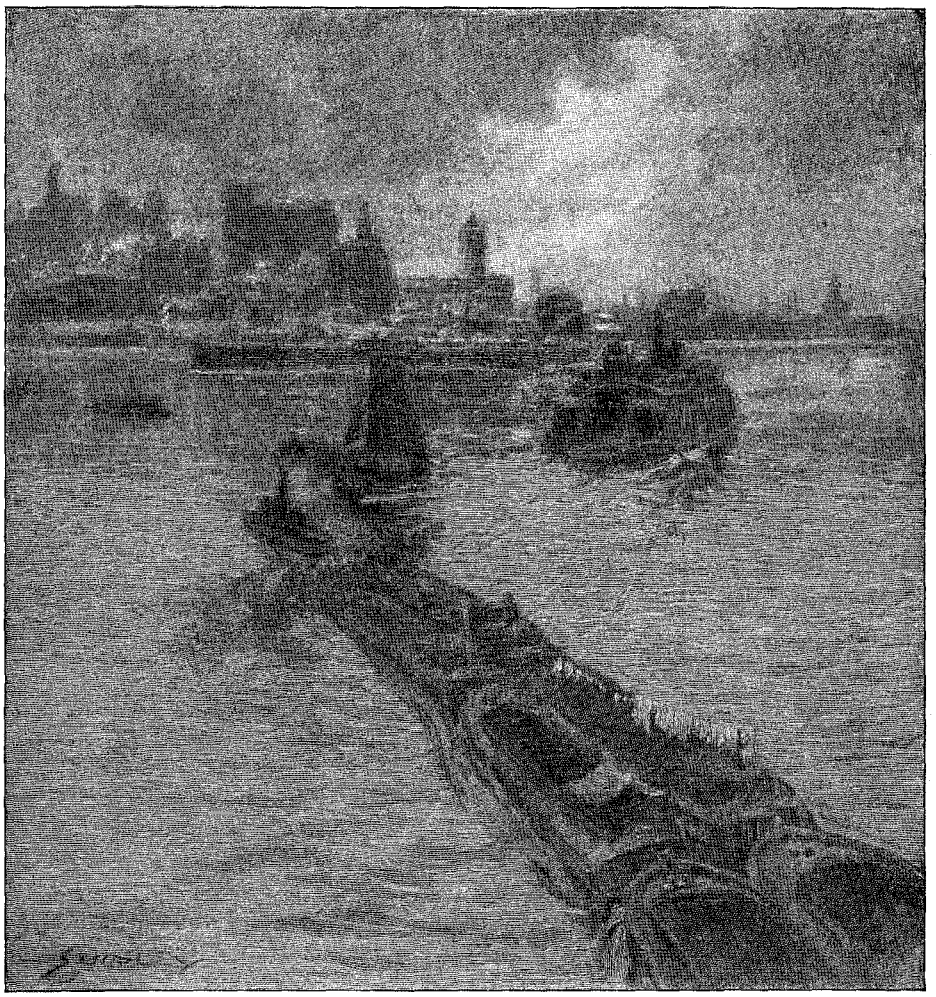

CITY VISTAS

By Edith M. Thomas

Our city fronts the morning wave, and greets
Serene all comers; and, on either side,
The sailing pines of nations sundered wide
A stately river in its journey meets.
How I have loved our city's vistaed streets,
That like some Western cañon's walls divide,
To show the sunset's purple band, where ride
Those legend-haunted masts and storm-strained sheets!

But when the electric lamps their argent globes
Float in mid-air, and in the upper night
Some zenith star all solitary gleams,
Or when in morning mists our city robes,
She seems created by some wizard's sleight,
To vanish dream-like on the tide of dreams!

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ROUGE-ET-NOIR

By Wolcott LeCléar Beard

In the shade of the wickiup on the edge of the little plateau sat Wet Dog, gazing absently over the green valley which lay stretched at his feet. Not at all a good place for a camp, thought the patient squaws who had built it, for it was only a little, gravelly shelf on the parched, gray mountain which allowed the sun to beat full upon it while keeping off what breezes there were. Then the water must be carried all the way from the river, a hundred yards off horizontally and as many feet below; but what did Wet Dog care for that? He did not have to "pack" it—and, besides, there wasn't much to bring, for they used it only to boil things in—so he had decreed that there the camp should be, and Wet Dog's word was law. He had reasons of his own—liked the view, he said—so the squaws had made many weary journeys up the steep incline, bearing from the flat below armfuls of arrow-weed, which they wove into hurdles, securing them, edge to edge, on three sides of a square. Their lord had been impatient during this process, for the sun was hot, and he had hurried them with grunts, together with sundry pokes. When the walls were up he squatted contentedly in their shadow, and, leaving his womankind to put on the roof more at their leisure, gave himself up to a pleasant revery.

A happy retrospect it was, for things had prospered with Wet Dog. In his youth he had been sent to an Indian school under the control of the Federal Government, and situated in the East, far away from all degrading aboriginal influences. This is why Wet Dog ran away from it, but he learned much while there, learned to speak English and to read a little, together with many other things appertaining to the lore of the white man, but which are not included in the curriculum of that excellent governmental institution. On his return to the reservation, he had sold skins and baskets to the wives of the officers quartered there, and thereby obtained silver coins. This money he had invested in rifle cartridges, which he bartered with his brethren for the blankets served out to them by a paternal government. These he sold at a profit, so his wealth had grown and he had become a sub-chief of his tribe and the proprietor of many ponies. One reverse he had met with, to be sure, but he was not cast down, and turned it to his own advantage.

It was in this way. Racing, especially with horses, has always been a favorite sport with the Western Indian. The love of it was strong with Wet Dog, and so was the sentiment of tribal honor. When, for the great semi-annual races, the neighboring tribe of Papagos had entered their famous little cream-colored mare, two of Wet Dog's ponies, trained as carefully as his nature and knowledge permitted, ran against her, heavily backed. The mare added another victory to her unbroken score, and the Apaches lost heavily in blankets, ponies, and other valuable things. To lose them was bad enough, but that they should have gone to increase the wealth of the Papagos, the natural prey of the Apaches, a tribe that never fought nor killed anyone, and so was not esteemed even by the Government as worthy of rations, that was addicted to the wearing of hats, cultivation of the soil, and other unnatural and degrading practices, was unbearable, and even now Wet Dog grew indignant at the thought.

But Wet Dog was a man of resource, and on the evening of his defeat, having disinterred from under the floor of his residence the Springfield rifle which he had acquired from a deserter, and hidden, together with a bag containing sundry dollars and halves, he rounded up all his ponies—a goodly bunch—and departed Eastward. At Albuquerque he converted his horses into gold, which only an educated Indian will recognize as money, and boarded an East-bound freight train. For awhile his former haunts knew him

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not, but when the time for the next race-meeting was nearly arrived, he returned, and on horseback.

He said nothing concerning his new mount, but, nevertheless, the tribe turned out in a body to inspect it. They knew the small, lean head with its pointed ears and long, thin neck, for the better run of their own cow-hocked ponies had these, but the well-ribbed barrel, powerful quarters, and thin, flat legs appealed to them with all the force of a novelty, and they marvelled greatly. Even the old Chief of the Three Sections grunted his approval, and called a council for that night, where a tax was voted by acclamation to buy barley for the new-comer, and hay, for grass he must not eat.

Then the next day Wet Dog bought a buggy-whip at the post-trader's, which he took, together with his eldest son and the horse, to a secluded valley near by, and the training commenced. As the animal stood with the boy on his back, Wet Dog would fire a pistol held in one hand; with the other, at the same time, bringing the whip sharply across the forelegs of the horse, which would rear and whirl; another cut over the haunches, and he would spring away in the direction opposite that in which he had been facing. Soon the whip became unnecessary, for he would turn and start at the sound of the shot, and the training was completed.

Then the great race-day, when Papagos and Apaches were gathered on opposite sides of the short, straight course, mingling only in the betting-place where they staked their possessions on the horses which carried the glory of the tribe, as well as nearly all its worldly goods. With what attention they watched the racers as they walked toward the starting-point! Not that Wet Dog showed any interest in the affair; that was proper only for squaws and Papagos and such things. But he felt it. It is a foolish practice, he thought, to post the horses with their tails to the finish. How quickly that mare turned! Much more readily than Wet Dog's horse, but that was the inherited instinct of the cow-pony. No training could equal that, and, truly, the mare ran fast; the Papagos were howling with joy. But soon their voices lowered, for the long stride of the thoroughbred was telling. The horse closed up; then his beautiful neck and shoulders appeared in the lead, and the Apache women broke into delirious shrieks as he won, hard held, by a length. The tribe was embarrassed with riches. Rifles and blankets were plenty, and the cartridges, hitherto treasured, were now used to shoot rabbits. To Wet Dog this was due, so his people honored him; his horses were three where there had before been one, and the bunch grew larger with each successive race, until no Indian would bet against this strange horse from the East. So he had come to Cactus City, where the white men were to hold a fiesta. There were to be races, and therefore wealth would result to him; to his kin as well.

Far below him the brown Gila crawled between its weed-fringed banks, dividing the two strips of rich pasture-land, the nearer one of which was dotted with the awkwardly moving forms of hobbled ponies. On a little rise, shaded by a cottonwood tree, the racer was standing, being rubbed down with bunches of grass by two of Wet Dog's squaws. Beyond the other strip of pasture was a spur of the opposite mesa, lower and broader than the one on which Wet Dog's camp was placed, and there the two canvas saloons and the store which constituted Cactus City showed glaringly white against the black basalt cliff as the sun fell full on their gable ends.

Three men came out of the larger saloon, the Triangle, and, mounting their horses, rode away down the river. Wet Dog knew them all. Daddy Gab, the big one, was the proprietor of the Triangle. He had much money, which he would bet, and which, therefore, would accrue to Wet Dog. Another was Greaser Pete, who kept the Black Cat, next door. He also had money, but the Chief reflected sadly that with him it was not well for an Indian to have dealings. He was not of a trustful nature, and his suspicions and six-shooter would generally be aroused together. The third was a cow-boy; a thing which Wet Dog hated, as an Apache should. The three rounded a point of cliff and passed at once from Wet Dog's sight and mind, for his heart was at the place, a little up the river, where the course of the morrow was being laid out.

A few miles below, another horseman

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was riding up the river trail. The sun had passed the meridian, and the high cliff threw a grateful shade over the road which ran, at this point, half way up its face. A narrow shadow, for it was barely past noon—a shadow just broad enough to cover the slender path, making it appear almost in twilight when contrasted with the brilliant sunlight which lighted up the jagged masses of black rock littering the steep incline that broke down from its outer edge. The day was burning hot, even for Arizona. The horseman who moved slowly up the road did not seem to mind the heat—appeared rather to enjoy it. He would have attracted much attention had there been anyone there to look at him, for he was a negro, short of stature and thin of limb; his small, perfectly round body surmounted by a disproportionately large head, displaying a moon-face of a blackness seldom seen. Wearing a tall, well-worn silk hat, and clothed in a rusty black suit of clerical cut, the whole figure appeared like a travelling silhouette, the monotone being still further carried out by the black army saddle and the mare on which it rested. She undoubtedly would have drawn a horseman's attention, even from her rider. She was tall, in that land of ponies, and every line of her lithe body gave evidence of generations of breeding. That she had been long on the road was shown by her dusty coat, but she still snatched at her bit and fretted impatiently at the slow pace set for her by a tiny, pack-laden burro who plodded along in front. Every waggle of the donkey's enormous ears seemed to express his unalterable determination to go no faster, in spite of the prods and blows administered in measured cadence with a long stick by his master, who thus punctuated his rendering of a revival hymn, which he would interrupt from time to time in order to assail the unfortunate animal with epithets the most abusive his Virginia dialect could shape.

The trail made a turn and began to descend to the flat. At its foot the mesa divided, opening into a box cañon which extended far into the tableland. At its mouth, sitting on their horses, and evidently waiting for someone, were the three men from Cactus City. The song ended in a prolonged whoop, at which the largest of the trio waved his hand; then turning, he rode into the cañon, followed by his companions. The incline was steep; the donkey broke into a shambling trot as the easiest method of gaining the bottom, but was left to his own devices as the mare was given her head, and in a hand gallop she followed the other horses. The entrance was screened by a natural hedge of gnarled mesquit, and around the edge of this the negro rode, the flying tails of his long coat giving his mount somewhat the appearance of a shadow of Pegasus bearing a poet of more modern build than those who usually patronized that classic beast. The men had dismounted and stood in a row as he came up, looking at him in some astonishment.

"Are *you* the man we want?" asked one, a small man with a handsome, hard face.

"Yassir," replied the gentleman addressed. "Clay Randolph, suh, the Reverend Clay Randolph. Would a been soonah but fo' Balaam. He got contrairy. Dey is dat-a-way, mos'ly. Heah he comes now, lak he's got all nex' week. Ain't got no ambition, nohow."

"Never mind that now," said one of the others; "'twas I that sent fer you. Gabriel, me nem is, from the Triangle, above. It's the boss of a gang of Apaches that's got a horse that's fair cleaned out the country, and for the good of his soul he must be skun. Bad. Can ye do it, d'ye think?"

"Kin she do it? Dat mah'll lick dis ter'tory. Brought her fum de ol' place, an' I'se gwine ride her myself. Ain't rid no races sence I begun preachin', but I ain' fo'got de way."

He seemed particularly unjockeylike as he stood, hat in hand, rubbing the top of his polished, bald head with a big red bandanna handkerchief, and the others looked doubtful, while the Reverend Randolph shuffled uneasily, rubbing his head harder than ever in his embarrassment.

"Ye're sure then?" said Gabriel, at last. "Sure you'd best be, fer it's our money as well as yer carcass the mare'll carry."

"Yassah, jes' so," replied the negro, relieved. "I don' ride races no mo', an' I don' bet. Considah it inconsistant wiv my puhfession. But foh de present oc-

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casion, suh, I'd be glad ef you could get a bet wiv dat Indian an' put dis on fo' me," taking, as he spoke, a heavy buckskin bag from his pocket. "Don' bet wiv no white man. Dat's sinful; but an Indian's one of de los' tribes, an' mus' be luhned not to steer heself 'gains' de Gospel."

Gabriel slapped him on the back, laughing and agreeing volubly, but his companion only smiled. He was a taciturn man. "We'd better go, Gabe," he said.

"Faith, we had," responded the other. "They might miss us. Ye'll stop here, yer revrince, fer now. It is best the mare should not be seen. After dark, Sam, here, will show you the way. So long." He swung himself on his horse, and was about to ride away when the darky stopped him.

"'Scuse me, suh, one moment," he said. "Should you have occasion to speak ov me in public kin'ly call me Jones, suh, John Jones, widout no Reveren'. It's on account of de ol' wo—of Mrs. Randolph, suh. Women don' understan' these affaiahs, an' it's as well she shouldn' know erbout it. Good-day, suh."

The morning of the fiesta broke clear and hot, as is the habit of mornings in that country, and that portion of Cactus City that had been in bed, rose with the dawn to finish the preparations. The Triangle and the Black Cat were swept and garnished; the quarters of beef which had been slowly roasting over the great trenches of mesquit coals, were turned for the last time by the smoke-grimed cooks, who then gave place to those who came to relieve them and, after refreshing themselves at the Triangle bar, went off to get some needed sleep before arraying their persons for the festivities.

Soon the spectators began to arrive. On horseback and on foot, from far up and down the river, they came. Great four or six horse wagons came creaking in along the sandy road, some of them containing women, the wives or daughters of the ranchers. Already the men had crowded to suffocation the big saloons, where extra hands were busily employed in shoving the black bottles and thick-bottomed glasses along the bar, from one to another of the crowd of customers who rested their elbows on them, disturbing the swarms of flies which were feasting on the smears made by the wet bottoms of the over-filled tumblers. Outside, knots of men stood about, talking or uncinching their saddles. Many cow-boys there were, with their leather leggings and big-belled spurs. Vaqueros, dressed in tight-fitting trousers and short jackets of copper red, their broad-brimmed, peaked-crowned sombreros heavy with a year's wages in silver. Prospectors, hoboes, ranchers, and all classes that go to make up the sum of frontier humanity were represented—all except the saloon man. He was busy inside.

The sports began. Chicken-pulling, shooting, and rough-riding followed each other, but few took much interest in them. Even the roping match, generally the principal event in these fiestas, attracted but little attention; everyone was waiting for the race. The Apache wonder was well known, and the possibilities of a dark winner had been talked of far and near.

A quarter of a mile below the settlement a course had been laid out. Though still short, it was longer than those generally used in that country, and was a curved one instead of the usual straightaway, in order that those who chose might ride down the chord of the arc and thus have an opportunity of seeing something of the whole race. Close by the ranging-poles, which showed where the finish was to be, a large tent had been pitched, and around this stood a few white men, but the vast majority of the crowd which swarmed the course from end to end were Indians—Indians of all degrees and from many tribes. Moquis, Maricopas, and Yavapais mingled freely with the Papagos, who wore the hats which were the scorn of their warlike neighbors, and talked together in garrulous groups. Among them stalked the Apaches, alone in the crowd, while the squaws, sitting in groups by themselves, showed their budding civilization by criticising their sisters of the other clans.

From the clearing in the thicket near the start, where his horse had been taken, rode Wet Dog, studying the course for the hundredth time. This was his first race against the whites, and he meant to take no unnecessary chances, though, in truth, everything seemed going his way, for the course was a long one, and did not his horse show to the best advantage where his long stride could tell? Farther, it had been asked of Wet Dog as a favor that the horses should

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stand facing the finish instead of pointing the other way, and having to turn at the start as the custom was, and as a favor he had granted it, but he would rather have given his second best horse—the one he was riding—than not to have had it so. Then, the night before, a panther had sprung on a colt and had been shot by one of Wet Dog's sons; there could be no more fortunate omen than this, as everyone knows. The horse of the white man must be in that tent, but why thus house the beast? he wondered, and sent his second son to find out, and the boy wriggled through the undergrowth in a manner really creditable to his training, but before he could raise the canvas to look inside, the heavy lash of a stock-whip had fallen across his back, raising a purple welt on the bronze skin. Still, it did not matter.

From the plaza of Cactus City, with a whoop, came a mob of horsemen, followed by men and women on foot, for the other sports were now ended. The afternoon was wearing on. The first races were quickly run; then Indians and whites gathered about an open spot opposite the tent near the finish, forming a living ring around it. Into the middle of this space strode Wet Dog, followed by a squaw leading three ponies, their manes and tails gay with feathers. At her lord's feet she drove a picket pin, and securing the neck-ropes to it, retired. This signified that they were offered in wager, and a tall Papago placed a saddle by the pin, but Wet Dog regarded it scornfully. A bit was added; then some rifle cartridges, and the Apache bowed in token of acceptance, moving away and signalling with his hand for more horses. Other ventures were offered, and soon the betting became fast and heavy, even white men staking silver against the ponies or Navajo blankets, and all without a word save when the whites bet among themselves.

When nearly all the movable property of those present had been wagered, they turned to the course, where the hope of the Apaches, his chestnut coat shining in the sun, was slowly led up and down. He wore a bridle instead of the single rein tied around the under jaw that Indians generally affect. Instead of a saddle a piece of cowhide rope was loosely tied around his body, just behind the withers. Wet Dog's son, his entire costume consisting of a very small breech-cloth and a two-tailed whip, sprang on to the horse's back and thrust his knees under the cowhide rope. Both were then ready and cantered toward the starting-point, followed by an admiring throng.

Wet Dog sat on his horse near the tent. Its flap was raised, and the black mare led forth by her reverend jockey. That morning Wet Dog had seen Clay Randolph, but now what a change! As he noted the breeches, tops and silk jacket, the memory of other races, seen long ago, flashed across the Chief's mind. He observed that the faded purple and yellow blouse was wofully tight for its wearer, and had been clumsily let out at the waist, so that the weight would be to his disadvantage, but still the course was not long, and Wet Dog was harassed with doubts, for this costume was of the fashion of the East, where they know how. Many horsemen accompanied the stranger as he walked to the start. The Apache joined them, but stopped two-thirds of the way up the course and waited for the starting shot. Many things are thus started in Arizona. Some are ended so. At length it came, followed by a yell and the thunder of galloping hoofs, as the spectators pelted along the shorter path.

Wet Dog turned and cantered slowly back, looking over his shoulder. As the horses flashed into view his hand twitched once, for he could see that the chestnut was leading. Wet Dog's son, on the racer's back, gripping from thigh to ankle-joint, leaned forward with reins flying slack, and, urged by the sting of the double-lashed quirt, his mount was doing its utmost. Close behind strode the black mare, her chin on her breast, her rider sitting well back in the tiny saddle, which he more than filled. Could it be that the black was gaining? Yes, she was; gaining even with the jockey's weight on her bit, and Wet Dog pushed his pony into a run as the racers flew past. He could just see the poles of the finish now, with their background of faces, red, white, and yellow. As they neared the end, the horses came between him and the finish, and the dust screened them from his sight. The shouts which rang over the flat told him that the race was over, and that he had lost; so, without drawing rein, he turned away from the course and, crossing the river, made his way to the wickiup on the shelf of the

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mesa, and sat down in its shade, his head resting on his folded arms.

The squaws and his sons came, but departed; it was not well to disturb him, then. The racer was fed and cared for and the remaining ponies were hobbled and turned out to graze. Food was cooked, and the youngest squaw, taking her lord's portion, crept timidly up to where he sat. His head was raised, now, and as cheerful an expression as his dignity would allow played over his features. He ate the food and then called his sons, who sat at his feet as he talked to them far into the night.

Looking across the river, he could see that Cactus City was rejoicing. The canvas walls of the saloons, lighted from within, the camp-fires of the Indians and Mexicans, and the yells of the revellers, vaguely recalled to his mind the transparencies and torches of a political parade and the shouting crowds on the sidewalks where Wet Dog had stood in his school-days, years before.

The canvas houses continued their pearl-like glow, but one by one the fires faded to dull, red spots in the darkness, and the shouts grew fainter and finally ceased. Then, followed by their sire, the two boys departed into the gloom of the cliff-shadowed flat of the river. The crescent of the new moon climbed over the mesa opposite, filtering a faint light on the yellow sands below.

At the foot of the precipice a hole, a yard or so in diameter, led into a fissure in the rock. In front of this hole, and facing it, knelt Wet Dog. On a piece of board before him lay the severed legs of the panther shot the night before, and he was taking them, one after the other, and printing their feet in the sand, then shuffling backward, carefully obliterating, with the flat side of the board, the marks of his knees, and repeating the operation until the footprints reached the thick weeds which grew by the river. Then he gathered up his properties and vanished.

It was just at daybreak, and Cactus City was in its soundest sleep. The tents showed a ghastly gray in the gathering light, and the red eyes of the camp-fires had long since closed, when the black figures of men and horses silently crossed the ford. The camp of Wet Dog and his friends was breaking. They waited awhile until the squaws joined them, and all moved westward along the trail save a few, who, detaching themselves, rode toward the cliff. This was just the hour invariably chosen by the Apaches for their attacks, so when a chorus of shrill yells rent the air, to an accompaniment of dropping rifle-shots, Cactus City was roused in a moment. Men started from their blankets around the ashes of their dead fires, clutching hastily snatched weapons; they came pouring from the saloons and corrals, only to see an excited group of Indians pointing from the ground to the hole in the cliff and talking together in apparent alarm. Evidently no attack was intended, so they left the rocks and knolls behind which they had sought shelter from the expected fire, and joining the absorbed group of aborigines, inquired as to the cause of the excitement. It was an animal, they were told, something like a panther, but larger—much larger—and with long legs, so that it moved with exceeding swiftness. It had struck down a squaw and killed her. When they had fired, it had not minded the shots, but had struck down another squaw; then carried its first victim away with it. They had followed the tracks thus far, but now they were afraid to go farther. They, the Apaches, were afraid. The beast was not natural.

Greaser Pete had been among the first to arrive, and was now examining the tracks critically. "What's wrong with you fools, anyway?" he asked. "Leery of a puma? say!"

It was not a puma, they insisted. Somewhat like one, to be sure, but bigger and more fierce; behaving in such a manner that their hearts became as the heart of a squaw. If anyone disbelieved, there was the den. It was at home, and if it was a panther it might be shot. But no Indian would try it.

Then spake Wet Dog. The white men said that this was a puma. Very good. He, Wet Dog, said that it was not. If any man was foolish to prove what it was, he, Wet Dog, would back his opinion with a wager. He waved his hand and one of the squaws led out the Apache racer, dropping the picket-pin into the ground and pressing it home with her substantial foot.

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Men looked askance at this. There must be a trick somewhere—the stakes were too high. Wet Dog, as they well knew, valued this horse more than the whole of his other possessions, squaws and all. It was a temptation, however, and several hesitated, until, at last, the Reverend Randolph stepped out of the shadow, placing at the Chief's feet a canvas shot-bag, partially filled. "Dar's de dust," he observed. "Does she go?"

Wet Dog stooped and lifted the bag. It weighed well, and he was glad, for of all men, he would rather despoil this one, and he signified that the wager held. But who was to carry out its terms? Not the Indians, for they had specifically declined doing so, and the reverend jockey seemed to have little inclination in that direction, so there was a pause of some seconds, broken by Pete.

"Stand by to help, boys, if I don't kill," he said, and, turning, he walked toward the cave. The Indians drew away, except the squaw, who still stood by the horse's head. In his hand Pete held a shot-gun of the kind used by express messengers, with sawed-off barrels and heavy charges of buckshot in them. It was pitch dark inside the cave, and Pete edged his way carefully, seeing nothing until the passage took a turn. Then, beyond, glowed two spots of dull, green flame. They were the eyes of the beast; the Wells Fargo burned a red hole in the darkness, and the echoing walls gave back a crash like thunder. Then another shot, and Pete backed into the open, coughing and choking from the sulphurous fumes. He caught a breath of fresh air, and, dropping the shot-gun, drew a pistol and dove into the black hole once more.

"Is it a puma, Pete?" someone asked at length. It was not. Pete's answer was lengthy and hyperbolic, but on that point it was quite clear, and the squaw, catching up the precious bag, which she thrust into her bosom, bundled on to the wagered horse, and lashing him furiously, followed her companions.

Then once more Pete's voice was heard from inside the cave, raised in earnest profanity, which grew louder and more distinct until Pete appeared in the opening, his six-shooter in one hand and in the other the bloody remains of a large black cat of the domestic variety.

It was Tom. Tom, the sign and totem of the Black Cat saloon; Pete's especial pet, and the only tame cat within fifty miles. Around his neck there was a thong, by means of which he had been tied in the cave. Pete's wrath grew greater as he looked, and he became quiet, as was his wont when angry. It was a trick. A trick played on him, and by an Indian who was gone, now, and gone with many of his tribe about him. Besides, an Indian, more especially one of a tribe that occasionally varies the monotony of reservation life by the murder of defenceless settlers, one must not shoot, for they draw Government rations and are protected by Federal laws and officers. A Mexican, however, is different. No one protects him, or wants to, and Pete looked at the swarthy faces about him for a sign of levity, but more dejected appearing specimens of the Latin race it would be impossible to find; so he retired to his saloon, closing the door after him.

Wet Dog was soon overtaken by the squaw who had been left behind with the horse, and they had ridden on for some time. They were going slowly, for the way was steep. When he beckoned her to him he was rocking in his saddle with silent mirth, for the Apache, unlike many other Indians, will laugh heartily enough when anything strikes his somewhat peculiar sense of humor, and his dignity allows, and now he was on exceedingly good terms with himself as his wife, with a dutiful little murmur of joy, handed him the bag. He undid the string and poured part of the contents out in his hand. His face grew dark, for this was not gold—far from it—but little black pellets, and many of them. About a pound and a half of No. 4 shot.

Wet Dog was dazed for a moment, but the squaw wailed. This recalled him to himself, and he was impolite enough to throw the handful of shot in her face. Then he rode on, lost in thought. The wisdom of the red man he had been born to; he had acquired that of the whites, and of the black man he now had seen something, but his heart was heavy within him, and he desired to know no more.

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NEIGES D'ANTAN

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

SUNLIGHT, and birds, and blossom on the trees—
What, O my heart, is wanting more than these?
What shall content if these may not avail? . . .
Once on a time 'twas joy enough to lie
Beneath the young leaves and the limpid sky,
A spell-bound traveller in a fairy-tale.

. . . . . .

Oh! nevermore for us the Palace of Spring,
No more those haunted chambers echoing
Sweet, sweet, and hollow, to the cuckoo's song;
Filled with a mellow lustre all day long,
And lit by golden lamps at evening.
No more the enchanted woods—their purple haze
Enveils them yet—but closed are all the ways—
The elfin meadows glimmer, deep in dew,
Misty with flowers—but we have lost the clew;
There is no path into the magic maze.

. . . . . .

These were youth's emissaries, every one,
The darting birds between the orchard snows . . .
'Twas Youth that blossomed lovelier than the rose,
And Youth that fluted in the blackbird's throat,
And Youth that steered the sun's great golden boat,
The westering golden galley of the sun.

Youth comes no more forever—even although
The fields take flower again and lilacs blow,
And pointed leaf-buds gather on the vine:
Even although the sun should sail and shine
Bright as of old, and all the thickets rang—
That sun is set, and mute the spirit that sang.

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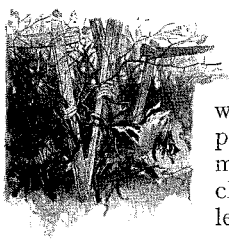
A council was held, at which Nick-Nack, sitting on the table with Mà-le, presided.—Page 582.

NO CONTINUING CITY

By Blanche Willis Howard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RENÉ REINICKE



WHEN Emma was born, her mother was rather preoccupied. In some human, as in feline circles, a birth more or less is never a matter of moment. Besides, Frau Rupp had had eight infants already, was by nature scatter-brained, and contemplated moving to Zürich. Emma was wrapped in something and laid aside while the packing went on. She appeared in no respect agitated by her new environment. A large placidity in accepting the inevitable distinguished her from first to last, while the unphilosophical tendency toward *gourmandise*—her unique vice—evinced in the dawn of her history marked also its brief high noon and flickering twilight. All the contrasts of a checkered career were powerless to render her other than consistent, equable, and just. She left despair to smaller minds.

Frau Rupp happened to marry about this time, thereby changing her name; but Rupp will be retained for the purposes of this narrative. She had had already two or three husbands, and was never particularly engrossed by anything of the sort or "careful of the type." The new husband was about to establish himself in the beer and grog business in Zürich, whither he proceeded shortly after the ceremony, leaving Frau Rupp and all the little Rup-

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plets to follow. The contracting parties had been delayed slightly by Emma's impending entrance into this stage of being; but, once an accomplished fact, she was but a minute obstacle in their path, and Frau Rupp's few and not very clean possessions were speedily ready for the emigration. Emma blinked and said nothing, except when her inherent *gourmandise* triumphed briefly over her habitual serenity of manner.

On the day of Frau Rupp's departure her cheeks looked glazed, her eyes unnaturally brilliant, and her utterance sounded husky, all of which may have been due to fatigue or to emotion called forth by the painful necessity of bidding farewell to her neighbors in the mansard: Lotte Mez, the washerwoman and house-cleaner; Leni and Mina, the factory-girls; the widow Dugenhubel and her offspring; old Daddy Schanz, who was a little silly but could still read publishers' proofs; Granny Schanz, who could not; and the consumptive little chimney-sweep, jolly Nack Nickerson, called, by his intimates, Nick-Nack. Happily, they could all be present, for the hour appointed for the exodus was early on a Sunday morning, so that Frau Rupp's cousin, the teamster, might, unimpeded by the exactions of employers, place himself and his cart at her disposal.

Sympathetic animation pervaded the mansard. Each helped after his own fashion. Leni and Mina skipped up and down five flights to fling things into the cart and made bold jokes at the inviting driver. The Widow Dugenhubel stood at her door and talked solid cubic feet. Old Daddy Schanz walked about smiling feebly and rubbing his hands. Nick-Nack, having emerged from his cloud of soot, shone upon the world with his handsome Sunday-face, sat upon a box and laughed like a young god. Lotte Mez quietly did three-quarters of the work, while Frau Rupp wept in a confused, maudlin way, and diligently dropped parcels; but this may have been due to overpowering regret. The available Rupp children—the older ones were in service, the later-born mostly dead—obeyed Lotte Mez's orders, and bore, with careworn, anxious little faces, the burden of responsibility which, for some reason or other, was slipping more and more from their mother's shoulders.

Everything was collected except a few straggling parcels. Frau Rupp took several at once under her arm. One of them was Emma. Making Widow Dugenhubel ceremonious, prolonged, exhaustive, emotional, and even teary adieux—which was not unnatural, they being very old neighbors who had never quarrelled beyond human capacity — Frau Rupp dropped one of her encumbrances. It was not Emma. But Lotte Mez thought it might have been, and for this and other reasons said, abruptly:

"Why not leave the baby here until you get settled?"

The cart drove off without Emma. Lotte Mez, the washerwoman and house-cleaner, took no airing that Sunday, but sat all day long in her room, old memories tugging at her heart, and, with a strange mixture of pain and bliss, watched and tended a feeble mite, breathing indeed, evidently manifesting no prejudice against life, but making no distinct claims upon it. This impartial attitude the child never abandoned. It was an unchristened infant. Frau Rupp, who forgot most things, had forgotten to think of a name for this most irrelevant baby. Lotte, with hot tears and shuddering, stifled sobs—although she was alone in the mansard—knelt before it and murmured *Emma*. Five and twenty years previous had appeared, incidentally, in her own life, just such a soft, helpless thing. It had lived long enough to stammer sweet, absurd words, and laugh, and be adorable, and fill its mother's life with delight, although her former friends no longer spoke to her. When it died suddenly, Lotte left her home, a change in all respects commendable and worldly wise. She was now forty-five years old, the most able, conscientious, and respected of her profession, had her circle of regular patrons and was usually engaged six months deep—a rugged woman, strong as a man.

The exigencies of Lotte's profession necessitated days at home and days abroad. On the latter, Emma was handed over to Granny Schanz or the Widow Dugenhubel. Some babies ob-

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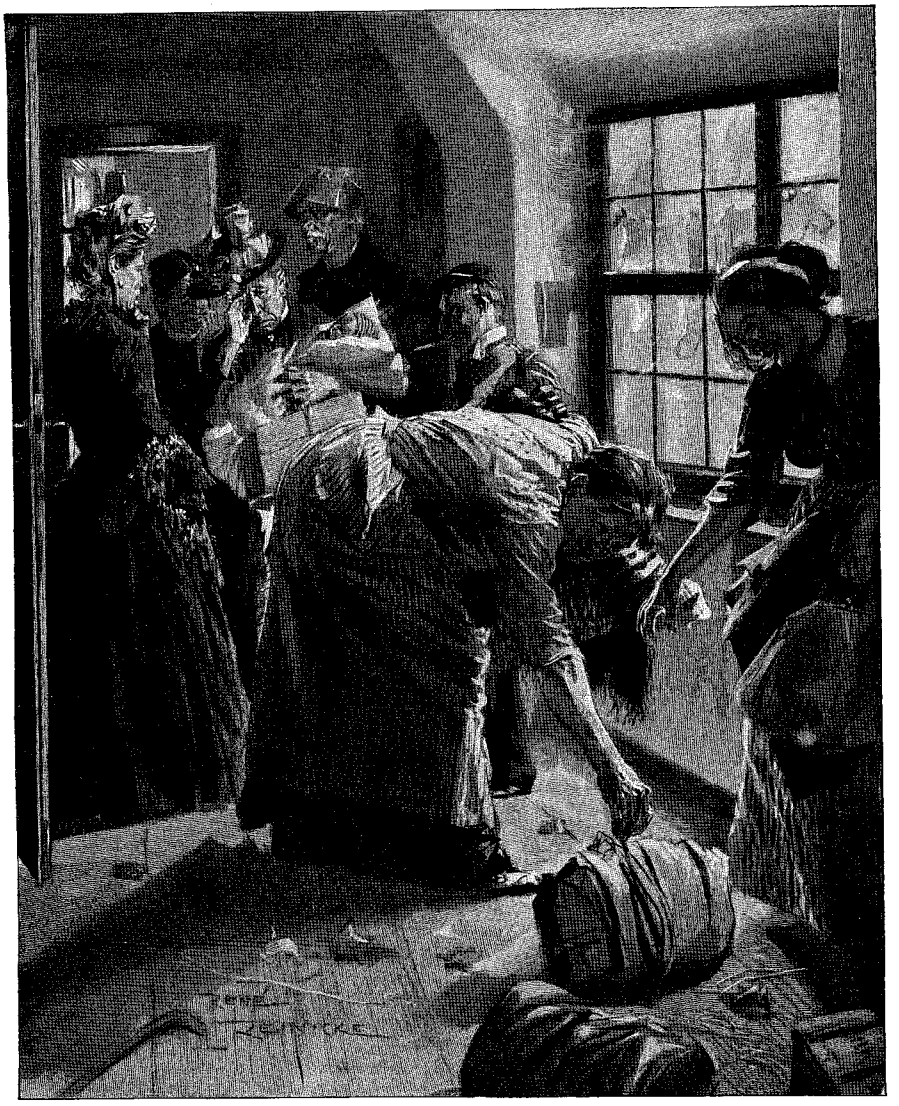

Each helped after his own fashion.—Page 578.

ject, and not unreasonably, to constant changes of temperature, milk, method, and handling. Emma's composure remained unruffled. The multifariousness of her diet would have destroyed the offspring of Titans. During the first weeks of her existence, she mouthed meat, lapped beer, sucked painted sugar-birds —Nick-Nack's tribute to her charms— partook, according to her degree, of sauerkraut, bits of raw carrot, cold boiled potatoes, and other urgent invitations to colic, and survived. Nay, more, she thrived in a certain sense, for, although pallid and puny, her frail organism was less addicted to unseemly revolt and woful spasms than is ordinarily the most robust and pampered heir to an ancient name.

Possessed thus of rare social tact, she was the pet of the entire population of the mansard. Leni and Mina, when not at the factory or running about with sweethearts — in rotation—adored her and fondled her in spasmodic excess. Whether exposed to their loud assidu-

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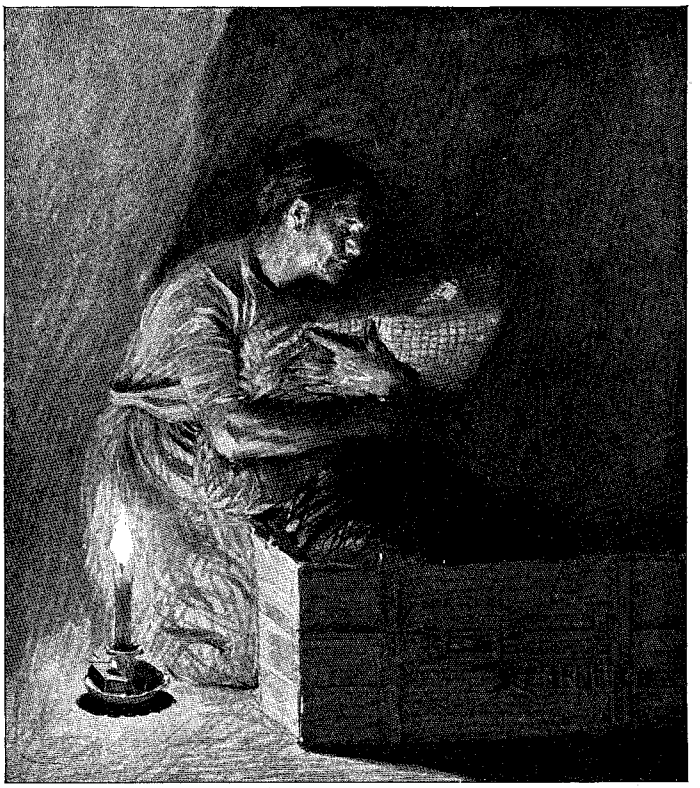

Lotte, with hot tears and shuddering, stifled sobs . . . knelt before it and murmured *Emma*.—Page 578.

ities; whether her pillow lay submerged by Daddy Schanz's proof-sheets, or on a chair in Widow Dugenhubel's room, flooded by that dame's ceaseless oratory; whether whistled to, laughed at, pinched, and stealthily caressed by Nick-Nack, or whether the object of Lotte's sensible care and devotion, Emma accepted irregularities and homages alike, with a lofty indifference and mild remoteness which seemed a veritable triumph of mind over matter.

None of the gentlemen and ladies of the mansard had had opportunity and leisure to meditate upon occult lore, or they might have surmised the soul of Seneca or Marcus Aurelius had deigned to reincarnate in wee Emma Rupp. Lotte, unoccult, but no fool, merely remarked:

"She's a wise one, Emma-le! Looks as if she just *knew*."

The baby-stoic's eyes were in truth knowing—large, long, deep set, of the blue that merges into gray, and so startlingly intelligent that the dwellers in the mansard were of the unanimous opinion she privately reflected upon all that happened in her presence, and were inclined to lower their voices when discussing secrets and intimate family matters. At this period of her career she seemed to be chiefly composed of a scrap of old shawl, and eyes that took your measure. "She listens to every word I say," Widow Dugenhubel protested. If this was the case, it testifies to more intrepid politeness on Emma's part than could be alleged of any other human creature.

Baby Emma continued to manifest her high stoicism—except when she vibrated to lush Epicureanism as above indicated—and at the age of two years was still tiny, frail, never ill, and the gracious recipient of the bounty of the mansard, where changes now and then took place—Leni and Mina being succeeded by Betti and Netti, and they by others like unto them. Hair, eyes, and names differed, but rarely the cruel drudgery of the day's work, or the fierce and frantic frivolousness of the reaction in free hours. Widow Dugenhubel had moved on, to exercise her tongue—let us for her sake hope, for talking was what she loved best on earth—in another and a better world. But all new-comers vied with old residents in paying court to the child.

When Nick-Nack, who had princely tastes, asked her what he should bring her from a fair or merry-making, she invariably responded "Something good to eat," and usually specified prunes, dates, or sweets. Nick-Nack, like most

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of his colleagues, was a youth of brilliant expectations. Chimney-sweeping is a lucrative as well as gallant profession, but has an awkward effect upon the respiratory organs of the ambitious young gentlemen who follow it, and is apt to instigate a break-neck race between competence and consumption, the chances strongly in favor of the latter.

In Lotte's evenings at home she made smart frocks for Emma-le, and was a happy woman. Her prospects looked peaceful and assured. She had for many years earned well, if at an enormous expenditure of her good strength, had a fair amount in the savings-bank, and would have had more were she not helpful to relatives — even to such as had turned a cold, but strictly moral, shoulder upon her in the days when she was young and forsaken. Now she was zealously working for Emma-le, continually planning her future; and already ruminating placidly upon the remote questions of schooling and her trade— "a better sort of school, a gentle sort of trade," Lotte determined.

She dreaded no interference on the part of Frau Rupp, of whose Swiss experiences few rumors had reached the mansard. One incoherent letter had come indeed, inquiring for certain missing objects, among which Emma was not included; but the mother added she might send for the child some day, when she was quite settled. Lotte was profoundly sceptical in regard to any finite completion of the settling process. Then a pedler who had returned from Zürich—who met a man who knew the apple-woman on the corner, who chatted with Frau Rupp's teamster-cousin, who stopped to gossip with Nick-Nack, striding along with ladder and black

She seemed to be chiefly composed of a scrap of old shawl, and eyes that took your measure.—Page 580.

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face, who duly reported to Lotte—had hinted that the beer and grog business was rolling down hill, and its conductors likewise. The velocity and momentum of Frau Rupp's rolling were factors which Lotte had often reckoned in her straight, shrewd way.

"Nothing will stop her short of the final thump," she reflected. "So much the worse for her; so much the better for us;" hugging Emma-le closer and weighing the comparative merits of millinery and art embroidery.

"It is pretty work, ribbons and flowers, and paying—for such as has the knack in their fingers. Mà-le has. But that big embroidery is great. If you have a talent for drawing—Mà-le has—you can work in all you see—a bunch of horse-chestnuts or even sunflowers. Anyhow she shall never scour and scrub. Such wrists and ankles! A little, tiny mite of a wee bit, fine lady! She shall learn to sing if she likes, so there now!" This with defiant mien toward future warnings of worldly prudence—her own or another's.

She must make her will, too, and take legal steps to adopt Mà-le. Then she could be christened—Protestant of course. Here Lotte frowned and decided there was no need of haste. For baptism involved some queer complications, and she had the invincible repugnance of the respectable working-woman toward lawyers. If you so much as spoke to one of them you could find yourself in a disgraceful law court before you knew it! No, there was time enough for all that. So Lotte, secure, dreamed loving and ambitious dreams while the frail child slept in her arms.

On the morrow a boy spied Lotte balancing herself at the top of a high ladder and dusting some carved woodwork in the ceiling of one of his father's palatial rooms. He thought it would be fun to shake her a bit. He was fond of what he called chaff, and merely meant to frighten her. He succeeded. She was taken unconscious to a hospital.

Not all the sweets that Nick-Nack brought could quite console Mà-le for Lotte's absence. The child ate them seriously, never declined any kindness, attention, or adulation, yet for weeks glanced up, discreetly expectant and wistful, whenever a step approached the door. Petted by all, docile with all, she bestowed upon none—not even Nick-Nack—the more intimate, caressing ways reserved for Lotte alone. Born old and wise, Mà-le waited.

It seemed probable that she would wait long. The nice little chaffing boy had played a very thorough-going prank. Nick-Nack went on Sundays to the hospital, when he wore fine black clothes, polished boots and gaiters, a silk hat, and moved with a certain light elegance which may be acquired in chimneys. At first he took Mà-le with him. She behaved with her wonted weary gentleness, as if hospitals, doctors, and nurses were familiar trifles, but lavished upon Lotte faint baby touches of deep and still affection which subtly implied the sacredness of reminiscence and the strength of old association.

Nick-Nack went one Sunday alone. Then he went no more. The prank was consummated.

In the mansard a council was held, at which Nick-Nack, sitting on the table with Mà-le, presided. After floundering about for awhile in helpless irrelevance, the assembly, under Nick-Nack's guidance, pulled itself sufficiently into shape to vote unanimously Mà-le must on no account leave the garret. Those least concerned, Widow Dugenhubel's successor, and Nanni and Fanny, the new factory girls, voted loudest.

Now Mà-le, from the garret point of view, had been looked upon as a *quasi* heiress. But as poor Lotte had merely contemplated those dreaded legal steps, all her savings fell with ironical promptitude to her kindred who had cast her off when she was in trouble. Some of these points Nick-Nack accentuated in his able speech, and little Mà-le at his side seemed like a dethroned queen—grave, reserved, and sucking barley-sugar.

Daddy Schanz, with unwonted acuteness, remarked that life was uncertain and such things did happen. Nanni and Fanny declared they would think themselves awfully lucky if they ever got as near as that to a fortune. Widow Dugenhubel's successor was good enough to regale the company with a convoluted narration of various episodes which, in her

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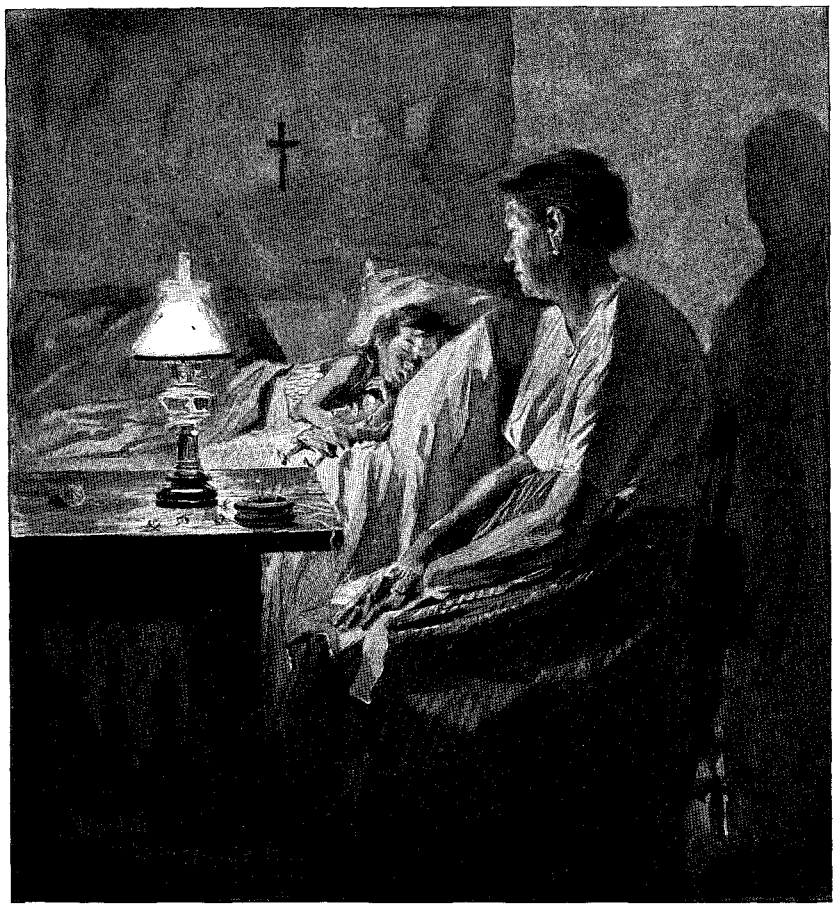

She dreaded no interference on the part of Frau Rupp.—Page 581.

opinion, bore upon the subject under discussion. Granny Schanz murmured, in her timid, deprecating voice, that she had not even considered the possibility of relinquishing her care of Mà-le. Nick-Nack laughed, and said he would pay for her milk and toggery. The cheerful little dressmaker, who had moved with a crippled husband and some young children into Lotte's room, stated that it would be no trouble at all for her to do any little job the child needed.

So the mansard possessed Mà-le and Mà-le possessed the mansard, and was regarded anew as a favorite of fortune, for was not Nick-Nack, her special patron, a man of independent means? Not even the morality of a garret can resist the prestige of reiterated prospective inheritances. Alone with him she would often ask when Lotte was coming back, and look at him with searching eyes that seemed to penetrate his paltry inventions. Meanwhile nothing was heard from Frau Rupp.

Mà-le speedily assumed mental control of the worthy Schanz couple. It was the inevitable result of her intellectual superiority and quiet force of character. The children of garrets are necessarily far cleverer in practical ways than the children of luxury. But even for a garret-child Mà-le was singularly clear-headed, observant, and deft of hand. A dozen times a day she would silently foresee and prevent the loss of Daddy Schanz's spectacles, the search for which had been hitherto a frequent and time-consuming rite. She knew where things were and where they ought to be, and instinctively

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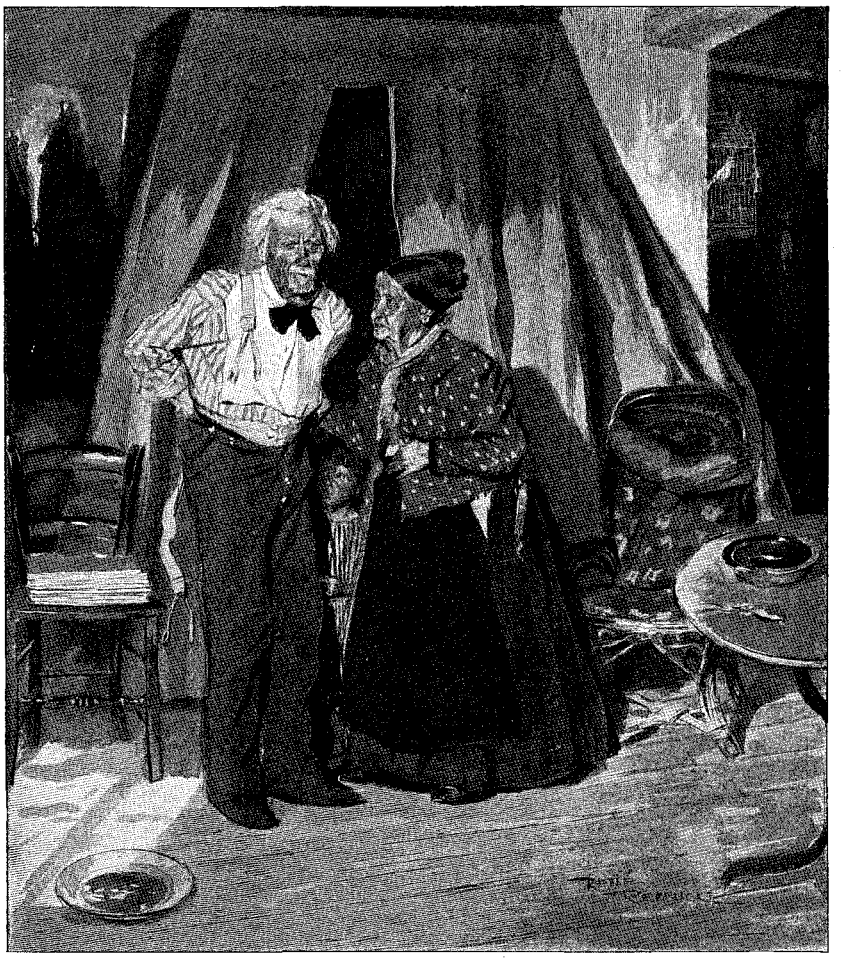

She was watching his work continually with her shrewd, deliberate gaze.

harmonized these mostly conflicting conditions. Things, indeed, never embarrassed or intimidated her; she commanded them; whereas they had overawed and perplexed Granny Schanz all her life. Hence the child's easy supremacy. The Schanz *ménage* gained in perspicuity from the day Mà-le took it under her wing. She presided over Daddy Schanz's proof-sheets, and invoked order among those distraught waves. It is probable that she also meditated making the queer little marks in the margin, for she was watching his work continually with her shrewd, deliberate gaze. But about this time he became too silly even to read proof, and was conveyed to a place where he, with other harmless and helpless old men, enjoyed, it is to be hoped, protection even better than little Mà-le's.

For financial considerations Granny Schanz now moved into a smaller room in another garret. Its doors and passages bewildered her sadly, and Mà-le piloted her. Nick-Nack moved also. In the hours when he was not dangling between earth and sky, it mattered little to him where his tent was pitched, provided he was near Mà-le, who, for her part, delighted in him and all his phases, black and white.

In the new garret lived a childless widow named Käthe, who stitched clothing for men employed on the railway, and was therefore greatly respected by her neighbors. A Government appointment

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has everywhere its own dignity. She often stopped on the stairs to see three-year-old Mà-le encouraging Granny Schanz, and leading her home. Once the child looked up, shaking her head apprehensively, and said, "She's rather poorly to-day," and she and Käthe became friends on the spot.

Käthe had two neat rooms, a sewing-machine, a cat, plants, and a tiny veranda. Mà-le, introduced into this more æsthetic sphere, grew in no respect forgetful of less favored friends and older ties. She continued to protect Granny Schanz with gentle assiduity, frequently escorted her to their former garret-home, and never declined sweets from Widow Dugenhubel's successor, from Polle and Dolle, the new factory-girls, or indeed from any other person.

Käthe was a quiet, strong-featured woman, and thoughtful. Mà-le tacitly recognized her as a mental peer, and honored her with closer communion and more clinging affection than she had evinced since Lotte's death. Besides

Mà-le tacitly recognized her as a mental peer.

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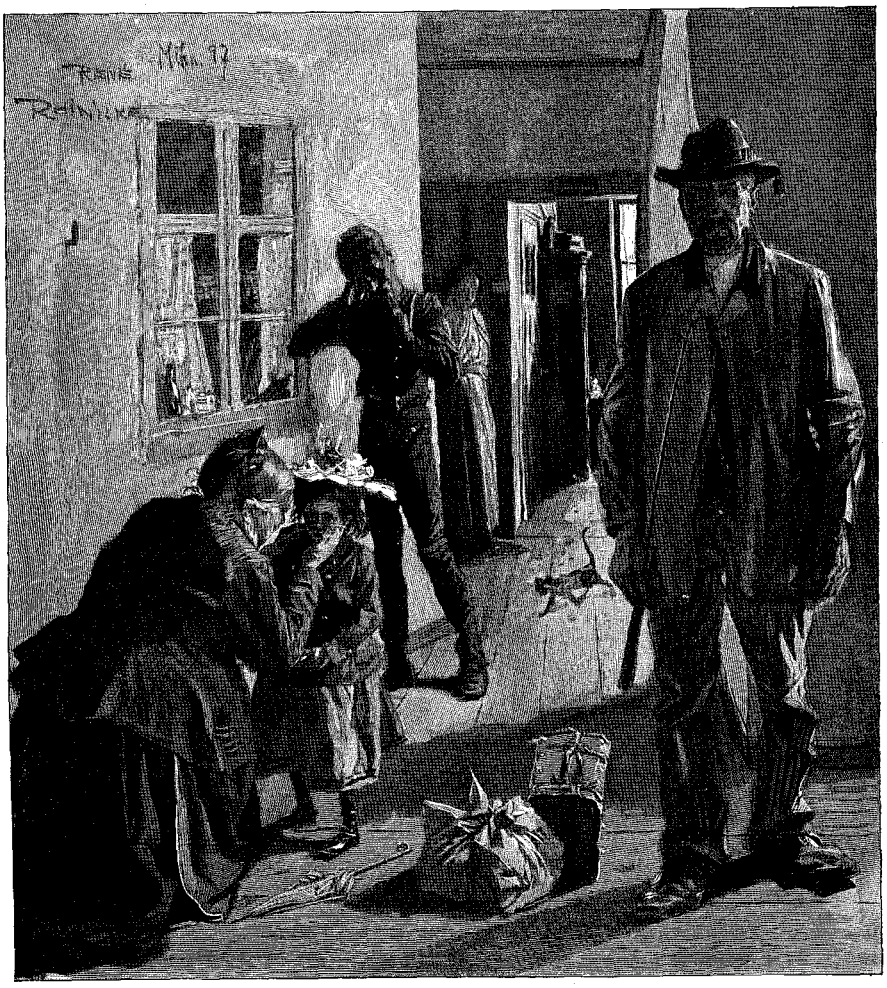

Her great, sad eyes looked, it may be, a bit frightened.—Page 587.

straightening the tangled mazes of Granny Schanz's daily occupations, Mà-le went to school, where, either by intuition or as reminiscence of previous incarnations, she seemed to know everything without learning it. Her duties done, she associated with Käthe and Nick-Nack in refreshing companionship. Frau Rupp gave no sign, and Käthe, growing visibly younger, began to make plans not unlike those once cherished by Lotte.

Mà-le's fleeting years could never overtake the maturity of her spirit, but they were doing their best. She was now seven years old, a delicate, anæmic, old-fashioned, wise little creature, with brooding eyes, yet on a sudden, in the presence of her own familiar friends, unbending as it were and relaxing into moods of delicious merriment. Her brain was a power in the small community. Her hands, by their sensitiveness, suppleness, and deftness, seemed to multiply themselves. Nick-Nack was coughing rather more than formerly, but laughed no less, and his elegance on Sundays was of the most distinguished character. On summer evenings the three sat on Käthe's veranda and looked down on the town—as cool as nabobs. These were Mà-le's halcyon days.

Into them plunged ominously a message, nay, a mandate, from Frau Rupp. Whether her belated maternal instinct

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had now arrived upon the scene, or whether she merely happened, while in dangerous proximity to pen and ink, to remember Mà-le, is difficult for the historian to determine. Such evil conjunctions are attributed by some to the influence of Saturn, by others—*tout court*—to Satan. Either will serve the purposes of this tale, which is not argumentative. Whoever threw the bomb, it caused consternation, and left a heartache and a void in its wake. Frau Rupp's language—if that noble word may be applied to her headless and tailless phrases—intimated, it would seem, somewhat huskily, that it was high time Mà-le should begin to help her poor, unfortunate mother, and the pedler who knew her cousin the teamster would fetch her.

She roamed about in a dazed, sad way.—Page 589.

The pedler fetched her. She wore the prettiest new frock and jacket the desperate Nick-Nack could buy, and all her pockets were stuffed with pralines and Kaiser-bonbons. She was deathly white but did not weep, only clung speechless and motionless to Käthe. Going off to Switzerland away from home and friends, with a strange man, to an unknown mother, was an event never yet dreamed of in her philosophy, and her great sad eyes looked, it may be, a bit frightened. All heroes have their moments of human weakness.

It is possible that nothing so lasting and solid as an opinion, a conviction, or even a distinct impression, can be attributed to Frau Rupp at this stage of her existence; but some vague sense of disappointment she must have felt, when she folded Mà-le to the maternal bosom and perceived, crookedly, through fumes and vapors, that the child was too small, cold, and undemonstrative, and had far too searching, unchildlike eyes, to succeed in

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She saw ignominious phases of life.—Page 590.

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the chosen profession. And this disappointment, fed indeed by subsequent events, must have recurred, dully persisted, and acquired a certain position in that muddled brain; or surely Frau Rupp would not have administered blows, the force of which her chronic cerebral excitement prevented her from accurately measuring; nor would she, as expression of general dissatisfaction with the paucity of Mà-le's emoluments as street-beggar, have flung her violently down the cellar stairs. Those stairs and their supplement of awful darkness shook Mà-le's philosophy to its foundations.

It was not unnatural that Frau Rupp should desire some assistance. She was all alone, as she lamented in major or minor key, according to what may be called the prevailing psychic manifestation. The beer and grog business was no more. Her fourth *Mann*, with admirable presence of mind, had fled to America. The daughters who had accompanied her to Zürich were gone also. The oldest had married and wisely disappeared. The second had gone into service, from which she refused to budge. The little one had run away with some strolling players. Mà-le in time became aware that her mother's bloated and blurred sensibilities still retained an image of this errant child, who, it seemed, was bold and saucy, a field-marshal in planning campaigns, a most seductive beggar —which Mà-le emphatically was not.

For weeks she came home empty-handed. Neither her fine personality nor her thrifty, self-respecting traditions could efface themselves all at once. She roamed about in a dazed, sad way, and took her mother's reproaches, and worse, rather than pennies from tourists. Meanwhile she grew thinner, and homesickness haunted her eyes. Her innermost famished thought was flight the first possible moment, but she was too far-sighted to run away ineffectually. The first things she begged were postage-stamps of the friendly corner grocer, who also gave her bits of red and white broken candy when she fetched her mother's grog. In her careful little letters the margin was very wide, the phrases ambitious, the capitals had curly tops, she hoped the cat and the plants were well, and never mentioned herself or her mother.

Beside him a dirty, unkempt child, . . . clung to his hand and would not speak.—Page 590.

The letters, at first so frequent, grew rarer. "It's trouble," said Käthe, gloom-

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ily, and Nick-Nack nodded. Presently the child wrote business was bad and they were going to Lucerne. Silence followed—dead silence, and she had been gone but six months. Käthe was growing older fast; Nick-Nack coughed more and laughed less. They both tried to steer Granny Schanz as well as they could, but without Mà-le she was in a sorry plight, and benevolent relatives finally gathered her up and put her away in the country.

In Lucerne, after long resistance, Mà-le began at last to do the hated work. Few stoics of nine years could have held out so long, and blows day after day are a forcible argument. Then some gay children driving along the Axenstrasse stopped their carriage to ask her funny questions, which amused them greatly, and tossed her some chocolate. It was long since she had tasted sweets. So she hung about the hotels and the Lion, and chased carriages along the lake-shore with animation only when she spied children.

When she began to beg she ceased to write to her old friends. She never attained real proficiency in the art, never loved it for its own sake; but she could not fail utterly in anything she undertook. For the most part she merely stood, a squalid, listless, little figure on the high road, and took what fell to her lot. When she got sweets she sat down on the ground and promptly made sure of them. Every penny she brought to her mother.

More than two years passed and Mà-le was still on the road. She had become hardened to harshness, abuse, and to the dreary routine of begging. She saw ignominious phases of life, associated with vice and squalor, and comprehended them deplorably well. Her eyes were not always mournful now. Watching for pennies had made them stolid—happy travellers sometimes called them brazen—the constant sight of her mother turned them haggard and hopeless. Fatigue, exposure to all weathers, poor and scanty food, and more especially her breathless and involuntary excursions into the cellar were giving her a singularly yellow and witchy aspect and a whole gamut of pains. Something inside her felt queer and puffy when she ran. With the decrease of her business energy her revenues diminished. Hence the cellar offered her rich opportunity for meditations upon *tempi passati*. She uttered no complaint, but kept her unswerving determination to return to her beloved garret.

Now Frau Rupp was unquestionably of a social temperament, nor should she be judged conclusively by her inordinate activity cellarwards, which occurred without *rancune* and in but one species of her shifting, irresponsible, incoherent moods. She forgot the circumstance in a twinkling, and would wonder where Mà-le was. But Mà-le forgot nothing, and inscribed her memories in hard, set lines about her mouth. The vaunted voice of nature never spoke in her heart. She was remote, taciturn, and a "poor stick" financially, as Frau Rupp, not without reason, asserted. In a phenomenal access of lucidity she entered into a sort of co-partnership with, and took under her roof, an enterprising young vagabond, a girl of fourteen, but past master in mendicancy, who knew all fat prospects in the canton, and had even exploited the Engadine. Great, too, was her convivial receptivity.

The letter which Käthe received had no curly headed capitals, no vestige of margin, was soiled, ambitionless, and said only this:

Dear Käthe,

If Nick-Nack comes quick, he can get me.

Your loving

Mà-le.

Nick-Nack came quick.

Mà-le's keenness had recognized and used the psychological moment, while the moment before or after might have proved fatal. Frau Rupp happened not to mind. Nick-Nack, hollow-eyed and emaciated, but gay, debonair, and attired with the old, airy elegance, sat on a bench at the station and waited for the next train. Beside him a dirty, unkempt child, all eyes, clung to his hand and would not speak, had peremptorily refused to take time enough to buy a clean frock, breathed too short, shuddered, and cast furtive glances behind her.

When Käthe's close arms once re-

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She was therefore christened and instructed.—Page 593.

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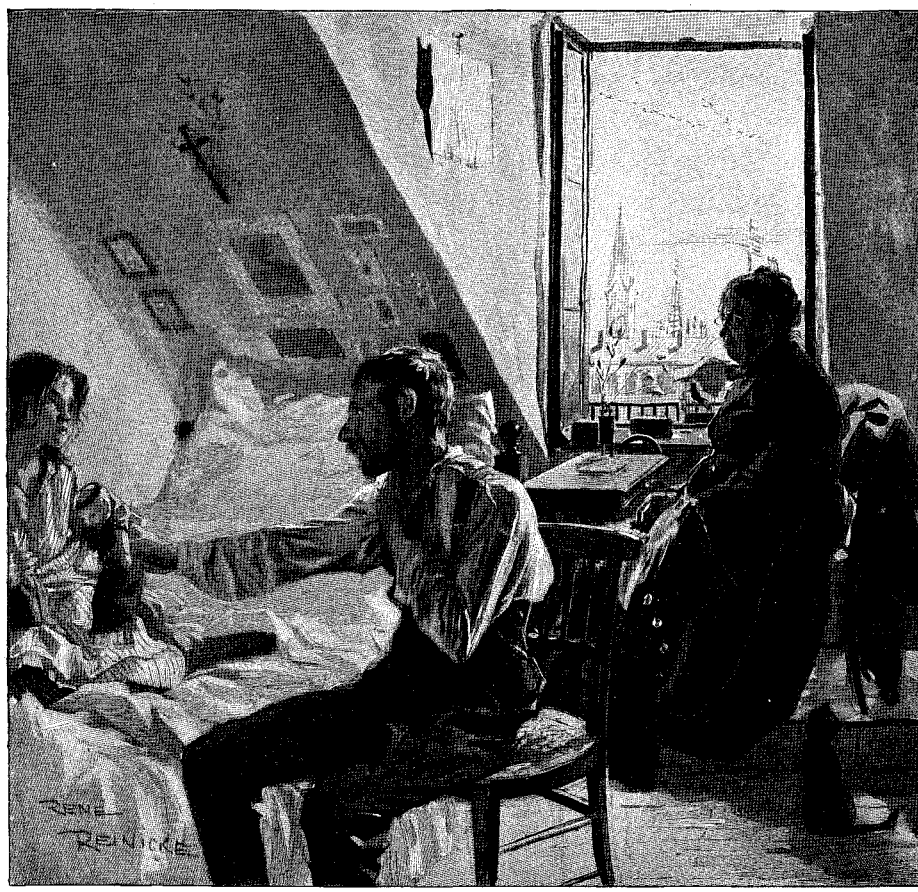

Nick-Nack sat gayly by Mà-le's bed, and laughed and gleamed with hope.—Page 593.

leased the trembling little form, Mà-le, with one slow, gloating look, verified her reminiscences, satisfied herself that her long-lost heaven was all there — the plants, the cat, the cleanness, and the veranda under the sky—smiled a beatific smile of repossession and went to bed for six weeks.

The unkempt hair grew soft again, the beatific smile, as she lay still and saw Käthe and Nick-Nack near, veiled the hard lines about the mouth, but the doctor could not mend her heart. It seemed incredible that, appertaining to Mà-le, it refused to listen to reason. It had, however, become large, startlingly large, for its narrow accommodations, and obstinate. This was its way of expressing radical disapproval of certain episodes in her history. It disturbed Mà-le's serenity in nowise. Indeed she sometimes told people how large it was, with mild pride, as if it were a mammoth vegetable in a garden, and would add, affably, that the doctor said she could not possibly live very long.

Her ways of wise, still happiness returned. Her deep sense of the blessedness of comradeship had never indeed deserted her. Periods of bed alternated with intervals of semi-convalescence. Käthe never grasped the fact that a bedridden child, not of one's own blood, could be an inconvenience, but was always extolling Mà-le's usefulness and narrating the wonders that child accomplished the instant she was on her feet—her quick, silent, thorough ways, "more help than any two grown women." Yet Käthe gradually discovered that her genteel Government appointment, which paid her as much as two shillings a day when

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she worked steadily, grew less lucrative if she was continually leaving her machine. This would have mattered less had not Nick-Nack been persuaded by a sanguine and enterprising colleague to speculate a bit. Nick-Nack laughed and said he could easily enough make more than he had lost as soon as his cold got better.

With the advice of the doctor, and others who were showing some interest in the little group in the garret—which was kind of them, for there was nothing at all extraordinary in Mà-le, or Nick-Nack, or Käthe—such as they grow all round us as thick as blackberries—Käthe consented to apply to the town for a certain provision for the little girl. For the practical realization of this project Frau Rupp's cognizance and signature were required. Whereupon she declared that if money were forthcoming from any source, her daughter's place was with her mother. This unexpected logic and decision would seem to imply the robust influence of the new girl, whose hand undeniably wrote the letters which caused Mà-le to shiver and cower in her bed, and turn, speechless, to the wall. Then up rose Käthe and repudiated all alien aid. The city fathers, nothing loth, withdrew. Frau Rupp receded, grumbling, and peace again descended upon Mà-le.

It may perhaps be claimed without exaggeration that this garret child unconsciously possessed some spiritual gifts for the mere shadow of which most of us have to struggle hard; the graces of wise reticence, dignity, patience, forbearance, steadfast affection, fortitude, and, rarest of all, pure gratitude. But the impartial observer will concede these may be pagan as well as Christian virtues, and Mà-le's religious notions, it must be confessed, were *baroques* in the extreme. Her ecclesiastical refuges had proved as unpermanent as her local habitations. The mother who bore and forgot her was Catholic, but had reeled far from the fold. The child's first baby-prayer was lisped at Lotte's knee in Lutheran form. Granny Schanz was a Methodist inclined to Spiritualism. All that she could impart of these topics Mà-le had imbibed and assimilated. In Switzerland she had occasionally strayed into a Catholic church and regarded the lights and incense approvingly. But her devotions, in the true sense of the word, took place without priest or bell, and, after the fashion of the early Christians, in a species of catacomb.

Käthe, ostensibly Catholic, was not over-occupied with the next world. But, being of a practical turn of mind, it seemed to her, in view of what in all probability would be Mà-le's next journey, no more than orderly to have her properly equipped. She was therefore christened and instructed, fixing her penetrating eyes on the priest's face, and seeming to read his soul and that of all the wise people who approached. They were many, for she had become popular—an occasional but not usual penalty of greatness. Nothing could be more satisfactory, intelligent, and docile than her spiritual attitude, but she would have embraced with the same sweetness the faith of Timbuctoo had Käthe and Nick-Nack proposed it. Still, the wan little pilgrim had at last booked her seat in the kingdom of heaven, and her gentle spirit was what is termed "reconciled with its Creator," which was naturally gratifying to all parties concerned.

Her days out of bed grew fewer and fewer. In the spring came a brief revival of strength, but soon the unreasonable heart declined to let her take slow walks with Nick-Nack and climb stairs. Portions of his mechanism were playing him the same trick about this time. Although he did not suspect it, in the break-neck race he had undertaken the rider on the pale horse had long ago won.

So Nick-Nack sat gayly by Mà-le's bed, and laughed and gleamed with hope, and, whenever he could get grip enough on his voice, told whimsical, brave tales of what they would do next year, and the next, and other years. And Mà-le had a graduated row of dolls standing on her bed and leaning against the wall, and she munched sweets and basked in the gentleness of the world; while Käthe stitched like mad, and for the rest took things as they came, having found they usually came quite soon enough. All three were cheerful and content; but, then, you see, they were common persons, and very matter-of-fact.

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SAINTE-BEUVE

By George McLean Harper

THERE is nothing particularly inspiring in Sainte-Beuve's life considered apart from his work as the author of a minute, comprehensive, and sympathetic history of French literature. His literary criticism alone is his title to fame. Here is something solid and heroic; here is beauty, consistency, virtue. Of the importance of this work too much cannot be said. It is, perhaps, the most complete reconstitution of the past ever achieved. With respect to the realities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France it is what Balzac deemed that the fiction of the *Comédie humaine* was for the first fifty years of the nineteenth. Sainte-Beuve must be accounted really great as a discoverer, an appreciator, a defender of good literature. There have been critics in whom the passionate love of truth burned whiter and beat more effectually. We think at once of Lessing. There have been others who embraced the round of human action with more comprehensive sympathy, and whose *dicta* possess the sanity of perfect intellectual freedom. Goethe is thus universally sound. By leaps of lightning ratiocination Shelley penetrated to the sources of light as no other spirit ever has. Matthew Arnold, who discovered Sainte-Beuve to the English public, had a more earnest spirit, a more general range, and a nobler style than his French contemporary. It is to Sainte-Beuve's honor if he is named at all in such company, when quality alone is considered. But in the matter of quantity and completeness he has his place as unassailable and unshared as their several places are. His work, too, is more specific, and makes just claims of being wrought out of original and often recondite material. Even those who with Zola object to the spirit which informs his critical writings regard them nevertheless as having great "documentary" value. And persons who prefer the synthetic method of Taine, based on philosophical assumptions, must concede the advantages of facility and directness which Sainte-Beuve's untrammelled process affords. When a man begins to read Sainte-Beuve from inclination, relishing him keenly; when curiosity to learn about the characters of Sainte-Beuve's world is united with appreciation of his critical virtue, and his ceaseless and varied charm of speech, the gates fly open which lead into a hundred high-walled gardens of the past, and the initiation into French literature is accomplished.

Sainte-Beuve began his work in this sort at a time when criticism was more needed than it had been since Voltaire. After the Restoration, from 1815 to 1830, it was felt that an unusual opportunity for national usefulness lay before any writer of genius who could advance a new and attractive theory of life, or, better still, breathe a fresh spirit into old forms and clothe the maxims of a venerable faith with the authority of reason. France was intellectually disorganized. Any prophet who raised his voice could gather followers. Society was shattered from top to bottom. The educational views of conflicting parties were irreconcilable. Politically it was felt that the Restoration would only afford time for eruptive forces to gather strength. The Church had lost much power since 1789,

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and yet its support was supposed to be necessary to the State. Although "the abyss of revolution" was only partly filled, perhaps because this was so, and many institutions were tottering near its brink, the times were more favorable to a conservative than to a radical philosophy of life.

A moderate and rational Catholicism, and a dignified respect for the pre-revolutionary traditions of the country, provided, however, they were combined with an acknowledgment of the unchangeable results of the Revolution—these were the qualities which it was hoped some great intellectual leader would possess. He might be retrospective, but he must not be retrogressive. We shall not be surprised, therefore, at the welcome given to Châteaubriand and Lamartine. Here were two poets of unquestionable talent. The sources of the great deep seemed to have been opened to supply their inexhaustible speech. They came forward with many professions of power to heal and quiet.

quella inferma
Che non può trovar posa in sulle piume
Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma.

They had good intentions. They had fervor. They had charm. But, alas! they were not great souls, strong in self-command. Ignorant of themselves, and how to rule themselves, they were not able to persuade by example.

Sainte-Beuve detected the note of personal vanity and unsoundness in Châteaubriand and the note of intellectual insufficiency in Lamartine. He perceived, dimly at first and notwithstanding his cordial admiration of their power, that even their genius for expression—and it was genius—tempted them into a facile substitution of rhetoric for thought, that, as Lowell says, they were the lackeys of fine phrases. And when he learned to know them in personal intercourse, particularly Châteaubriand, he reached the conclusion that their own sentiments, their own lives, their own greatness, or their own weaknesses and faults, were the sole subject of their poetry, the sole theme of all their eloquence. They published to the world and elevated to the dignity of eternal law the fleeting instincts of their individual natures. In other words they were sentimentalists. The simplicity of great artists, the unconscious repose of great men—these were absent from Châteaubriand and Lamartine. Yet the public was corrupted in turn by those whom it had spoiled. A species of unsound enthusiasm—what the French call *engouement*—followed these men. Early in his career Sainte-Beuve comprehended that what his generation needed, in the face of these infatuations, was sane and conservative criticism.

To be the enemy of *engouements* and charlatanism, Sainte-Beuve pronounces "the true and characteristic mark of a critic." The keynote of all his firmest criticism is struck in the following words, which he might with propriety have placed at the head of his collected "Causeries:" "As for us critics, placed between tradition and innovation, it is our delight to be forever recalling the past with reference to the present, comparing the two, and insisting on the excellence of the old work while welcoming the new; for I am not speaking of those critics who are always ready to sacrifice systematically the one to the other. While the young modern artist swims in the full stream of the present, rejoicing in it, quenching his thirst in it, and dazzled by its sheen, we live in these comparisons, so full of repose, and take our pleasure in the thousand ideas to which they give birth."

This is the whole story of Sainte-Beuve's usefulness. This is his *apologia pro vita sua*. Thus conceived, the office of criticism has the nobility of self-effacement in the cause of public welfare. It is a work of rescue. All about us and within us there are immature and dangerous ideas struggling for acceptance. Weak or pernicious books are appearing in greater number than good ones. Ill-balanced men are pushing forward. If these men, these ideas, these books prevail, in so far as they prevail the work of culture is retarded. We know that in the long day Time will sift much that is true from all this false, but that does not make our individual misfortune less if, while we live, the second best is preferred to the really excellent. Many philosophers would have us believe that man possesses a faculty capable of distinguishing intuitively the beautiful in literature, art, and nature. Sainte-Beuve, however, was an experimentalist in this. Most of us are of the

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same creeping school. We are willing to profit by the opinions of others. We prefer to read the books which have lasted longest and been most in human hands. We are afraid to trust the æsthetic sense. We have our own ideas, to be sure. You may always have thought Byron or the Italian opera unsatisfactory, but it required the weight of a consensus of other people's judgments in the same direction to make you altogether fixed and happy in your decision. For one thing, the critical sense changes with age. At fourteen we deem "Lalla Rookh" a great English classic. At seventy-five, very likely, we shall have settled down to a steady perusal of Job and Solomon, content with their eloquent inconclusiveness. A healthy criticism, however, bids us take into account the experience of men at all times of life—young men, middle-aged men, old men—and submit ourselves somewhat to their tastes. And the testimony of the dead is at least as valuable as that of the living. It is a significant difference between science and literary criticism that the former often deals exclusively with things at present in the world, without a single backward look at historical antecedents; whereas literature not only has its roots in the past, but blooms and ripens there. The study of literature gives as one of its happiest results the sense of the continuity of thought and the dependence of each age upon its predecessors.

"Can the rush grow up without mire?
Can the flag grow without water?"
"Inquire, I pray thee, of the former age,
And apply thyself to that which their fathers have searched out."

The advice of Bildad the Shuhite is a sound maxim in criticism.

Sainte-Beuve not only saved many seventeenth-century writers from comparative oblivion, but he confirmed the reputation of Bossuet and Saint-Simon, of Fénelon and La Fontaine, of Madame de Sévigné and Pascal. During half a century already, the best French authors have been more read than they would have been without his learned, skilful, and enthusiastic insistence on their interest, their charm, their importance. His generation was rich in poets and novelists, but would have been poor without him in men of sound taste, capable of appealing effectually to the standards of experience. He enlarged the comprehension of the word "classic" by comprehending under it many works of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which were practically unknown in 1830, and indicating their excellent features. He made new divisions and discovered hidden relationships. One of his favorite ideas, for example, is that a peculiar quality of urbanity and distinction is to be found in the writings of the generation which flourished in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, so that even the minor letter-writers and memoir-writers of that period—the period of Voltaire's youth—have a singular gift of grace. Never before and never after are there such limpidity of style, such perfect ease, such crystalline perfection, as in La Sage, Vauvenargues, Madame du Deffand, the Abbé Prévost, Fontenelle. Vauvenargues and Madame du Deffand would have been but little known at present, out of France at least, if Sainte-Beuve had not insisted on their worth.

Many persons on reading the "Causeries" are disappointed to find so little indication of system, or rather of a system. "This is not criticism," they exclaim; "this is history, if you will, but not criticism." They are quite right. It is not criticism as a German professor would understand the term. It is not a philosophy of literature. The "Causeries" are quiet, familiar, unpretending talks, and rather gossipy, as the word indicates. A little modest guidance, some reconstitution of the *milieu*, the explanation of difficulties, and the pointing out of a few details of beauty which might otherwise escape observation—this is usually the proper extent of a critic's duties. It is tiresome to be told just how and why we should be impressed. Such was Sainte-Beuve's theory and such his practice.

He has been much criticised for his habit of making an author's personality and life a basis for judging his works. And at first sight this appears a proceeding of doubtful wisdom. But let us see how he conducts the investigation. He assumes that into a novel, or a poem, or a drama, an author does throw his own personality, and that books are actions. It would be a waste of time, therefore, not

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to go direct to the heart of an author's life, if we can, rather than shut ourselves up to the consideration of only one phase of his activity. Knowing, for instance, the personal insufficiency of Châteaubriand, Sainte-Beuve felt that it would be exercising too much patience to wait until that insufficiency was also detected by the public in all the sentimentalist's vaunted books. It must be in the books, for it was in the man, and sooner or later a man is revealed, with more or less completeness, in his productions. So he did not scruple to tell what he knew of Châteaubriand as he had seen and heard him. With even less hesitation did he seek to discover the personality of men and women not his contemporaries. It is to this fondness for detailed portraiture that we are indebted for the charming and useful biographies which so many of the "Causeries" contain. Each author tells his own life, and, so far as possible, in his own words, which are supported or corrected by extracts from the letters and journals of his acquaintances. Sainte-Beuve's vast knowledge of memoirs, both published and in manuscript, was supplemented by the reading of his secretaries, whom he kept employed in the public libraries of Paris. And much of his feeling for the eighteenth century—a feeling which strikes us as so fresh and immediate, much of his information about the lives of André Chénier, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Rousseau, Franklin, Walpole, Gibbon, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, Madame d'Épinay, and the Encyclopædists, came to him by oral tradition. To mention only one of several lines of communication open to him, he was for some time a frequenter of Madame Récamier's *salon*. She had known in her youth the society of the Consulate, and through it that of the reign of Louis XVI. Sainte-Beuve's method, which has been often attacked on the ground that it is too much concerned with personality, is in reality the simplest and most natural method in the world.

Sainte-Beuve is not hampered with philosophical prepossessions. But one could wish that he were at times more frank in his judgments of literary values, and particularly that he more frequently disclosed his own opinion on points of conduct. In short, one feels that he shirks a plain duty and fails to grasp an opportunity. One suspects that the constitutional cowardice imputed to him by his biographers has something to do with this. Toward the end of his life his indifference to moral distinctions is fairly cynical, and is doubtless due in part to practical defiance of a moral obligation in his own conduct. To most of us it is unsatisfactory to read much in any field, passing in review a long list of men and women, of actions and ideas, without co-ordinating and speculating. We do need some philosophical thread. We are not content with the mere accumulation of facts; we must draw conclusions. And one feels disappointed sometimes that a man so well furnished with facts is so seldom disposed to aid in the fulfilment of this natural desire. Sainte-Beuve admits his reluctance. "I am a man of doubt and repentances," he exclaims. In the generous "Causerie" in which he welcomes a fellow-critic, Edmond Schérer, then knocking for admittance to the Parisian world, Sainte-Beuve says of him: "He does not feel his way; he does not hesitate. He is a firm, solidly based intelligence, which has in itself a standard whereby to measure exactly every other intelligence. He is a peer, rendering verdicts upon his peers. He is a veritable judge."

In matters of taste and style Sainte-Beuve has himself the trenchant confidence of decision which he remarks in his young rival. But Schérer's boldness was in another sort of judgment. He had just published his "Mélanges de Critique religieuse," which included essays on authors whom Sainte-Beuve would have considered to be in his own province too, such as Joseph de Maistre and Taine, but whom he would scarcely have cared or dared to discuss from a definite position in philosophy and religion, as Schérer did. Sainte-Beuve doubted the ability of the French public to appreciate the serious treatment habitual to Schérer, and with a sort of *gran rifiuto*, which is painful reading, betrayed his own distaste for any criticism which attempts to go beneath the surface of life. One grows weary, in the end, of the French habit of shunning serious conversation. A man may be devoid of theory, and yet be capable of rendering very valuable judgments. One would be grateful

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to Sainte-Beuve for more of them. His position was peculiar, and his duty obvious. He was making the literary men and women of the reign of Louis XIV. live over again for the benefit of a generation which, as he declared, needed standards of life. By touching lightly upon evils whose existence and whose tainted and contaminating results he well knew, he failed to represent seventeenth-century life as it really was, in France, and the standard loses its authority. He should have had the courage to publish boldly his opinion of the enormous corruption of a reign whose greatness has been over-estimated, not without harm to the French character. Like most other French critics and historians, he caressed so daintily these false ideals, that if we had not Saint-Simon to tell us the truth, we might miss the whole point of the timely and necessary revolt which began with the eighteenth century.

Alluding to the subjects of his lectures in the École Normale, from 1857 to 1861, Sainte-Beuve makes a distinction, which he has happily not always observed, between his work as a teacher and his work as a critic. The two offices are quite distinct, he says, "the critic's being, above all things, the search for what is new and the discovery of talent; the teacher's the maintenance of tradition and the conservation of taste." Yet it is worthy of remark that most of the subjects of his "Causeries" and "Portraits" were chosen without reference to works which had been recently published. Less than half the "Causeries du Lundi" are book reviews. In his practice as critic he was performing more than ever the duty which he lays down as that of a teacher; he was maintaining tradition and conserving taste.

The persons whom Sainte-Beuve most delights to introduce are those who not only have written, but have made some stir in the world by their swords or their tongues or their fair eyes. The more serious side of court life is, however, not neglected. Indeed, Sainte-Beuve has seldom gone deeper into detail than regarding Bossuet, to whom he devotes three of the "Causeries du Lundi," and Fénelon, whom he discusses in two.

More and more, as he grew older, Sainte-Beuve became a classicist, a conservative, feeling the dignity and beauty of the past and acknowledging its authority. He was keenly alive to fine shades of difference. He had the aristocratic instinct, and preferred the best to the second best, the noble to the common, the interests of a select few to the interests of the mass. There are well-bred books, just as there are men of born distinction. The Republic of Letters is not a very happy phrase if it is supposed to imply equality, and in the world of books it is no disgrace to be a tuft-hunter.

Stronger than the most selfish parasite's fondness for a duke is Sainte-Beuve's instinct for a grand or an elegant style. He has wonderful facility also in detecting whatever is unnatural or false. His favorite device for disabusing his readers of exaggerated respect for any book was to quote some violent or sentimental passage from it, some strained metaphor, some weak or pretentious phrase, and then ask if Voltaire could have used such language, or if the simple diction and polished thought of Madame de Sévigné were not preferable.

From the persons and books he disliked, it is apparent that Sainte-Beuve's especial antipathy was for declamation, the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of discourse, the oratorical habit, the love of mere rhetoric, the want of simplicity, excess of emphasis, or to sum up all in his own word, *la phrase*. This he considered the worst element of bad style, and a sure indication of vulgar taste.

Is it not remarkable that in our American colleges the form of writing which has been most encouraged by the giving of prizes and commencement honors—indeed, the only kind of English composition which in some institutions has been officially preserved at all—is the so-called oration, a sort of exercise now seldom called for by the demands of professional or social life, and always dangerous in its effects on style?

As a true disciple of the prose writers of that chosen period of his, the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, Sainte-Beuve is annoyed by vagueness, and his own works are marvellously clear. He is more concrete than is usual with critics. He has the precision of a fencer, with all a fencer's grace. He has the French faculty for fine insinuation. His "Causeries" read

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like skilful conversations; they abound in delicate approaches and feigned withdrawals. His good-humor and self-command are wellnigh perfect. His flashes of indignation are so rare as to be always welcome. But he is, for the most part, imperturbable, serene. Not many men, having to write a piece of literary criticism once a week for half a lifetime, would have developed so few crotchets and refrained so entirely from arbitrary or tyrannical judgments.

Despite his vast and minute information, there is in Sainte-Beuve no mere pedantry of letters, no boasting of mere research. He does not throw up barriers of erudition between the reader and the author who is under discussion, but tries, rather, to remove every obstruction. He does not think it beneath his dignity to sketch broad, popular outlines of the lives and works of his subjects. He is never content with furnishing a mass of recondite facts. In each of his sketches you can refresh your knowledge of the author who is being criticised. It is not, as a rule, taken for granted that even the main features of his life will be known to you. Sainte-Beuve treats these elementary matters with a patient enthusiasm, an originality, a charm of language, which make them always fresh and delightful. Thus one of the first effects he produces is to acquaint the reader personally with a man or a woman.

Sainte-Beuve somewhere uses the words *savant* and *érudit* in such a way as to show the beautiful distinction between them. A man may be *érudit* and stuffed with learning, yet it may be all congested in his brain, and he but a crude scholar. A *savant*, on the other hand, has better possession of his faculties and knows how to open his treasures to the world. Knowledge will not swamp a man, unless he be deficient in active energy or power of expression, which is almost the same thing. Sainte-Beuve was distinctly *savant*. He is neither a scientist nor a philologist in his treatment of literature; he is a man of letters.

It is natural to expect of a critic so intimately acquainted with these details that he should, at least toward the end of his career, draw valuable conclusions as to the distinguishing qualities of the French race, and the relative value of its intellectual product. Sainte-Beuve answers but insufficiently this expectation. We find among his works a small number of essays on foreign authors. They show that he possessed breadth of sympathy and capacity for accommodation. But they are relatively few, and moreover they nearly all treat of writers who had a large share of the French spirit and lived much in France, or wrote in French. Such are Lord Chesterfield, Benjamin Franklin, Gibbon, and Frederick the Great. No history of French literature would be complete if it failed to take account of these. Sainte-Beuve is still, therefore, in his original circle when he speaks of them. To be sure, he has essays on Goethe, Dante, Firdausi, Theocritus, Virgil, and Pliny the Elder, but yet it must be said that he does not abound in those rich comparisons between different literatures which constitute much of the value of Arnold's critical writings and Schlegel's. In this he is a true Frenchman, for his countrymen are none too hospitable to foreign ideas and none too well acquainted with other literatures than their own. They are, after all, much more insular than their neighbors across the Channel. When Sainte-Beuve does, however, venture upon comparisons, he shows an admirable catholicity of spirit, and we can only regret that he so seldom let his mind go forth on foreign travel. From the rare excursions he allowed it to make, it returned with booty characteristic of the lands it had traversed. Thoroughly French though he was, and limited by some French prejudices, his essay on Cowper, for example, proves that he could appreciate an English type of intelligence absolutely foreign to his countrymen—incomprehensible to many of them. In reading this "Causerie" one feels that perhaps Sainte-Beuve's practice of abstaining from international comparison does not indicate lack of knowledge or appreciation on his part so much as on the part of the public for which he wrote. It is chiefly when thinking of this restraint and of what we lose by it, that one regrets the peculiar circumstances of his authorship.

For, after all, and it is not a reproach, we must conclude that Sainte-Beuve was a journalist, and that although his success was made possible by his close contact with the public, it was also limited thereby.

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Fortunately the roots of his development were struck in academic rather than bohemian soil. He won his great and unique celebrity by happily combining in himself the professor, the journalist, and the man of the world. Other men in his situation commonly suffer an abasement of their talent and a levelling of their style. In him the more solid elements of the mind strengthened with years, and there is little of an ephemeral character in his work. From the very limitations of his position he gained advantage, for to whom would he be so useful if his flights were longer or his range more general? He is so close to his hearers, and in such an easy attitude, that it would be ridiculous for him to sermonize or prate. So he simply talks—in the first person singular, as if seated with a group of listeners around a table full of books. He speaks with an easy and well-bred familiarity, with vividness and endless variety. It is a lively, instructive, polite conversation on the many forms of his subject, for he has but one, and that is French literature. To study this, to purify, propagate, and defend this, is his great concern.

THE DUST

By Gertrude Hall

It settles softly on your things,
  Impalpable, fine, light, dull, gray;
The dingy dust-clout Betty brings,
  And singing brushes it away:

And it's a queen's robe, once so proud,
  And it's the moths fed in its fold,
It's leaves, and roses, and the shroud,
  Wherein an ancient Saint was rolled.

And it is beauty's golden hair,
  And it is genius' wreath of bay,
And it is lips once red and fair
  That kissed in some forgotten May.

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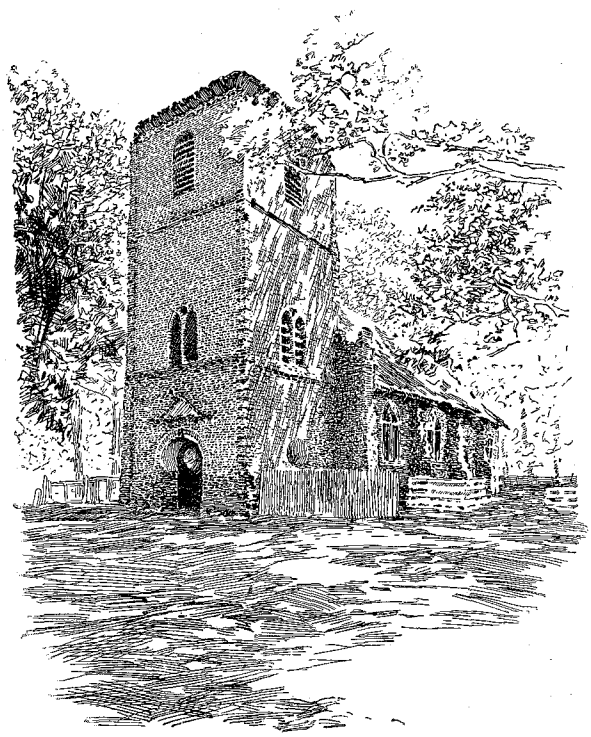
THE COUNTRY CHURCH IN AMERICA

By William B. Bigelow

THE earliest churches in this country of which authentic records or recognizable features survive date back to about 1630. There were earlier churches, which were mere log-houses surrounded by stockades —the "meeting-houses" of the colonists, where they gathered not only for religious services, but for the transaction of government affairs or the defence of the colony. As soon as a settlement was firmly established, and prosperity blessed the colony, larger and more appropriate edifices were made; so that to-day but few traces are left of the pioneer churches. Where they survive in whole or in part, or as the immediate successors of the primitive churches, it is made evident that the colonists did the most natural thing when they came to plan churches in this new country—they built, as best they could with meagre skill and wealth, imitations of churches that they remembered in the old country. You could tell to-day, with no other documents, the particular region from which the original settlers came by a study of the old churches.

One of the very few still standing and practically unchanged is St. Luke's, at Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Va. It was built in 1632, as attested by the date on some of the bricks, under the superintendence of Joseph Bridger, whose descendants still live in the county and worship in the church. The records of the family, which are unbroken for a period of a hundred and fifty years, establish the date of the building of the church, and are full of interesting details of early colonial history. It appears that St. Luke's was originally so well built and of such excellent material that no repairs were made to it until 1737, one hundred and five years after its completion. At that time it was ordered "that Peter Woodward do the shingling of the church with good cypress shingles, of good substance, and well nailed, for 700 lbs. of tobacco, 300 lbs. being now levied." It was again reshingled in 1821, eighty-four years later.

In 1812 such of the church records as had escaped the vicissitudes of the Revolution were in the care of the servants on an estate near Macclesfield, and they, in ignorance of their value, gave them to a force of Americans, who made them into cartridges for the defence of their homes and country. One vestry-book only has been saved of the early records of the church.



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, SMITHFIELD, ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY, VA.

One of the oldest churches still standing in America; the brick bears the date of construction—1632.

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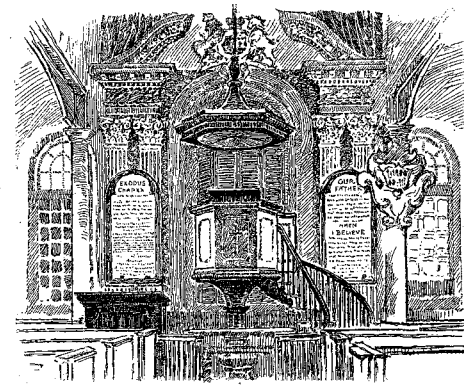
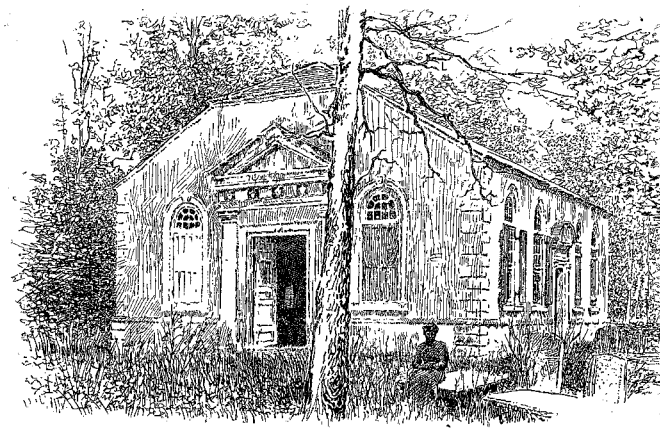
In June, 1877, a storm so shook the old church that the roof fell in, carrying with it a part of the eastern wall; but the church has now been reverently and very successfully restored in the spirit of the original design. Memorial windows have been put in representing John Smith, Pocahontas, John Rolfe, Generals Washington and Lee, Bishops Madison and Moore, and other historical figures connected with the neighborhood. St. Luke's was rededicated in 1894 with impressive ceremonies, and is now, after nearly a century of disuse, again devoted to worship. Only the large east window, the tower, and the nave remain unfinished, but it is hoped that the funds necessary to complete these will soon be secured.





INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH AT GOOSE CREEK, S. C., 1714.

The picture of the old church, with the ivy on the walls, the spreading trees, and quiet churchyard, is full of charm and poetry, and its history, and that of the devoted men and women who built it and watched over its welfare through generations, is one to cherish and be proud of.

Another church showing strongly the English influence is St. James's, at Goose Creek, S. C. The Rev. William Corbin came over from Middlesex, England, in 1700, and seven years later the first church, probably of wood, was built on a gift of one hundred acres of land. This soon became too small, and the present picturesque structure was erected in 1714, on the site of the first church. A quaintly worded record gives the date of the consecration, July 14, 1719, and awards the various pews to the church-wardens, vestrymen, and others, for pious contributions and zealous industry, to them and their heirs forever, and directs the remaining pews to be sold according to custom.

In 1728 the Rev. Richard Ludlam gave his whole fortune, two thousand pounds currency, to maintain the church and found a school, which fund, nearly doubled today by good investment and careful management, has preserved the old church from destruction, and has made it possible recently to thoroughly restore it.

The interior of St. James's is almost exactly as when it was first built; the Arms of Great Britain, richly colored and gilded, are over the pulpit; on the columns on either side are two decorative, brightly colored stucco memorials of Colonel John Gibbs and Jane, his wife, who died in 1711 and 1717, respectively. In the front of the gallery hangs a hatchment, believed to be the only one left in this country. The custom was to carry these hatchments, which bore the family arms (in this case those of the Izard family), in front of the coffin of the head of the family, and then to hang them in the church as memorials.

One of the romantic legends of the neighborhood is that of mad Archie Campbell, a British officer, who met and fell in love with Miss Pauline Philp. Being objected to by her family, who sympathized

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ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ASHWOOD, MAURY COUNTY, TENN., 1842.

with the colonists, they eloped, and he took her to St. James's Church, where he forced the minister at the point of his pistol to perform the marriage ceremony.

In Tennessee and Kentucky one would naturally expect to see the influence of English traditions in the church buildings. James Lane Allen has pointed out how similar is the life and landscape in that region to parts of old England. Although, in the East, it would not be considered a very old church, having been completed in 1842, yet for the Middle West it is old, and there is none more historical in its associations in Tennessee than the beautiful St. John's, at Ashwood, Maury County. Its square and impressive tower, the beautiful grove that surrounds it, and the peaceful graveyard make the spot one long to be remembered. It is said that three Confederate generals, passing it on the way to battle, expressed the wish that if they fell that day their bodies should be buried there, and in a short time their wish was fulfilled. Here is also buried the first Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of Tennessee, Bishop Otey. The building, which is of brick, was the gift of Bishop Polk and his three brothers.

Far more severe and simple is the old church architecture in New England and the Middle States, which owes its form to the Puritans and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. The New England meeting-house was generally a square wooden box, but it showed excellent taste in the detail of its simple ornamentation. It is the theory of some thoughtful architects that among the early colonial immigrants were men considerably above the ability of ordinary carpenters. In those days the architect was apt to be both designer and builder, and it was not in this country until very modern times that the line was at all clearly drawn between the architect who designed and superintended in the interests of his client and so became a professional man, and the builder who took a contract to execute the work, and make what he could out of it, and remained a business man. It is believed that the excellent taste and judgment of these men among the colonists made themselves felt in the taste of the ornamentation in what we call colonial architecture. They had no originality in the general design of buildings, because their experience had never included that; but they knew how to carry out to perfection details of the ensemble.

Among the oldest of New England churches is the First Church, at Hingham,

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THE DORCHESTER, MASS., MEETING-HOUSE.

Mass., founded about the time of St. Luke's, in Virginia. For a long time Peter Hobart, the first minister, preached in a fortified log-house, built for protection against the Indians. It was not until 1681 that the present church was built. In spite of enlargements and changes the greater part of the old church still stands, as sound and strong as when first hewn out of the virgin oak. The roof framing is beautifully designed and put together, and as sound and straight as it was in 1681. It is only rough-hewn oak, without carving or any ornament outside of its constructive features; but is far too fine to remain hidden as it is now by a plaster ceiling, hung below it about seventy-five years ago, when the church was first heated in winter. It appears from the records that the church originally cost £130 and the house then standing on the grounds, which was given to the builder. The minister's salary was £85. The windows had originally diamond-leaded panes; the walls and roof were unplastered, and showed the frame. The present pulpit dates back to 1755, and until 1869 the old, stiff, high-backed, uncushioned pews were used. Music was first introduced in 1763, and was furnished by a bass viol, a violin, a flute, and a clarionet; and a position in the choir came to be an enviable distinction, so that in 1867, when an organ was put in and the choir was discontinued, many of the congregation were greatly scandalized, and one of the conservatives characterized the organ as "a godless box of whistles."

The first church built at East Hampton, Long Island, in 1652, was 20 by 26 feet, and was covered with thatch. After being repaired and enlarged in 1673, and again in 1698, it was abandoned, and the church shown opposite was built in 1717. It was then the largest and finest church on Long Island, and was furnished with a clock and bell, which kept and proclaimed the time for one hundred and sixty-three years, when, fifteen years ago, this church was in turn abandoned and torn down. When it was determined, in 1717, to build a new church, a meeting was called in the Mul-

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ford House, still standing and said to be the oldest structure in the village. A townsman, whose presence was required, not having arrived, a little slave girl was sent out to summon him, and was lost in the snow-drifts, her body not being found until the next day. The place where she had perished was then decided upon for the site of the church, as a spot indicated by Divine Providence as sacred ground.

This was the church in which the Rev. Lyman Beecher preached from 1799 to 1810, and the Rev. Edward Beecher, his son, was born in a picturesque old house still standing in the heart of the village. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, although not born there, were identified with the place in many ways.

OLD CHURCH AT EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, 1717.

The churches erected in early days by the Scotch Presbyterians in the Middle States were even simpler and more severe than the New England meeting-house. The box-like design is similar to the New England meeting-house, but the ornament that sometimes cropped out in the windows and doors of New England churches is absent. Brick and stone rather than wood were the materials used. One of the most characteristic of these still stands at Rocky Spring, near Chambersburg, Pa., and is a place for pilgrimages and celebrations by the descendants of the sturdy Scotch-Irishmen who settled the Cumberland Valley.

The church, severely simple in its form, is built of brick, imported from Holland probably, upon a stone foundation several feet high. The window-shutters are of plain wide boards, without panelling or moulding, and the doors are almost as plain. The interior is as severe as the exterior; the pews are stiff and high, and the aisles and a place in front of the pulpit are paved with brick. The old-fashioned pulpit, still in place, is painted a deep, harsh blue, and the quaint sounding-board has a rude representation of a star in red. Two old ten-plate stoves—doubtless among the first cast in this country—still stand, their stove-pipes going straight up through the ceiling and roof. The original church was built in 1740, and

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the present structure about twenty years later.

During the revolution, the first pastor of Rocky Spring Church, the Rev. Mr. Craighead, preaching a soul-stirring sermon, closed his address in fervent and patriotic strains, exhorting the youth of his flock to rise up and join General Washington. In such burning and powerful terms did he declaim against the wrongs they were then suffering, that after one glowing description of the duty of men, the whole congregation rose from their seats, and declared their resolve to march to the conflict. Only one aged female, in whom maternal affection completely mastered both sense of propriety and love of country, cried: "Stop, Mr. Craighead; I just want to tell ye, agin ye hae such a purty boy as I have in the war, ye will na be sa keen for fighting. Quit talking, and gang yersel' to the war. Yer always preaching to the boys about it, but I dinna think ye'd be very likely to gang yersel. Just go and try it."

He did, and as their captain engaged vigorously in the war, and acted as chaplain to the soldiers besides, and returning to his people after the hostilities were over, he faithfully discharged his duties to his congregation until his death in 1799.

A richer and more foreign touch was put upon American churches in the far South and West by the French and Spanish. Their temperament, their religion, and the climate into which they were transplanted favored something more picturesque than box-like meeting-houses. Throughout New Mexico and California these old Spanish mission churches are to-day visited by hundreds of tourists, who, for the first time, learn how old and how picturesque are some American relics.

In Louisiana the French Creoles have also added to the romance of the State and the quaintness of its buildings. St. Martin's Church, Bayou Têche, is one of the oldest church establishments in that State. The exiled Acadians founded a settlement here, and in 1765 St. Martin's was established as a mission. The first church was built in 1782, and was a frame building known as the "Poste des Attakapas." All the civil and military concerns of the district were administered here; it was the general meeting-place of all classes, and on the outer walls of the church all public notices of sale or transfer, etc., were posted.

The present church was begun in 1822 and finished in 1840. Of the old burial ground only a few mounds are left—and the tradition that Evangeline lies buried under an oak near by.

The interior of the church is well worth seeing; the quaint pulpit, the floors paved with brick, and a group of great earthenware jars at one side, filled with holy water, from which the children may be seen filling a bottle for the sick by leaning over and letting it down by a string.

All these interesting examples of the older country church architect-

THE HINGHAM, MASS., MEETING-HOUSE, 1681.

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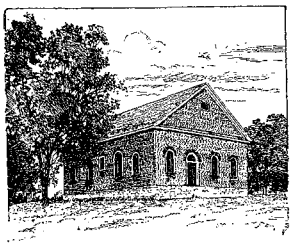
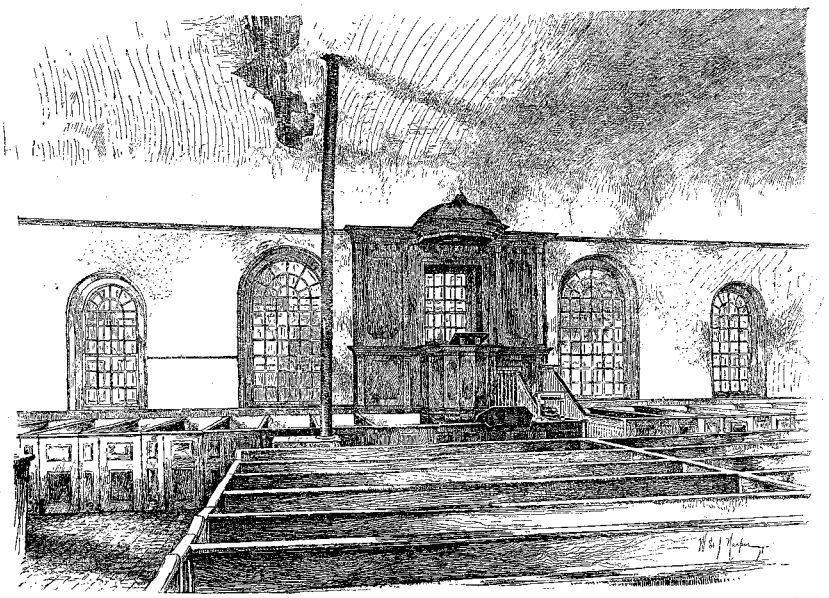
ure in America follow very closely the model established by the mother-country, and were built by earnest and God-fearing pioneers and by priests ready to lay down their lives for their faith. They are characterized by a reverent and devotional spirit and a simplicity and directness of style and composition that give them a quality all their own. The plainest, almost barn-like meeting-houses of the New England Puritans and the Covenanters of the Middle States, the more graceful and ornamental buildings



of the English Church, the still more ambitious mission churches of the French and Spanish colonies—in one and all of them is one vitalizing spirit, the spirit of earnestness and truth; and we should ourselves be lacking in that spirit did we not cherish these monuments of our past, and do our utmost to save and maintain what is still left of them.

Our modern church architecture, with only a few exceptions—due to a handful of able architects in the earlier generations—dates back to the æsthetic awakening in 1876 started by the Centennial Exhibition. It is marked by the development of dominating individuality, and on the whole will compare favorably with the work done at the same time in England or France or Germany, where the same general tendencies toward individualism were also at work. Individuality in art, however, without a long-established, well-recognized body of traditions, and without thorough and comprehensive training, contains very dangerous elements, and many a terrible and warning example of what *not* to do has been perpetrated and perpetuated in imperishable materials, in its name! A well-known wit was asked what he thought of the work of an equally well-known architect. "Mr. ——," he answered, "has a great deal of taste—some of it good." Our modern architecture suffered greatly at first, and suffers still in a lesser degree, from lack of self-restraint on the part of its practitioners, and also from a lack of sound knowledge and training. The progress made, however, is very great, and the promise for the future most encouraging; and the greater school facilities, better training in the established offices, better libraries, and more frequent opportunities through



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF CHURCH AT ROCKY SPRING, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA.

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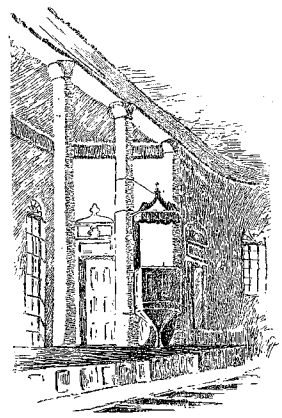
scholarships for travelling abroad, will certainly tend to finer results in the future.

Our modern work depends, primarily as will our future work, upon the earnestness and honesty of the community, and this is especially true of our church architecture, where the material and practical aspects are subordinated to the spiritual. American architects have shown their ability, but they are, of necessity, the servants of their clients, and can only, the ablest of them, design good work for people who really want it. It is as possible to-day as it was two hundred years ago to imbue the simplest or the most costly structure with a reverent and religious feeling, but a galvanized iron imitation of cut stone, or a structure whose only excuse for being is a desire to appear bigger or taller or costlier than the one in the next parish, will never be either reverent or religious or even good looking.



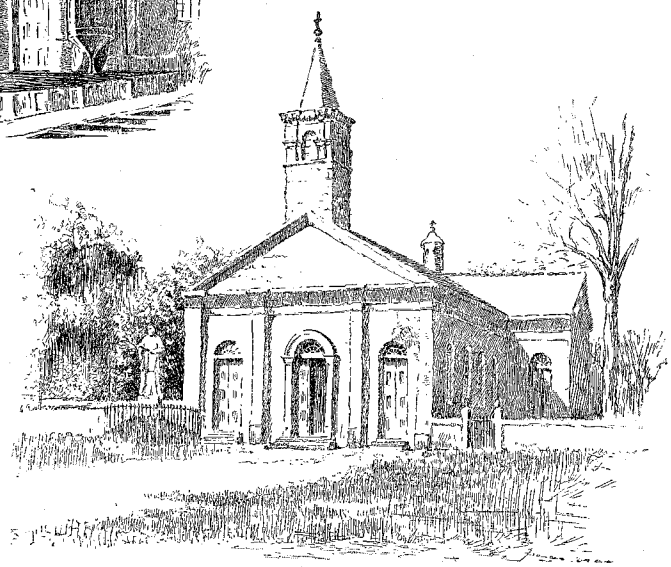
The few modern examples in this article do not show any general tendency, and only demonstrate that churches can be built today of common materials and on simple lines and yet have some of the higher and enduring qualities that appeal to us in older work. The little church at Islip was built twenty years or more ago, and its style is cleverly adapted from the wood construction of Sweden, as is shown by the terminals of the gables, etc.

The church at Oceanic, N. J., is all covered with shingles, inside and out, and they are shaped and laid with such skill that one feels as if each shingle had grown in its place, and clothed and protected the structure like fish-scales.

The Lake Forest Church, Illinois, has an added interest, in that the stone of which the church was built was originally in the Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago. After the fire, in 1871, this stonework, which remained standing (although the interior and the steeple were destroyed), was taken down and finally brought to Lake Forest and re-erected. Inasmuch as it was in the Second Church that the idea of a place like Lake Forest originated, and the association was formed whereby Lake Forest and its educational institutions and church became a possibility, the presence of the stone in those walls adds a strong sentimental interest.

The illustration of the Swedenborgian church in San Francisco shows that in it that clever architect, the late Page Brown, wisely followed the traditions of the Spanish missions. A novel feature of its construction is related by the Rev. Joseph Worcester, pastor of the church, as follows :

" The congregation was small, and its means were small; a small church, therefore, was wanted, and its interest was to be obtained through simplicity and consistency. It had long been my wish to build into the church some natural lines of tree-stems, and Mr. Page Brown, realizing the necessities of the building in the way of size



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, BAYOU TÊCHE, LA., 1822.

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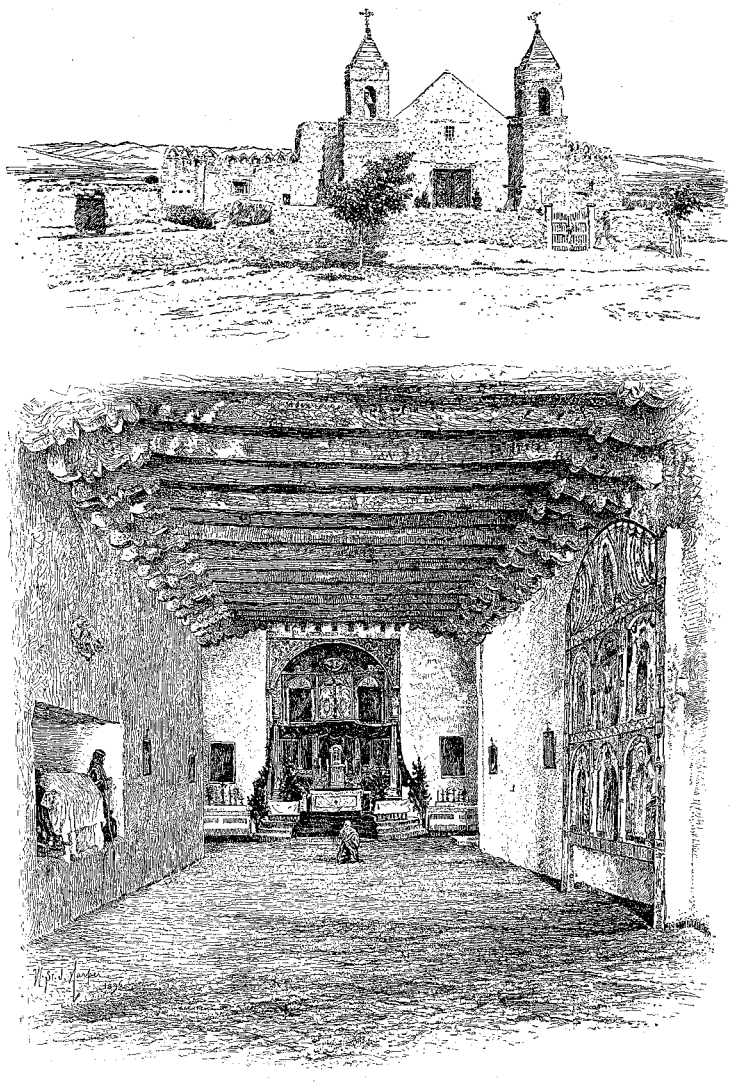
and cost, indulged me so far as to give the dimensions of needed trusses, and let me go in search of the trees. At an isolated point on the ridge of the Santa Cruz Mountains, looking down on Monterey and the Pacific, I found a grove of the beautiful madrona near the home of its owner, a young man, born on the place, who was rearing his own children upon the same ground. The young man and his wife, people of intelligence and sensibility, quickly took my idea, and aided in every way my purpose. The trees were cut, covered with the fallen leaves of the forest, and they lay in the shade of their fellows on the mountain-side till the autumn following. Then, in their warm interest, Mr. and Mrs. Martin took the trees, loaded them upon their two great mountain wagons, and started for the city. It is doubtful if they yet realize the unusualness of the act, but the mountain character of their wagons, horses, and chime of bells, to say nothing of their load, drew increasing attention as they crept over the eighty miles to the city—and this helped to awaken their consciousness. But the simplicity of feeling, without which the whole thing would have been ridiculous, continued to the end, and it aroused a strange interest in the lookers-on. The walls are massive, of concrete and over-burned brick. The church itself is not entered immediately from the street; its simplicity is protected by the intervening garden which, again, is given seclusion by a heavy retaining wall continuous with that of the church. A large fireplace and chimney, of the same brick as the wall, warms the church."



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF MISSION CHURCH AT SANTA CRUZ, N. M.

While it is beyond question that we shall go on improving in architecture as an art, and in constructive skill, there is still great room for improvement, especially in communities at a distance from the older and larger centres, where the art impulse is necessarily more strongly established, sounder and more potent.

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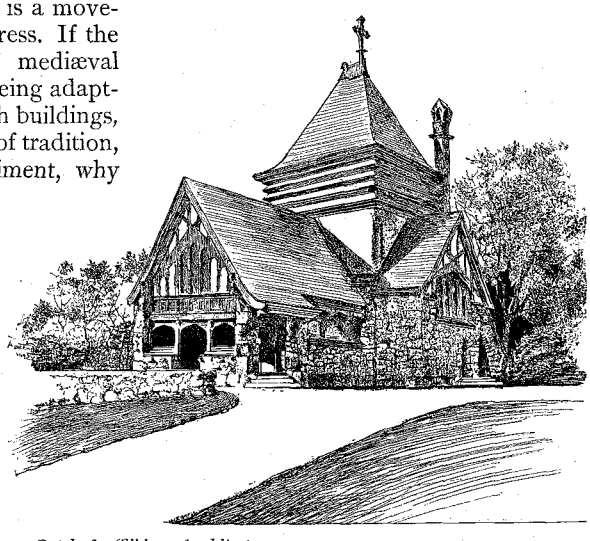
Henry Ives Cobb, Architect.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT LAKE FOREST, ILL.

There is a strong feeling in the ranks of the younger and more progressive American architects, that the one retarding influence in our church architecture is the persistent effort to retain the Gothic style as the only churchly form. To these men a slavish copying of old forms is a movement at variance with all progress. If the principles of construction of mediæval churches is to be retained as being adapted in many instances to church buildings, and as having for it the force of tradition, association of ideas and sentiment, why slavishly reproduce the grotesques and the mystic symbolisms, which meant a great deal to both workmen and worshipper in the Middle Ages, but are not now significant to either, and lacking any vitalizing inspiration cannot be successfully executed. The conditions that made Gothic architecture beautiful, and a sincere expression of the men who developed it, have changed and cannot be brought to life again. It may be possible, as Mr. Richardson proved in his masterly handling of the Romanesque styles, to clothe the constructive elements of Gothic, the pointed arch, the intricate vaulting, and the flying buttress with modern detail and to handle the masses in a way to bring them into harmony with modern impulses and requirements, and this is the hope and faith of those who still advocate the use of Gothic forms. They feel that the Renaissance style is worldly, with strong tendency toward splendor and sumptuousness, forgetting the simplicity and severity even, of many of its buildings, and also, that the lack of what they call "structural truth" makes it unsuited for church architecture,



Rotch & Tilden, Architects.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, MATTAPAN, MASS.

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while the Gothic, they claim, with an obvious and direct purpose in every abutment and line of its exterior, is by nature and tradition the best suited for religious structures, and this argument against the Renaissance in church edifices they assert, applies with particular force against its use in small country churches, where simplicity and directness should particularly prevail.

Cass Gilbert, Architect.

BETHLEHEM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT ST. PAUL, MINN.

These considerations of the past and present of country church-architecture lead up to a few practical suggestions for congregations who contemplate erecting new buildings:

When a congregation in a small town decides that it wants a church building, the first thing that is usually agreed upon is the total amount of money it can afford to spend. This is on recommendation from the Board of Trustees, or other similar body that has to do with church finances. A building committee is then chosen, into which more or less church politics occasionally enters. In a majority of cases the building committee represents a fair average of business acuteness and native shrewdness, but no knowledge of architecture. A leading merchant, a local banker, a prosperous farmer, and a country lawyer may find themselves acting together on such a committee, and each with the very best intentions to do their full duty toward the congregation. They will easily agree that they want the most for their money, and that every cent shall be honestly spent. The committee are probably the best people in the congregation to carry out these economic purposes, but they are confronted with a very different problem, in which their business success counts for nothing. This problem is an artistic one—the æsthetic adaptation of a building to the worship of God. The committee no doubt have strong preconceived ideas as to what a church ought to be, just as every man has "notions" founded on some association of his boyhood or passing glimpse of a building seen in travel, but of architecture as an art they have no conception.

Any building committee that realizes from the start that it has no more right to get its architecture at haphazard than a layman has to pick up medical and legal advice at haphazard has made a good beginning. A shrewd business man always consults the best lawyer or doctor he knows for advice, because the mistakes of beginners are too costly; so a shrewd building committee will immediately seek the advice of the best architect available.

There is a widespread misconception on this point. People very generally believe,

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THE SAN LOUIS REY MISSION IN CALIFORNIA.

Founded 1798. Re-dedicated May 12, 1893.

that leading architects are not available for small jobs in country towns, and this is in a measure true, but if a good architect with a large practice cannot give sufficient time to a small work, he will frankly say so, and he can, better than any one else, pick out amongst the promising younger men, whose practice is not so large, the one likely to give honest service, and perhaps the ideal solution of the problem. The mistake that committees frequently make is to send to some man advertised in a church paper, who agrees to submit plans for a church of any named price on application, and these machine-made plans, often modified by a local builder, may thus decorate the most prominent village corner for half a century an' ever present eyesore, and a blot. Another and perhaps more frequent mistake is to send to the nearest large town for some builder who is locally known as "a good hand at building churches," and the whole thing is turned over to him at a contract price, which enables him to work off some stereotyped old plan that he has developed through years of experiment in church building.

Now, it is perfectly feasible for the committee to employ expert and approved talent in architecture at a well-known fixed fee, which has been approved by the "American Institute of Architects," and has become recognized by the courts as the proper and usual remuneration of the architect in the absence of any definite agreement to the contrary. This upon buildings costing more than $10,000 is five per cent. of the cost of the work. If it is proposed to build a church costing $20,000, the committee can for one-twentieth of that amount secure complete original plans, adapted to the special site and needs of the congregation, with the general supervision by the architect of the work of the builder, which means "such inspection by the architect or his deputy of a building or other work in process of erection, completion, or alteration as he finds necessary to ascertain whether it is being executed in conformity with his designs and specifications or directions, and to enable him to decide when the successive instalments or payments provided for in the contract or agreement are due or payable." Surely this is a reasonable sum to pay, if thereby the congregation can secure a guarantee of good taste, good workmanship, and good accommodations.

Suppose they do not employ an architect, hoping to save his fee? Then they will not only surely fail of beauty and æsthetic success, but in all probability the practical blunders made, things which must either be endured or well paid for to remedy them, will far outweigh the small economy that saved an architect's fee.

The wise committee, having selected an able architect will turn the matter over to him as completely as they would a critical case of disease to a physician. Nothing is to be gained by employing a good architect and then insisting on your own modifications of his plan. It is not unusual for a committee to unwisely restrict an archi-

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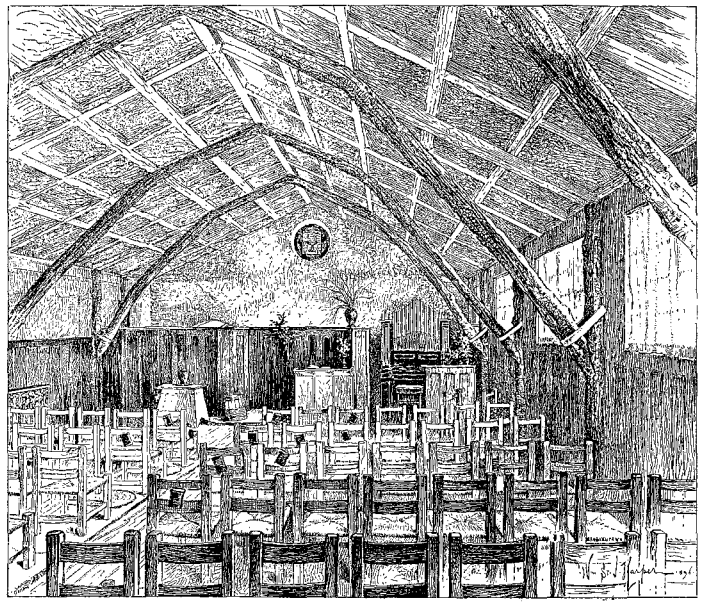
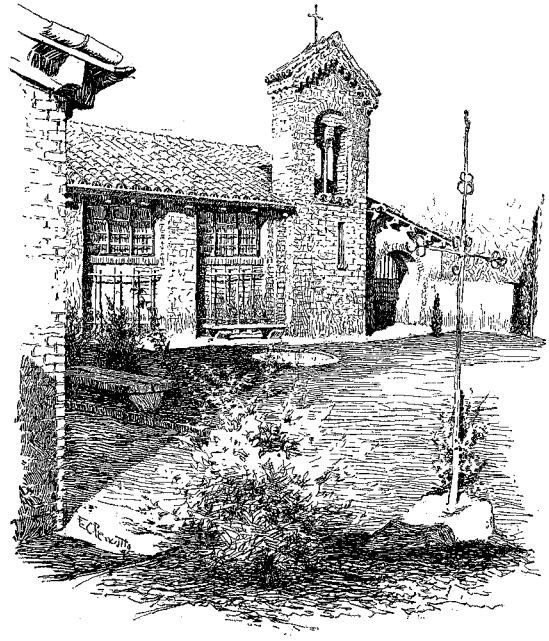
tect by giving him an extremely limited site to work upon with an insufficient sum to be expended on it, and then insist that his plans shall include church, chapel, rectory, deep chancel, spacious organ-loft, etc. Given a certain site and a certain sum of money, there is a well-defined limit of possibilities beyond which no architect can go, and every committee will do wisely to weigh well and carefully consider the advice of their architect on these points.





A. Page Brown, Architect.

INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The site is usually fixed by certain conditions over which a committee have little control. Congregations frequently prefer to rebuild on their old site, either for association's sake, or because they are tied to it perpetually by some deed of gift, or by the desirability of being in a given locality. A good architect will make the best of a bad site, as well as of a good site. He will take into consideration the surrounding buildings, which may be poor things architecturally, and atrocious in color and design, but the architect will so design his church that it will be a constant rebuke to the bad taste of its surroundings.

A committee is often confronted with the problem of spending part of its fund in buying more land or putting it all into the new building without enlarging the site. On this point the architect's advice should be given very great weight. On two points the committee have a right to consider their own judgment final—the number of people who are to be seated in the church, and the total cost. Given these fixed quantities, the rest should be left to the architect.

A well-known architect recently said that he would make many sacrifices of time and convenience to build a church, because it gave him a chance at both an artistic exterior and interior. In most buildings the architect is chiefly concerned from the ar-

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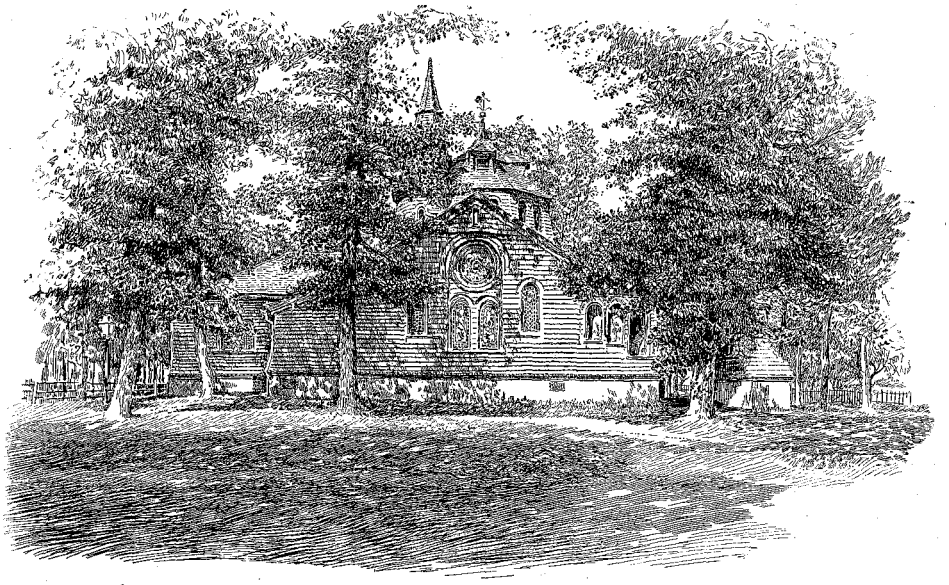

Carrère & Hastings, Architects.

CHURCH AT OCEANIC, N. J.

tistic side with the exterior. In churches, however, the great audience room, which is the chief part of a church, gives a fine opportunity for a man of artistic feeling. Here again is where the congregation think they have a right to interfere. They give "memorial windows" of strange and incongruous designs, forgetting that they are an integral part of the architecture of the church. A window is simply a transparent wall, and the architect certainly should have a veto upon any design of-

Schickel & Ditmars, Architects.

CHURCH AT NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

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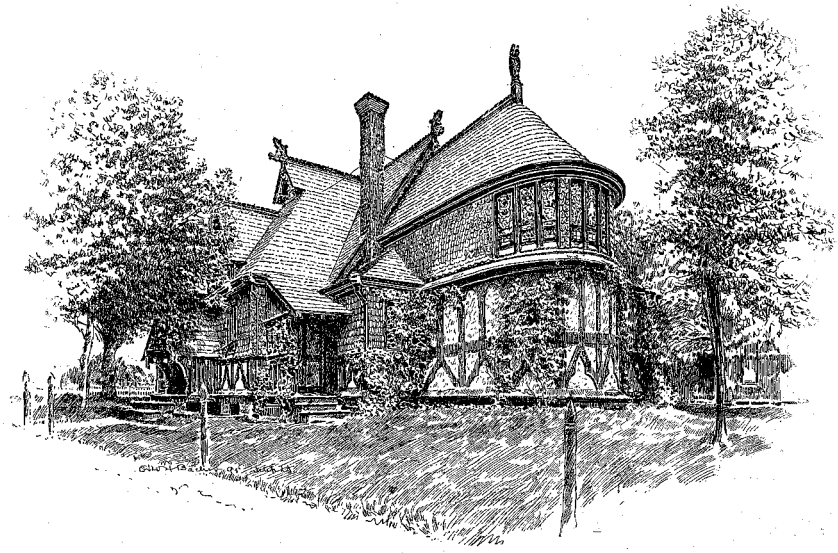

R. M. Hunt, Architect.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH AT ISLIP, LONG ISLAND.

fered. In the same way altar-cloths, reading-desks, upholstery, carpets, and hangings are given by well-meaning people with little thought as to the harmony of the gift with the whole church. The interior is as much the creation of a good architect as the exterior.

The question of material from which to build often causes great friction in the committee or between the committee and the builder. The argument of economy can generally be used in favor of materials that are native to the locality. For instance, in a brick-making region much can be said in favor of brick as material for the walls. There is undoubtedly a popular prejudice against brick for churches, because it is associated with cheap buildings for commercial purposes; but this is a fallacious deduction, and form and permanence are of the greatest moment, and brick is lasting and lends itself to beauty of form and color if skilfully used.

On the other hand, a wood church, in spite of the fact that it often lends itself to great beauty of structure and appearance, is in the end only a makeshift. It does not embody the ideal of ecclesiastical architecture as it suggests transitoriness and decay.

Stone is generally accepted as the most suitable material for church structures. Whether a native stone shall be chosen or one brought from afar is largely a question of which is best for the given design and site. Often it is as cheap to bring stone from some great quarry at a distance, where skill and experience produce the best building stones at a minimum price, as it is to open up a local quarry with unskilled labor. The native stone, however, is more apt to harmonize in a rural landscape, and has besides in its favor, the natural instinct to prefer native to foreign products.

The wood for interior purposes can be chosen on the same principle of the best for the purpose. Cheap freights and competition have practically eliminated the question of distance from the supply.

As for the exterior design, there is no peculiarly American church architecture—as has been made evident by the illustrations of colonial and modern churches here presented. Certain localities have followed, as has been pointed out, certain traditions in church architecture because the original settlers came from various Old World places. In New England, for example, the "meeting-house" type prevailed because the settlers brought with them builders' books that contained simple designs for cornices, windows, doorways, etc., that could be made by carpenters and affixed to the plain square building that even the crudest carpenter knew how to construct; or the building was framed and en-

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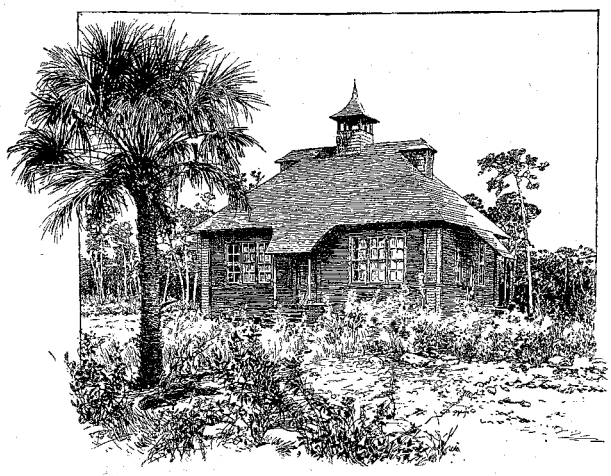
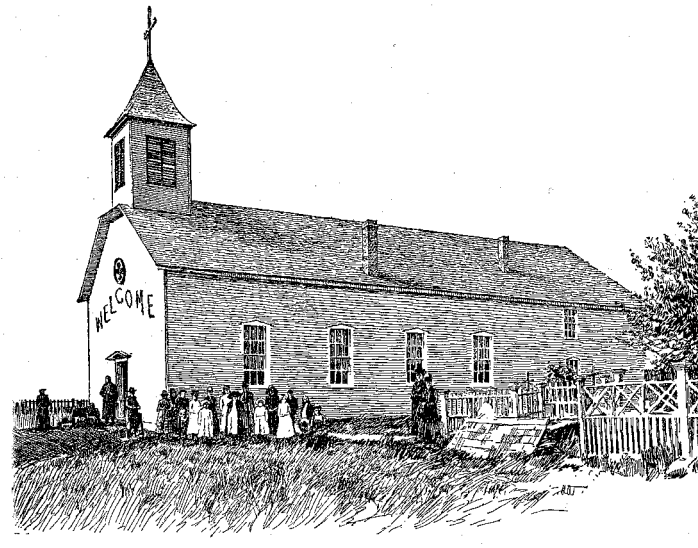


UNION CHAPEL, COCOANUT GROVE, FLA.

closed, by native talent, on lines laid down by home tradition, and the more ornamental parts were imported. In Pennsylvania the red brick church of equal simplicity prevailed for similar reasons, but it is not therefore an architectural tradition that demands perpetuation.

The rule that an expert architect will follow is to preserve what is ecclesiastical and appropriate in local traditions, but throw over entirely those traditions that are reverenced simply because they are old. The Anglican church has developed an ecclesiastical architecture in the rural districts of England that for solidity, beauty, and fitness can be well imitated here. So with the Scotch Presbyterians, the French Catholics, and other denominations.

A sympathetic architect will instinctively make churches, for various denominations historically and artistically, expressions of their faith and their traditions—will suit his design to the conditions imposed and will add, what makes it architecture—the impress of his own personality.



Built by Bishop Baraga in 1841.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH AT LA POINTE, MADELEINE ISLAND, WIS.

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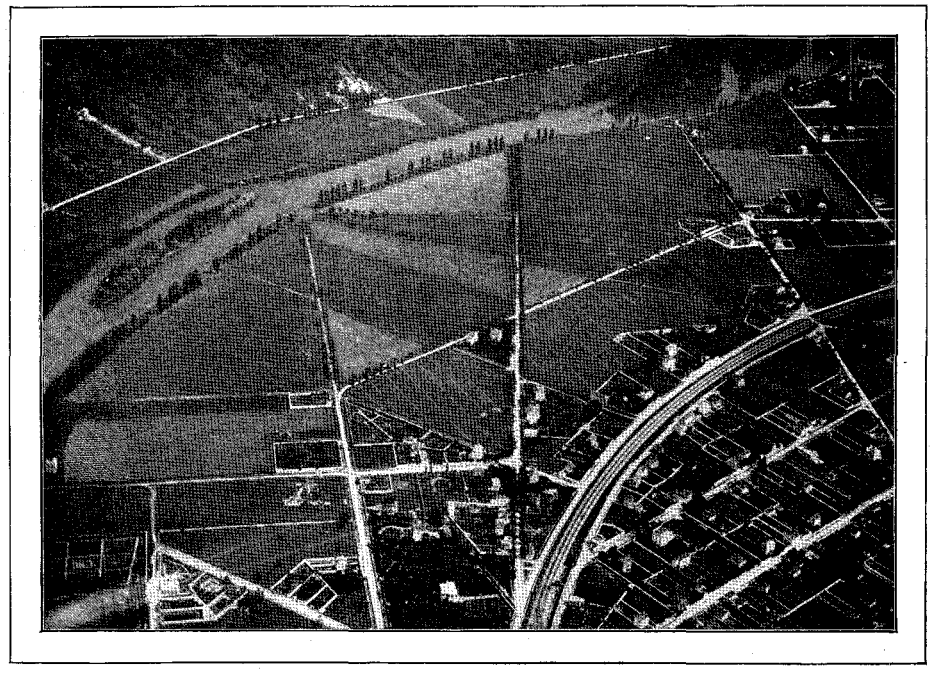
A Part of Paris Seen from over Meudon.

Photographed by Nadar.



UNUSUAL USES OF PHOTOGRAPHY

I—AËRIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

By Gilbert Totten Woglom

THE study of aërial photography has been intermittent; a few investigators with large patience and means pursued it awhile and their example has infected others who have sought to emulate them; but all sorts of obstacles have presented themselves to delay and discourage effort. Sending up a camera and taking pictures seems a simple enough thing to do until you try it, when surprisingly involved mechanical difficulties present themselves. Progress has been made, however, due largely to the advances made in the art of photography itself, and to the development of a simple and easily available lifting power.

Attempts to take photographs from great heights with the aid of balloons have been made for a number of years, but the difficulties and large expense involved in this method have prevented those general experiments that would have given aërial photography a wider popular interest and brought it into service as a valuable aid in military and other work.

M. Nadar, of Paris, was one of the earliest experimenters in aërial photography. As early as 1858 he took a bird's-eye view of the French capital and environs with a camera fixed to the side of his car. Twenty-five years later, greatly aided by the use of the improved dry-plate process, another Frenchman, M. Desmaret, made a series of interesting views from a balloon.

One of the most ingenious attempts recorded was made by M. Denesse, who invented a quaint rocket camera which was to be sent aloft until the projectile exhausted its energy, when an automatic parachute was to spread itself to make the descent and trip the camera as it gracefully and gently came to earth.

About 1888 Herr Meydenbaur, in Germany, perfected a camera which was enclosed in a small captive balloon, the lens

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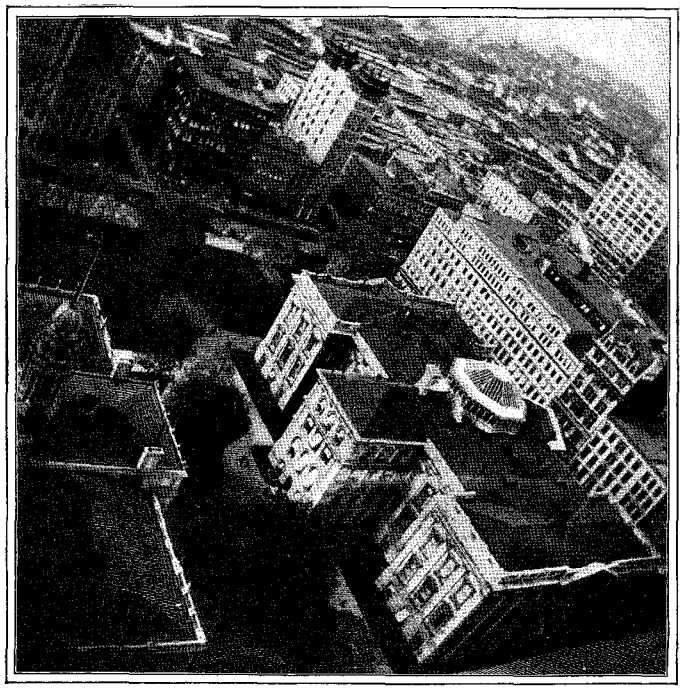
only being exposed, and in 1889 and 1891 lieutenants of the Austrian Army secured some fine views from both free and captive balloons at altitudes varying from 2,500 to 5,000 feet.

The first aërial photograph taken in America, if not the first successful one made in the world, was on a wet plate from a balloon over the city of Boston in 1862. J. W. Black, the operator, says that the leaking of gas from the balloon destroyed all the plates but one. John G. Doughty made a balloon trip from Winsted to Windsor, Conn., in 1885, during which he took photographs. These pictures included several cloud effects and landscapes. He found that the revolving of his balloon made successful work exceedingly difficult. In one view taken by him through a hole in the bottom of the car at a height of a mile and a half, the shadows cast gave a picture "with some resemblance to the telescopic view of the moon," but another from an altitude of three-quarters of a mile showed very plainly "the serpentine course of the Connecticut south of Hartford."



From a Kite Photograph.

Taken by W. A. Eddy. The view includes the City Hall, New York, and a portion of lower Broadway with adjacent streets. Size of the negative, 3½ x 3½.

A novel experiment made in 1881 was with a captive balloon camera that had a revolving drum holding four plates. Two insulated wires led to the camera through the cable that held the balloon, by means of which electric currents were sent, one to turn the drum, the other to operate the camera. The results were successful, but the death of the inventor, Mr. W. B. Woodbury, put an end to further trials. In July, 1893, William Jennings made a balloon ascent from Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and took several photographs, including one at a height of three miles; the best results, however, were obtained at one mile. About the same time photographs were taken through a hole in the bottom of a balloon car over New York City.

To-day the balloon is a part of the equipment of all the great armies of the world, and a number of interesting aërial photographs have been taken abroad with their aid during the past year.

That the camera will play an important part in the warfare of the future is a foregone conclusion, but up to the present time the one thing that has been needed to make it more useful and quickly available in aërial work has been a simple and reliable lifting power, and this has apparently been found in the perfected form of the tailless kite. This kite, or a train of them, to which a camera can be fixed, will do the work of a balloon and at no risk to human life. If an enemy cannot easily hit a balloon, how much less chance will there be of injury resulting to so small an object as a camera suspended a thousand feet or more in the air. Recent trials in Austria-Hungary and in England have shown that rifle-bullets have little effect upon captive balloons,

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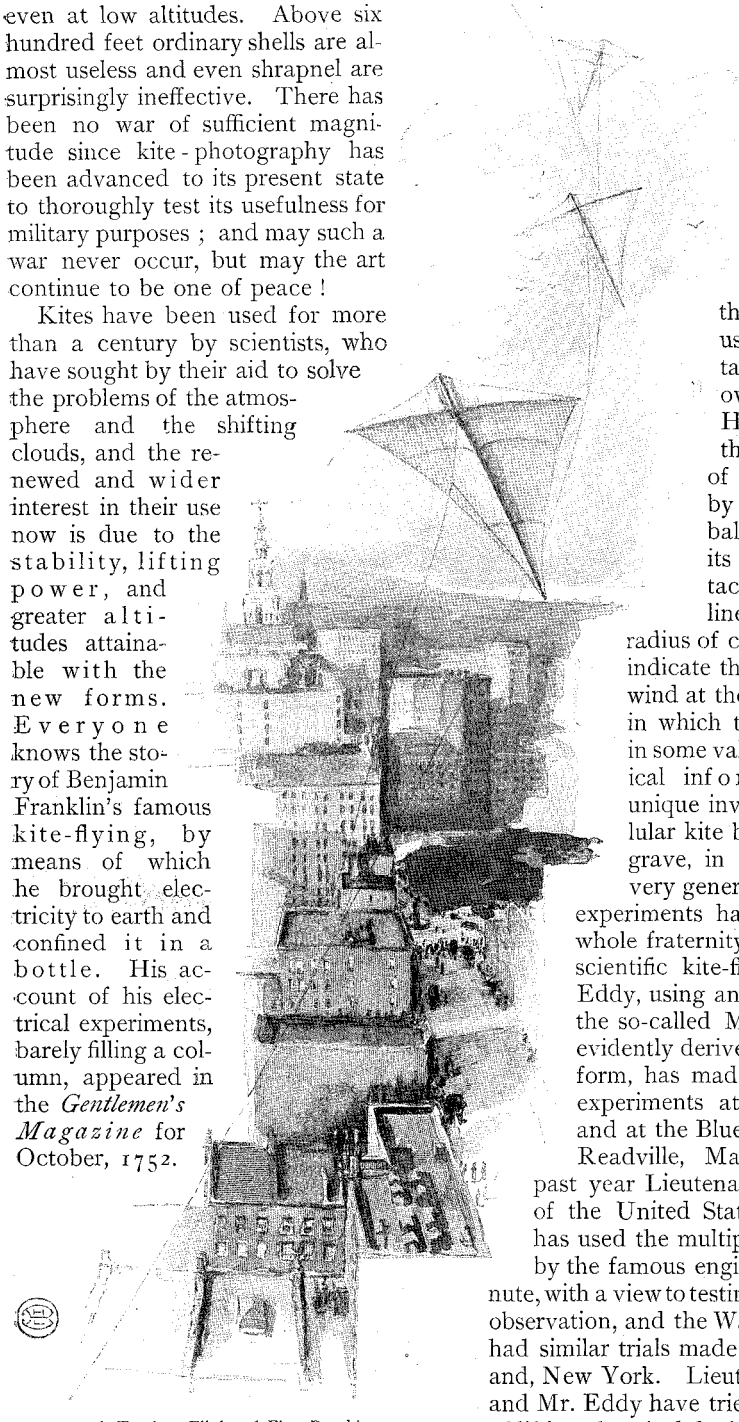
even at low altitudes. Above six hundred feet ordinary shells are almost useless and even shrapnel are surprisingly ineffective. There has been no war of sufficient magnitude since kite-photography has been advanced to its present state to thoroughly test its usefulness for military purposes ; and may such a war never occur, but may the art continue to be one of peace !

Kites have been used for more than a century by scientists, who have sought by their aid to solve the problems of the atmosphere and the shifting clouds, and the renewed and wider interest in their use now is due to the stability, lifting power, and greater altitudes attainable with the new forms. Everyone knows the story of Benjamin Franklin's famous kite-flying, by means of which he brought electricity to earth and confined it in a bottle. His account of his electrical experiments, barely filling a column, appeared in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for October, 1752.



A Tandem Flight of Five Parakites.

About 1837, the Franklin Kite Club, of Philadelphia, attempted meteorological observations with the aid of kites, and W. R. Birt, of the Kew Observatory, made some interesting investigations with their aid in 1847. In 1882 Admiral Bach, of the British Navy, used kites for ascertaining temperatures over the waters of Hudson Strait, and the flight of a train of kites in England by Mr. E. D. Archibald, each kite having its individual line attached to the main line, so that by a free radius of cordage they might indicate the direction of the wind at the varying altitudes in which they flew, resulted in some valuable meteorological information. The unique invention of the cellular kite by Lawrence Hargrave, in 1882, excited a very general interest, and his experiments have stimulated the whole fraternity of contemporary scientific kite-flyers. Mr. W. A. Eddy, using an improved form of the so-called Malay kite which is evidently derived from a Javanese form, has made many interesting experiments at Bayonne, N. J., and at the Blue Hill Observatory, Readville, Mass. During the past year Lieutenant J. E. Maxfield, of the United States Signal Service, has used the multiplane kite invented by the famous engineer, Octave Chanute, with a view to testing it for purposes of observation, and the War Department has had similar trials made at Governor's Island, New York. Lieutenant H. D. Wise and Mr. Eddy have tried kites as a means of lifting electrical devices for signalling to distant points, and the former has only lately raised himself forty feet in the air by their aid. In England Lieutenant Baden-

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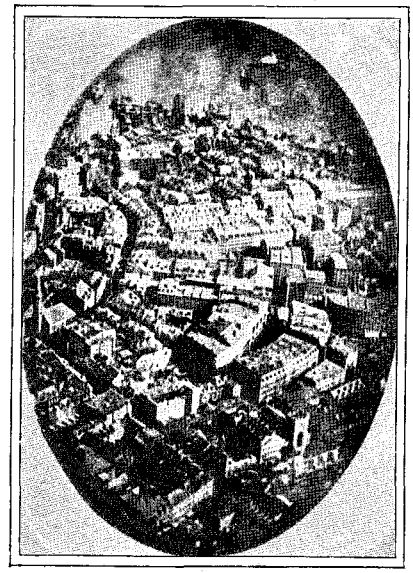
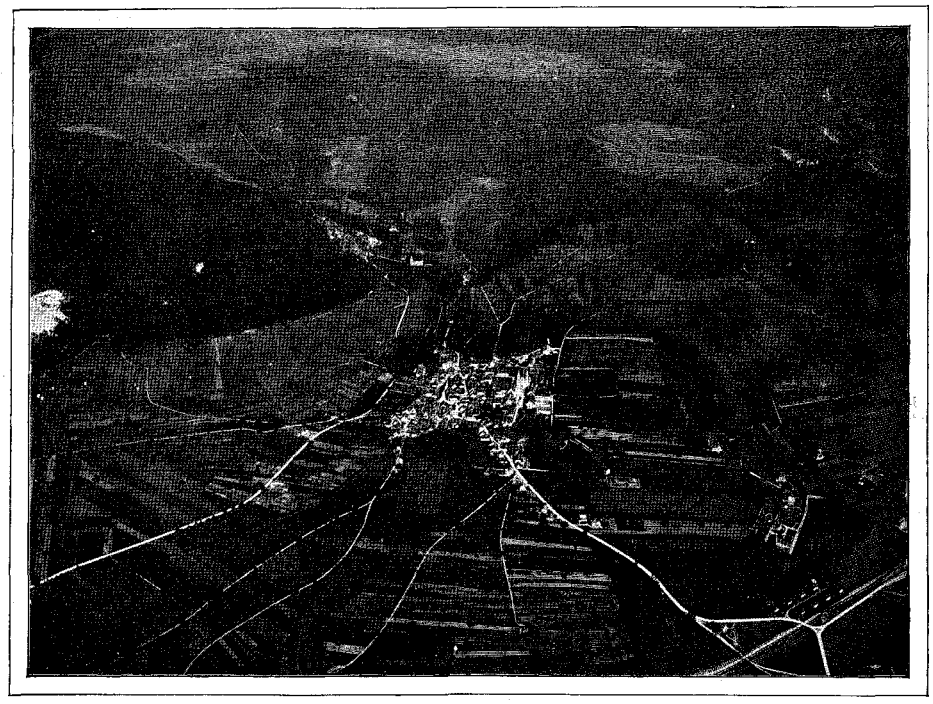
Powell, of the Scots Guards, experimented with a compounded frame tail-kite, spreading five hundred or more feet of canvas capable of sustaining a man suspended in a wicker observatory pendent from the kite in moderate breezes. Instead of sending up a man or men, however, and relying only on their eyes and powers of memory, it is evident that a camera may be sent aloft with much less trouble. A camera has a pervasive vision, its impression is of everything within its view, its memory is infallible and it needs no quizzing except with a magnifying glass. Recent examples of kite photographs have shown the entire practicability and usefulness of such work. When developed and printed the finished picture may be examined in its minutest details by the commanding officer in his tent or quarters, and the information acquired is his and his alone, without fiction or forgetfulness. M. Batut sent up a tail-kite in France in 1884 to which was securely attached a projecting skeleton platform on which a camera was placed, directed downward from the plane of the kite in flight. The shutter of the camera was sprung by a slow match. Pictures taken by him from inconsiderable heights were clear



A Bird's-eye View of Boston.

Taken from a balloon by J. W. Black, in 1862. Probably the first aërial photograph taken in America. From the original negative now in the possession of Professor John Trowbridge of Harvard.



Country and Small Town in the Jura, from a height of 4,100 feet.

This photograph and the one on the bottom of page 623 were taken by M. Suter with a Suter Detective Lens.

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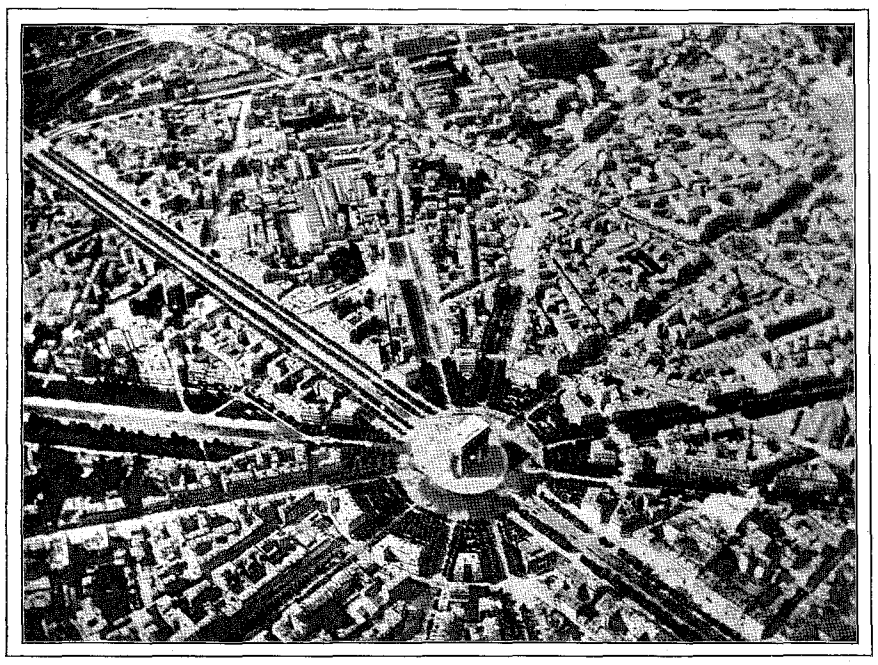
and distinct, and his ventures in aërial photography were followed by similar experiments in the Volkoy district, near St. Petersburg, by a detail from the Russian Army Signal Corps, under the direction of the then Minister of War. Another Frenchman, M. E. Wenz, experimented near Reims with a tail-kite 98.31 inches × 66.92 inches. The kite frame was arranged with ferrules to be disjointed like a fishing-rod for ease of transportation, and the camera was made a part of the bridle, so as to adjust it to variable inclinations with the plane of the landscape. The size of his camera was 4.33 × 6.10 inches, and with it he secured some fine views about the coast of Berck-sur-mer. Pictures were taken from an altitude of 1,000.6 feet, computed from the height of one of the buildings in the view.

In the same year, Mr. Archibald, in England, is reported to have taken several photographs from a small camera suspended, lens downward, from one of his trains of tail-kites. One picture which the writer has seen is a view vertically over a courtyard wherein is a fountain basin with surrounding shrubbery. Mr. Eddy began in 1895 a series of trials in aërial photography with his kites as a lifting power, and his work has resulted in some interesting views, taken from altitudes up to 1,000 feet. Kite photographs may be used to advantage in surveying, especially in rough and not easily accessible country, and might not explorers also, by the use of kite pictures, be able to choose beforehand the best routes over unknown mountain ranges and through yet untracked jungles, and by this means make accurate detailed maps of wide districts that now must remain largely *terra incognita?* An aërial photograph would supply an accurate perspective with exact details, which could be enlarged or reduced at will.



General View of Paris Around the Arc de Triomphe.

Photographed from a balloon by M. Atoul Taillifer, at a height of 2,600 feet.

No objection need be made that the carrying of a number of kites by an expedition would be out of the question on account of the space they would occupy, for by the use of the folding parakite, which may be rolled as compactly as an umbrella and carried in a tin case, the matter is as simple as possible.

In a conversation with Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, in

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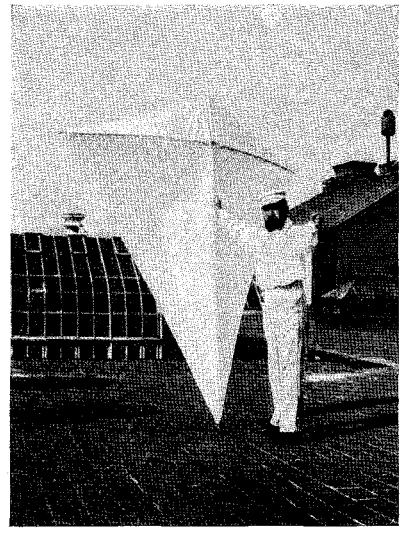
The Largest Kite Photograph ever Taken.

From a negative by the author, size 6½ x 8½. The view includes the part of New York lying between Eighth and Sixteenth Streets and from University Place westward to the Hudson River.

1894, he impressed upon me the expediency of attaining an altitude of 10,000 feet by means of my parakites, in order to make them practically serviceable for meteorological experiments. On December 15, 1894, an altitude of 7,946.2 feet was attained from the belfry of the tower of the Judson Memorial, Washington Square, New York City, by the flight of the parakite "Grace," pilot of a train of twelve.

There are many things to be considered in the successful employment of a train of kites or parakites for the sending aloft of a camera, and among those that at once present themselves are safety, ease of manipulation from below, and the varying conditions of wind. By repeated flights I have obtained accurate measures of the lifting power of all my kites under different wind pressures, and it is therefore an easy matter to know just how many and of what size they must be for any particular condition.



An Eight-foot Parakite.

Various methods of attaching the camera to the kite have been tried. The following, I have found, yield the most satisfactory results: Primarily I had a gaff made which would project to leeward from below the parakite cable widening at its leeward end into a platform, upon which can be secured the camera, the axis of which is at the same

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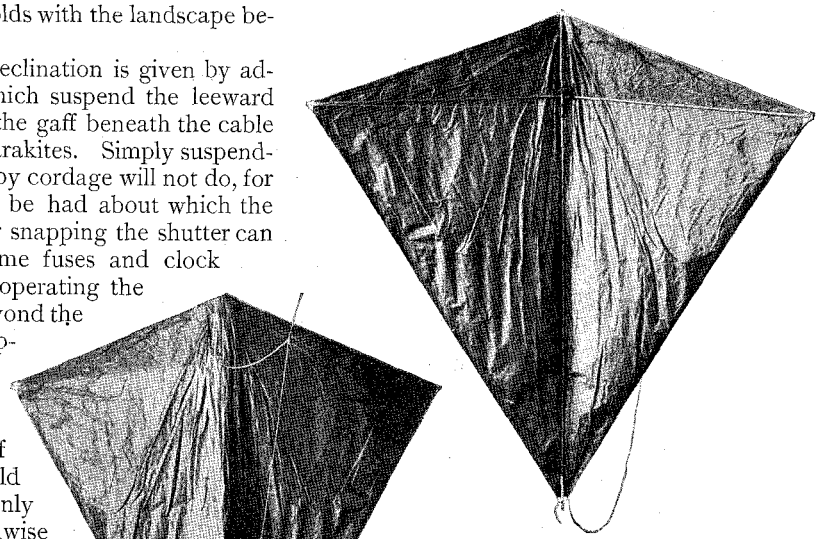
angle the gaff holds with the landscape beneath.

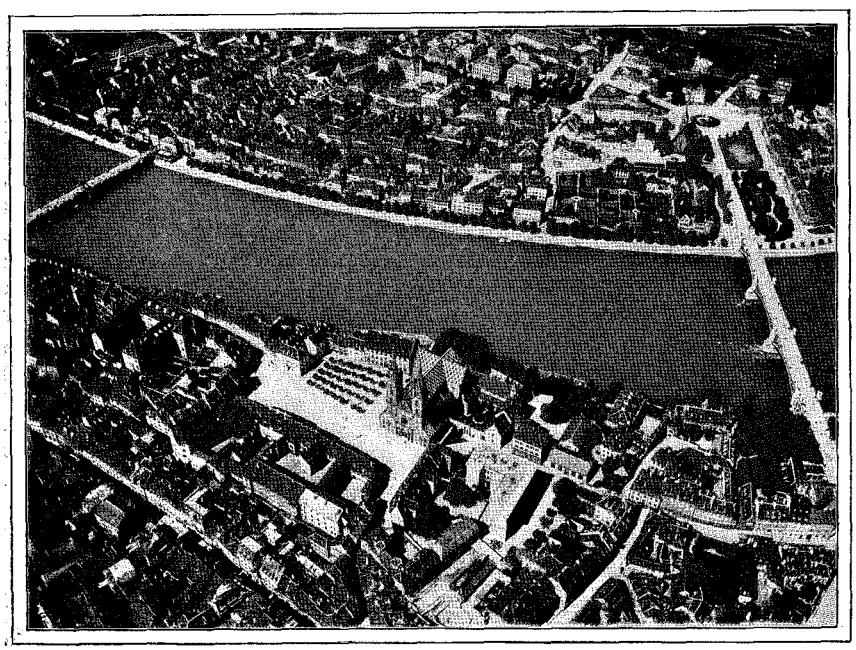
The proper declination is given by adjustable guys which suspend the leeward or outer end of the gaff beneath the cable of the train of parakites. Simply suspending the camera by cordage will not do, for a fulcrum must be had about which the pull requisite for snapping the shutter can be exerted. Time fuses and clock movements for operating the shutter place beyond the control of the operator the best moment to make an exposure. My gaff serves a twofold purpose, it not only presents an endwise resistance to the pull on the shutter in line with the gaff—the end of the gaff rests against the tense cable to which it is secured—but it also supports the camera.



Front and Rear Views of a Packet Parakite.

The frame of aluminum is the first of its kind used, and has been successfully tested in high winds. Height of parakite, 6 feet; weight, 20 ounces; surface, 18 square feet.

Camera dealers and makers with whom I consulted about the best form of camera for my purposes thought that to produce the desired 6½ × 8½ inch pictures would require a box weighing from seven to eight pounds. I decided to construct my own cameras, and, having procured plate-hold-



City of Basel, Switzerland.

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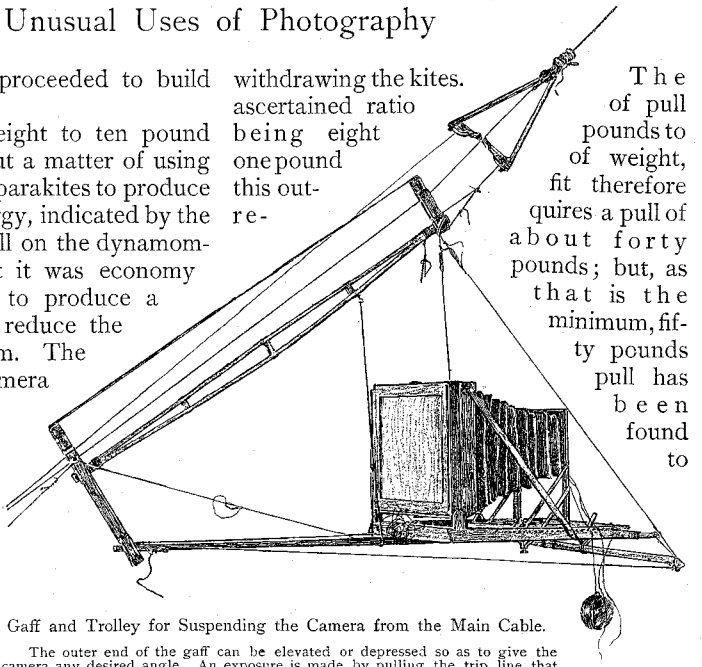
ers of suitable size, I proceeded to build them.

The lifting of an eight to ten pound outfit into the air is but a matter of using a sufficient number of parakites to produce the needed lifting energy, indicated by the number of pounds pull on the dynamometer at the earth, but it was economy of energy and labor to produce a camera which would reduce the labor to the minimum. The details of my first camera are :

	lbs.	ozs.
Camera box and framework ..	1	8
Brass collar for lens tube....		2
Shutters, lens, and tube		14
Plate-holder ...		9
Two glass plates		9
	3	10



Gaff and Trolley for Suspending the Camera from the Main Cable.

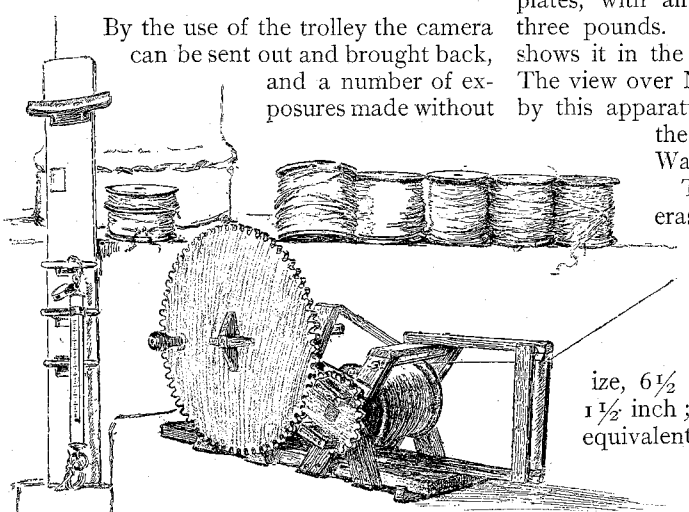
The outer end of the gaff can be elevated or depressed so as to give the camera any desired angle. An exposure is made by pulling the trip line that leads from the operator to the camera.

This camera, with gaff and other details, weighs as follows :

	lbs.	ozs.
Camera and contents..... ...	3	10
Gaff.....		7
Trolley.....		5
Snap indicator		1
Halyard pulleys		1
Halyard.....		4
Trip line		3
	4	15

By the use of the trolley the camera can be sent out and brought back, and a number of exposures made without withdrawing the kites. The ascertained ratio being eight one pound this outre-

The of pull pounds to of weight, fit therefore quires a pull of about forty pounds; but, as that is the minimum, fifty pounds pull has been found to afford a steadier support. My latest camera, of the same capacity as the above, is made of eight united layers of heavy buff wrapping paper, formed on a mold. The camera is held pendent from the trolley by aluminum telescoped tubing, by which the lens may be turned in any direction. The trolley is also of aluminum. This camera loaded with two 6½ × 8½ glass plates, with all accessories, weighs just three pounds. The illustration [p. 625] shows it in the air ready to be snapped. The view over New York City was taken by this apparatus, flown from the roof of the New York University, Washington Square [p. 622].



Reel and Spools of Twine of Various Sizes.

The spool on the reel contains 1,250 feet of long staple Irish flax twine, tested to a breaking strain of one hundred pounds. One revolution of the large gear wheel winds three feet of twine.

The lens used in both cameras was made by Alvan G. Clark. Its details are : rapid rectilinear angle, fifty-five degrees ; symmetrical wide angle, ninety-five degrees ; ize, 6½ × 8½ inches; diameter, 1½ inch ; back focus, 10⅜ inches ; equivalent focus, 11 inches.

The triplex shutter, with rotary diaphragm, in which aluminum was used as far as practicable and serviceable, was made specially for the

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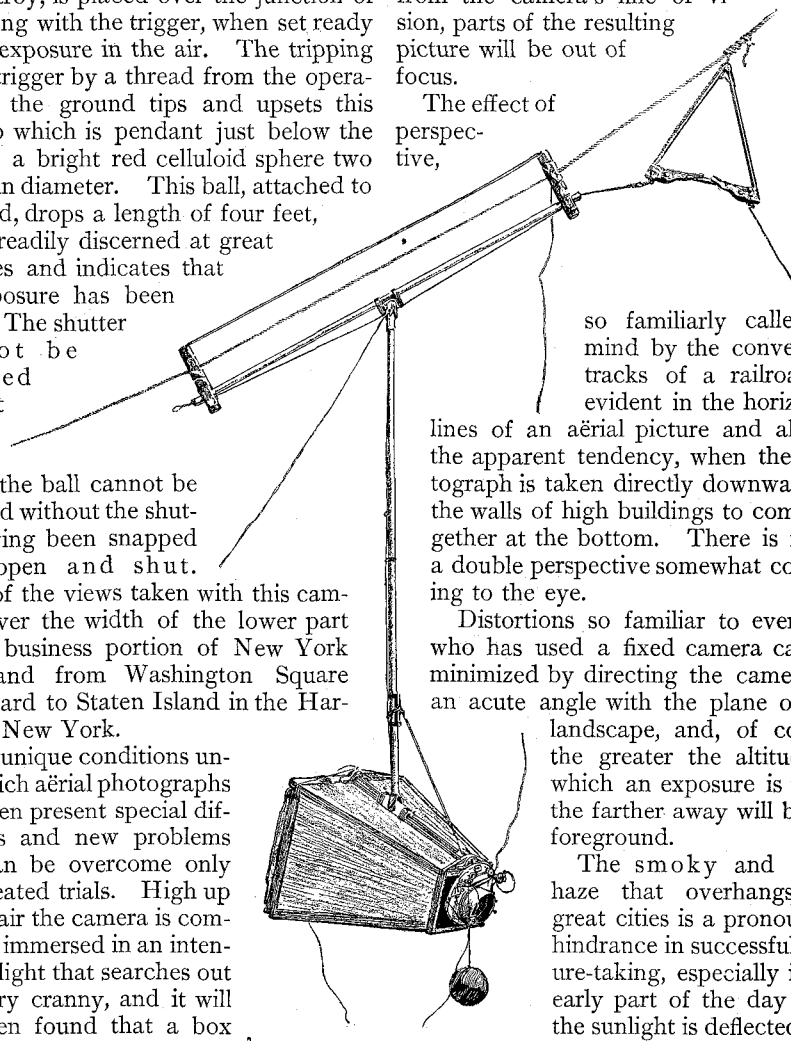
purpose, under the supervision of Mr. George E. Henshaw, an expert amateur photographer of New York City.

A cam-like bit of wood, weighing four grains troy, is placed over the junction of the spring with the trigger, when set ready for an exposure in the air. The tripping of the trigger by a thread from the operator on the ground tips and upsets this cam, to which is pendant just below the camera a bright red celluloid sphere two inches in diameter. This ball, attached to a thread, drops a length of four feet, and is readily discerned at great altitudes and indicates that an exposure has been made. The shutter cannot be snapped without the ball dropping; the ball cannot be dropped without the shutter having been snapped both open and shut. Some of the views taken with this camera cover the width of the lower part of the business portion of New York City, and from Washington Square southward to Staten Island in the Harbor of New York.

The unique conditions under which aërial photographs are taken present special difficulties and new problems that can be overcome only by repeated trials. High up in the air the camera is completely immersed in an intensity of light that searches out its every cranny, and it will be often found that a box that has long been thought absolutely light-tight is surprisingly and disappointingly vulnerable. Foggy plates and those that reveal "ghosts" of a most weird and unaccountable character show that "absolutely light-tight" applies to ordinary conditions only.

By using a camera with a swing-back adjusted so that the plate will be practically parallel with the vertical objects in the view, the landscape in the picture will appear horizontal, and church-spires, tall buildings, trees and other objects will show as the eye is accustomed to see them. If in taking a picture directly downward the swing-back be adjusted at a large angle of divergence from the camera's line of vision, parts of the resulting picture will be out of focus.



Camera Suspended from a Telescoping Aluminum Rod Attached to Trolley.

The effect of perspective, so familiarly called to mind by the converging tracks of a railroad, is evident in the horizontal lines of an aërial picture and also in the apparent tendency, when the photograph is taken directly downward, of the walls of high buildings to come together at the bottom. There is really a double perspective somewhat confusing to the eye.

Distortions so familiar to everyone who has used a fixed camera can be minimized by directing the camera at an acute angle with the plane of the landscape, and, of course, the greater the altitude at which an exposure is made the farther away will be the foreground.

The smoky and dusty haze that overhangs our great cities is a pronounced hindrance in successful picture-taking, especially in the early part of the day when the sunlight is deflected as if passing edgewise through a plate of glass, and in the late afternoon the lights and shadows are unpleasantly emphasized.

The growing interest in and popularity of kite-flying, and the wide attention which new experiments with kites as a lifting power attracts, show plainly that it will be a matter of only a short time when the camera will be a part of the equipment of every kite-fleet. Aërial photographs may become as common as the snap-shots that now confront us on all sides.

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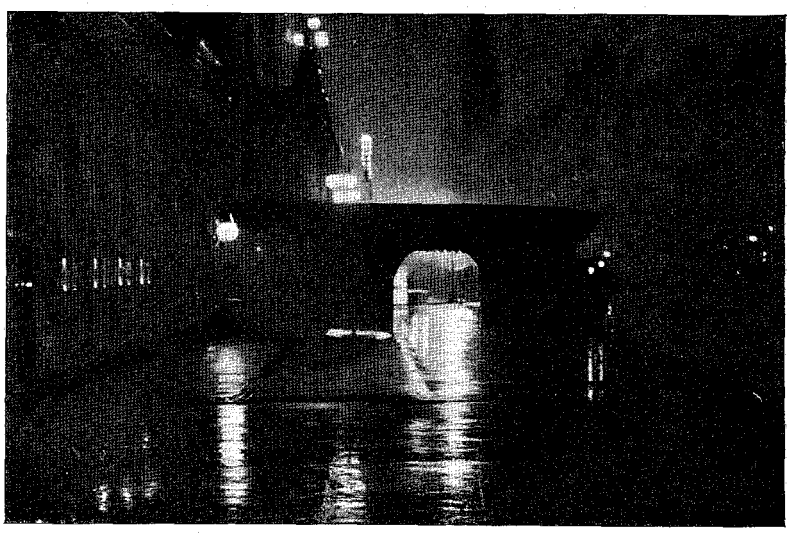

A Wet Night—Down Fifth Avenue from the Plaza.

Photographed by Alfred Stieglitz. Time of exposure one minute and ten seconds.

II—NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY

By James B. Carrington

PHOTOGRAPHY has been for a number of years a most valuable help to astronomers in mapping the stars and making records of other celestial phenomena, and of late many interesting applications of the camera have been made in taking pictures of all sorts of luminous objects. Remarkable and realistic photographs of firework displays, foundry and rolling-mill interiors, blast furnaces, and other weirdly picturesque scenes have been accomplished, the best of them with the aid of the flash-light. The non-luminous details are taken with the flash, while fires and other brilliant lights make their own impressions.

Moonlight effects in photographs have long been admired by the uninitiated, and fully appreciated by both amateur and professional photographers for their beauty, and many plates, too, have been spoiled by snap-shotters who have accepted moonlight as the real illuminator of these views, and accordingly focused directly on this beautiful orb of night. Moonlights with the moon herself in evidence are really sun photographs, that is, pictures taken with a rapid exposure, the camera pointed toward the sun generally in the late afternoon or early morning and with clouds between the lens and the direct rays.

Many charming so-called night-pictures are taken by making two exposures, a short one in the rapidly diminishing afternoon sunlight, to get an impression of buildings and other dark objects, and another longer one after dark to print in the gas and electric lights that line the long street or mark out the roads and winding pathways of a city park.

It is only within the past two or three years, however, that actual night-photographs have been attempted with any considerable degree of success. Mr. W. A. Fraser, of the New York Camera Club, especially noted for his beautiful lantern slides, following the lead of Mr. Paul Martin of London, has succeeded in taking a number of charming moonlight views by the moon's diffused light, *not* looking her in the face, with an exposure of ten minutes; and some remarkable park and street scenes on snowy and rainy nights show, with sur-

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The Plaza.

Photographed by Alfred Stieglitz. Taken at 9 P.M., in January, 1897. Time of exposure fifty seconds.

prising distinctness and truth, very picturesque and interesting after-dark aspects of New York.

Great care must be taken to have the camera—one with a tripod is essential—solidly planted, and a watch must be kept to prevent the lights of any passing vehicle or belated bicycler from entering the field of vision. Moving objects not carrying lights make no impression. Mr. Fraser uses a double non-halation plate, which he backs as a further precaution. Halation (*halo* plus *ation*) is the milky-way-like haze so often seen in plates that have been exposed with the camera pointed toward a window or other direct source of light, and is caused by light being reflected from the back of the plate itself. Halation bothered photographers for a long time and has been the occasion of much learned discussion regarding the mysterious action of light. To prevent it, specially prepared plates are used having a double coating of the sensitive emulsion—one slow, the other fast. Backing is covering the back of the plate with some opaque substance; asphaltum, or sheets of brown carbon tissue paper are often used. Where there are only gas-lights in the view the exposure is from eight to ten minutes; with electric-lights—those only which are enclosed in opal shades can be successfully included—from two and a half to three and a half minutes.

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, another amateur and member of the Camera Club, whose notably artistic photographs have attracted attention and won many medals both in this country and in Europe, has also been experimenting for the past year with night-pictures. Realizing how much more interesting such scenes could be made by the introduction of a human element, Mr. Stieglitz has made a number of views with figures in them with an exposure of less than a minute. With regard to efforts to entirely eliminate halation, he uses non-halation plates, but without the backing, saying justly enough that a certain degree of halation naturally belongs to these night-pictures, especially when taken as he prefers to take them—during a storm. Everyone has observed the fuzzy globes of light that surround a

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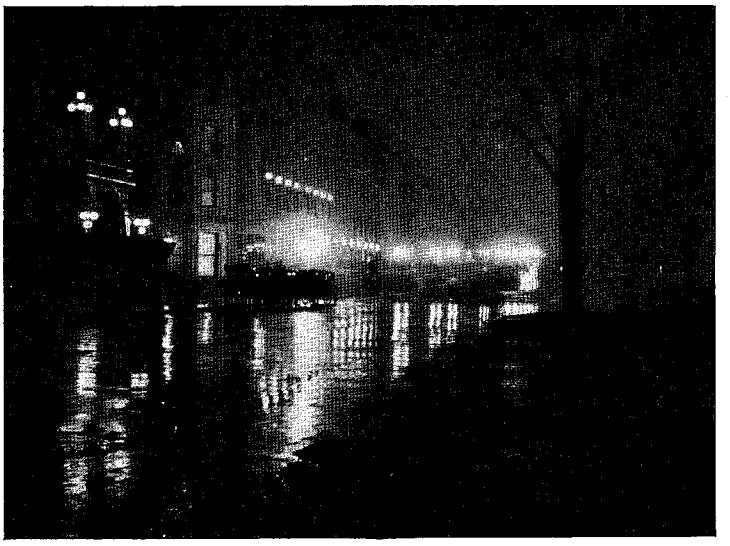
gas or electric-light on a rainy or a foggy night that add so much to the vagueness and mystery of the surrounding gloom.

These night pictures suggest all sorts of valuable and interesting possibilities. We may before long be able to photograph the crowds and scenes around the bulletin-boards on election night, the frantic enthusiasm of a great out-door political meeting, and other great gatherings. By the use of the camera at night many memorable scenes can be made a part of permanent history in all their details, that now can only be generalized by the rapid pen of the artist. No one who has ever observed the streets of a city on a stormy night can have failed to be impressed with the unique pictures presented by the shiny pavements, the dully glowing lamps, and the ever-passing gleams and flashes that come from the street-cars and the rumbling cabs.

Fifth Avenue after a Snow-storm.

From a lantern slide by W. A. Fraser. Time of exposure about three minutes.

These night-views are most effectively shown by means of lantern-slides, when the luminosity of the original scenes is brought out with surprisingly realistic effectiveness. They necessarily lose some of their quality in reproduction.



The Glow of Night.

Photographed by Alfred Stieglitz. Taken at 9.30 P.M., in January, 1897. Time of exposure fifty-five seconds.

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CONFESSIONS OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR

I AM a professor in a small college. When I took my degree of Doctor of Philosophy, fifteen years ago, I had very definite ideas of what my future was to be. By dint of severe economy, and with the aid of scholarships, prizes, tutoring, and vacation earnings, I had managed to complete my undergraduate course with fair credit. I liked study, and had always been much with books; quite naturally, therefore, I determined to make teaching my profession. I realized, however, the need of further study if my teaching was to be very successful; and, accordingly, though after considerable hesitation, I decided to continue my work for three years and obtain, if possible, the coveted doctorate. The great difficulty in the way was lack of money. To overcome that, I borrowed fifteen hundred dollars, on practically unlimited time, and with this, supplemented by a fellowship which I was fortunate enough to hold for two years, I paid my university bills. In the meantime I married, under the delusion that I could not wait and that two could live almost as cheaply as one. My wife, like myself, was poor, but she was well educated, practical, and with faith in me beyond what I have ever felt I deserved. An opportunity to attend to some business matters for a friend, and at the same time to convoy a small party of boys, gave us a chance to spend a summer in Europe. This was devoted to travelling and sight-seeing, as I purposed returning to Germany before long for a more extended stay. At the end of the three years I obtained my degree, and about the same time had the satisfaction of seeing my name attached to a technical article in a magazine—the first fruit of my anticipated career as a scholar. I was then twenty-five years old. I had been well trained, knew what sound scholarship meant, and was regarded by my instructors and friends as a man of promise. The next thing was to get a chance to teach.

I had several times heard painful accounts of the difficulties and trials of university graduates in their quest of employment, and how some of them, after drifting about for several years from one thing to another, had ended by "accepting" positions in preparatory schools. Fortune was kinder to me. In the course of a few weeks three opportunities presented themselves. The first was an instructorship in the university, with a salary of $1,000 a year and a reasonable chance of promotion. The proposition was attractive, and seemed quite in line with my scholarly ambitions; several of my friends in the faculty urged me to accept. After careful deliberation I declined, my real reason (not, however, the one publicly stated) being that the salary was too small to allow me to live in ——— in the style that I deemed essential. Not only must I live, but I must also pay my debt; and fifteen hundred dollars, with accumulating interest at seven per cent., began to seem a large sum. The next offer came from a scientific school in a distant city, where I could have an appointment for five years as assistant professor at a salary of $1,800 a year, and after that, if my work was satisfactory, a full professorship and $2,500 a year. This I also refused, mainly because a former instructor, in whose judgment I had great confidence, told me he feared that I would find the atmosphere of a scientific institution uncongenial, and my work, which was not in physical science, of secondary importance. By this time my state of mind was one alternately of lofty independence, in view of the flattering offers I had received and declined, and of anxious desire to get my immediate future settled. So when, a little later, I was asked, without solicitation, to allow my name to be presented as a candidate for a vacant professorship in an old and well-known college, I consented, with only so much apparent hesitation as would give the impression of deliberateness and careful consideration. I was elected without opposition, and in due time was formally installed.

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As I came to think of the matter more in detail, I flattered myself that I had acted with great wisdom. The situation was a simple one. I had to earn my own living. So far as I knew, the combined wealth of all my relatives would not, if bestowed upon me, have yielded an income sufficient to keep me in clothes; and my wife sadly confessed that her own family was no better off. Moreover, it was clear that I must earn a little more than enough to live on; for there was that debt, which somehow began to haunt me more and more. Inexperienced as I was, I knew something of the comparative cost of living in different communities, and very easily came to the conclusion that a small college town, where I could live inexpensively, repay my borrowed money, and accumulate a little surplus, was exactly the place for me. Of course, such a location would be only temporary—three or four years at the most, I said to myself. I should make no effort to become a permanent part of the institution I had joined; indeed, some of the associations of my university life had led me rather to look down upon colleges as not very worthy or honorable affairs, certainly not places in which a scholar would wish to spend his days. And I meant to become a scholar—to study hard, be learned, write books, and be quoted as an authority. To this end, however, a few years of study in a quiet place would not come amiss; besides, I needed experience—and money.

The lapse of fifteen years finds me still a professor in that same college. Looking back over the interval, I wonder that I have been as fortunate as I have. I paid my debt in full, principal and interest, but it took eight long years of the most rigid economy to do it. I have worked hard and studied much, and should be ashamed to admit that I did not know a great deal more than I did when I left the university; but I am not learned, no one thinks of me as a scholar, and I am not regarded as an eminent authority even in my own department. Two or three acquaintances, who are professors in other colleges, tell of an experience similar to mine, so I know that my case is typical and not exceptional, and that there is something about the conditions of life in a small college that holds a man to it, even in the face of his scholarly ambitions and earnest desire for professional advancement.

Since my object is not to idealize my experiences, but to tell the truth, I may say frankly that the principal reason why I have remained here has been the financial one. My salary is $2,000 a year. It is a small sum for any professional man to earn, and it is certainly less than the college would gladly pay if it were able; on the other hand, it comes nearer to coinciding with the cost of living here than do the much larger salaries of some friends of mine who occupy chairs in the great universities. Most of the people, even the more prosperous of them, in the community in which the college is located, do not have so large an income as do the professors, and we even find ourselves—rather uncomfortably, it must be said — looked upon by our townsmen as a sort of local moneyed aristocracy. But the conditions of living are unquestionably easier and, in many respects, more attractive here than in many other places. Rents, for example, are decidedly lower. My house, while not on the main street, is centrally and pleasantly located, with a generous strip of lawn, a bit of garden in the rear, and some fruit and shade trees. The house is very plain, somewhat old-fashioned, and imperfectly arranged, but it is in good repair, and has, unlike the houses of most of my neighbors, the modern conveniences of gas, furnace, and bath-room. The rent is $350 a year. A house equally good and as well located could not be had in any university town or city that I know of for double that sum. On the other hand, meats and groceries are not very much cheaper here than elsewhere; indeed, my wife often regrets the absence of large city markets and stores, with their lower range of prices. I have recently been comparing expense accounts for a number of years back, and find that the annual budget averages about as follows:

Rent	$350 00
Fuel, water, and gas	200 00
Table and service	780 00
Insurance (including life) and taxes	75 00
Clothing	250 00
Contributions to church and local objects	40 00
Books and periodicals	125 00
Total	$1,820 00

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This leaves $180 for miscellaneous expenses—a pretty small margin, but one whose limits experience has taught us to observe. I am sure none of the above items can be thought extravagant. Sixty-five dollars a month for table expenses for a family of four—I have two children now—and one servant, and including the wages of the latter, is certainly not large; still, while too little to admit of much variety or many delicacies, it supplies our necessities. To keep the cost of the family wardrobe within the limits indicated takes careful planning, and the item for books and periodicals means doing without all save the imperatively necessary "tools" of my profession. The allowance for miscellaneous expenses has had to cover in some years considerable sums for medical attendance. Practically, then, my salary is just sufficient to meet the barely necessary living expenses on a most economical basis; but we are, by this time, used to economy, and are glad to know that the account is likely to balance at the end of each year, instead of showing a deficit.

It is impossible, however, to think of saving anything out of my salary. When I began my work as a professor, two thousand dollars seemed a good deal of money to have the spending of every year, and I am quite sure that I fully expected to live on half of it, and save the rest. Needless to say, I never succeeded. And I have long since given up all hope of ever having my salary raised. There was said to be a "prospect," about the time I was asked to come here, that the salaries would be increased "in the near future;" but in point of fact there has never been the least likelihood of any such thing, and there is none now. I have been driven, therefore, by sheer necessity, to earn as much as I could in other ways; and here, again, I have learned how unfounded were some of my early anticipations. I do not know just why I thought so, but somehow I had an idea that a college professor was in the way of making quite a bit of money in addition to his salary, chiefly, of course, by writing and lecturing. Both of these latter I have tried persistently, and with moderate success, but the financial returns have never tallied with my expectations. The articles contributed to special periodicals, relating to the work of my own department, and averaging one a year for the past ten or twelve years, have brought me some fame and many pleasant acquaintances, but no money. I know now, what I did not know when I began, that periodicals of this character do not, as a rule, pay for contributions—in only one instance have I been paid, and then I received $25 for a fifteen-page article, the preparation of which took all my spare time for a month. In other directions I have had better luck. Two high-school text-books, written soon after I came here, have met with gratifying success, and yield me an income of about $250 a year. Book reviewing, of which two well-known weekly journals give me all I can comfortably do, brings in about $200 a year; besides, I have the books, most of which I keep. Then there are the monthly magazines and weekly papers, to a number of which I have contributed from time to time, and from which I receive, on the average, $150 a year. Nearly all of this last is hack-work pure and simple, and some of it I have felt constrained to publish over an assumed name; but it brings me money, and I have to do it. As to lecturing, I have never found that very remunerative. Being a "new man," I had not been here long before I was asked to lecture in different places, and for awhile did so for my expenses, hoping to make a reputation. I have every reason to suppose that my lectures were well received, but, for some reason, they ceased to be called for when I set a price upon them. At present I charge $25 and travelling expenses, and average not more than three lectures a year. One of my colleagues does much better than this; but he lectures on popular scientific subjects, with apparatus and a stereopticon, while my lectures are just plain talk. Altogether, writing and lecturing add about $675 to my yearly income. Most of this I always mean to save, but I have never been able to lay by more than $500 in any one year, and I can see that, as my children grow up, even this small sum is certain to be reduced more and more.

How we have managed to get along on so little I have never been quite able to understand, perhaps because the credit of it belongs principally to my wife. As I look

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over my house, I see that it is furnished comfortably, but with a plainness so extreme as often to cause me a pang. The floors are painted, and covered with inexpensive rugs: I have never seen the time when I felt able to afford a Brussels carpet. I have a piano, bought on instalments, and a few choice pictures and pieces of bric-à-brac, most of them wedding presents. My library is small, and made up largely of French and German books in paper covers, and of books sent for review; the college library, however, is well selected, and I depend upon that for books by English and American writers. My table is amply furnished with plain food, and at rare intervals we treat ourselves to a glass of *ordinaire* for Sunday dinner. My wife makes her own clothes and those of my daughter, and I never have occasion to be ashamed of their appearance. Both the children take music lessons of a good teacher, and I have money enough laid by, with what I can hope to save from year to year, to send them to college when the time comes. There are two red-letter days in the year—one in the Spring, the other in the Fall—when we hire a horse and carriage and give ourselves a day in the country. A few years ago I bought a little place among the hills, to which we go every summer; it has a few acres of good land and a bit of wood, and each year there is pleasant satisfaction in improving it a little. When the fruit-trees have grown I hope to derive a little income from them.

A residence of fifteen years has failed to make me feel quite at home here. I still feel as though I were a temporary resident, in no real sense a part of the community; and I cannot help thinking that the community as a whole takes the same view. It is a curious old town, strangely compounded of provincialism, conservatism, and aristocratic pretension. There are a number of old families, now somewhat decayed but proud of their ancestry, jealous of newcomers, and inclined to hold aloof from persons not of their own set. I have never been able to discover that any one of them has ever done anything in particular for the town except to live in it, but they are almost always opposed to modern improvements, and seem bent upon preserving a local life identical with that of fifty years ago. A few of them, judged by local standards, are well-to-do, and several have been, at one time or another, connected with the college in the person of a professor; but I have been surprised to find a number of them who rarely read a magazine and never buy a book, never contribute anything to the church or any public object, and live, in the winter, mainly in one or two rooms of their large houses. From most of them we have received, at long intervals, formal calls, which we have regularly returned; beyond this, none of them has ever manifested any particular interest in us. I have long since ceased to wonder at this or be disturbed by it since discovering that they treat each other in much the same way. The church is as old as the town, and almost as conservative; its funds are raised with difficulty, and only the pastor seems to have an interest in modern methods and ideas. Society is clannish and runs to cliques, with a distinct line between the "town set" and the "college set," though a few persons, of course, belong to both.

For a long time this constant feeling that people expected me to go somewhere else after awhile, troubled me greatly, and the more because of my inability to account for it. Lately I have come to think that it is, in part at least, only a reflection of the attitude of the college. The college is old, with an honorable history. Among its graduates are numbered many distinguished men. It is poor, however—its income is less than $75,000 a year—it no longer receives large gifts, and its enrolment shows no special gains. Of the small faculty, somewhat more than half are themselves graduates of the college, who have taught here for periods ranging from twelve to thirty years. So far as is known, no one of them ever received a call to go elsewhere. They are most estimable men, praiseworthy alike for charm of manner and for fidelity to duty. They represent the traditions of the college, the old way of doing things, and, knowing little of what educators nowadays are thinking about, they are inclined to throw their influence in favor of keeping matters pretty much as they have always been. The minority of younger men, in which class I include myself, are thoroughly respected, and their scholarship is freely admitted; but on questions of college policy they find their judgment dis-

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trusted. We find it impossible to change many things which, in our opinion, imperatively need changing, and, in particular, to raise the general standard of scholarship; and in our zeal for reform we have sometimes, I fear, come near to getting ourselves disliked. I am inclined to think that to these conditions, well understood in certain circles in the town, is to be ascribed much of the feeling of lack of permanence just mentioned. I do not belong to the old guard, and I never can.

There are compensations, however. It is true that none of my colleagues are learned men, but I find among them pleasant intellectual companionship and some intellectual stimulus. Three of them are ordained ministers, and are in demand as preachers on special occasions. One has written a book, two have edited texts for class-room use, one has published in the magazines some entertaining sketches of travel. Several are influential members of various societies within the religious denomination with which the college is nominally identified. Nearly all take an active part in town affairs. One has served on the State Board of Education, another on the State Board of Health, a third as expert to the Board of Railroad Commissioners. Nearly a dozen national associations — scientific, educational, economic and historical — are represented in our little body. The college library is small, and the list of periodicals in its reading-room smaller still; nevertheless, most of the professors contrive to keep fairly abreast of what is going on in their own departments. To be sure, we often feel very much out of the world, and our distance from a large city prevents us from enjoying, save at rare intervals, either a good concert or a good play, though we occasionally afford a lecture. For recreation we have to depend upon ourselves; and while our resources are very limited, and constantly threaten to become monotonous, our local entertainments are often highly creditable. Of course we have afternoon teas, and frequent dances for the young people. A winter rarely passes without at least one reception on a large scale.

Several times, during the first ten years, I received calls to other colleges, where the duties would have been at least as congenial as here, and the salary somewhat larger. All of these, for one reason or another, I declined, though in one case with a lingering feeling that perhaps I had made a mistake. Twice I had good chances to go into business, but refused these also, partly because of the risk involved, chiefly because I felt sure that I should not like a business life. The great struggle came some three years ago, when the call for which in my younger days I had fondly hoped, and for which I had meant that all my life should be a direct preparation, was at last received. I was offered a professorship in a university. The offer was unsolicited, and enforced by many sincere expressions of personal regard from the president. The salary was $4,000 a year, and the amount of class-room work expected considerably less than I was doing here. I shall never forget the seriousness with which my wife and I discussed the proposition, and how we were swayed, first in one direction and then in another, by our hopes and our fears, our longings and our apprehensions. When, in the end, I wrote a letter of declination, it was with a conviction that I had destroyed the last bridge behind me, and settled my fate for the rest of my life.

I refused because I could not afford, financially speaking, to accept. To live in ———, even on $4,000 a year, in as much relative comfort and peace of mind as was possible here on $2,000, I knew to be utterly impossible. The position of professor, while of the highest honor, carried with it social obligations which I could not hope to evade, but which it would cost a good deal of money to meet. I should have to pay twice as much for house-rent, have better furniture, more books, two servants instead of one, and more and better clothes. Most of the professors I knew to be wealthy; to compete with them on their own ground, or to live within my salary and at the same time retain influence and standing, were both out of the question. Moreover, if I stayed where I was, I could save something out of my extra earnings, while if I went to the university I should need them all and more for living expenses.

There were other reasons, though of less importance, and to some of which I felt rather ashamed to attach any weight. In nearly every respect my life here is a

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comfortable one. I teach eleven hours a week, have every Saturday to myself, with long vacations at Christmas and Easter, besides the summer. The college is too small to need elaborate administrative machinery, and I am free from the burden of committee work which my university friends find so time-consuming. Teaching the same subjects for fifteen years, with only such minor variations as changes in the curriculum have, from time to time, wrought, has thoroughly familiarized me with the subject-matter of my college courses, so that I no longer find it necessary to spend much time in direct preparation for the class-room. The work of the class-room is, for the most part, elementary, and while my own knowledge increases from year to year, the ability of students to learn and assimilate remains a pretty constant quantity. Further, that intense pressure to know the latest and veriest details of their specialties which university instructors feel—a pressure largely exerted by the students themselves—is wholly unknown here. I have to urge my students, but they never urge me. I must confess that I prize the opportunity of doing my work in a leisurely way. It gives me more time for reading and thinking, and helps to broaden, if not to deepen, my work. My college duties are, to be sure, rather mechanical; it is about the same story year after year, but I do not know that they are any more monotonous or any less interesting than those of the average minister, or doctor, or lawyer, or merchant. The college has my best thought and ability, and far the larger part of my time; I think I render the institution a full equivalent for all it pays me, and something more. At the same time, I have to own that I do not know where I could earn two thousand dollars a year as easily and pleasantly as here, or where that sum would represent so comfortable a living.

So I stay on from year to year, notwithstanding opportunities to go elsewhere. I confidently expect to end my days in this little country town. I never hope to enjoy a larger income, or to be able to lay by much of anything for rainy days. I have never been to Europe again, and my learned books are still unwritten. Now and then an old student whom I have helped comes back at Commencement time, and drops in to tell me of his success; a good many more, I have reason to believe, retain for me a kindly and grateful feeling. I hope to live long enough to see both my children through college and started upon their life-work. What will happen to me when I am old, and no longer useful to the college, I do not know, and hardly dare to think; but plainly I must keep at work as long as I can, and trust to a kind Providence for the rest. My wife tries to cheer me by assuring me that we are a great deal better off than I think, and that everything will come out all right in the end. I am quite certain that she believes what she says, and I am not sure but that I do, too.

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"THE DURKET SPERRET"

By Sarah Barnwell Elliott

Author of "Jerry"

XIII

We wear out life, alas!
Distracted as a homeless wind,
In beating where we must not pass,
In seeking what we shall not find.

IT was a dismal scene the next morning. The house was an island, and all things that could float—small coops, chips, brush—were bobbing up and down against the fences, and tapping like persistent ghosts against the house. The fowls that had gone to roost in the loft of the stable were making a great noise, and Hannah laughed as she heard them. "I'll git Dock to ride out an' feed 'em." As she spoke she heard a cheerful "Git up, Bess," and a splashing as Dock rode up to the piazza.

The flood seemed to throw Mrs. Warren into a pleasant excitement. She pottered about sweeping out the chips, looking at the hens, and measuring the rise of the water, until Si's voice called from the high road. Hannah's heart sank. She was not summoned, however, but when she took Mr. Warren's dinner in she saw that there was trouble. She nodded to Si, but he paid no heed, and he and Mrs. Warren went to dinner in silence.

"Si's been done powerful mean," Mr. Warren said, "they've gin him the po'res' heff o' ever'thing. The Budds done hit. They app'inted Reub Budd to choose fur Dave, an' Slocum for Si. Si says Slocum hed mostly first ch'ice, but tuck the wust every time. Si says Minervy hed Slocum paid. Thar is onjestice been done, an' trouble'll come. Heaper Si's lan' is in thet ole graveyard, an' he says he's gwine to plough hit up kase thar's Budds an' Slocums buried thar."

Hannah looked at her grandfather in horror. "Who'd eat thet corn, Gramper? dead folks' corn!"

"Hit's awful; but Si's sot on doin' hit. Sure*ly* these is the last days, Hannah, an' folks ain't got no feelin's fur nothin'—no insides o' any kind leff."

"Hev you hearn, Hannah?" Mrs. Warren asked when she and Si returned from the kitchen, "how they've cheated Si?"

"Yes, Granny, hit's bad. But them Budds don't look straight."

"If I jest live long enough," Si said, "I'll sp'ile Minervy. Thar's lots of ways to do hit. I'll ruin any pusson what goes aginst me—" looking straight in Hannah's eyes.

All Mrs. Warren's excitement forsook her after this. The sun came out, Mr. Warren foretold good weather, and the water began to recede, but nothing roused her from her angry silence. The Durkets were being overrun by the Budds. The ploughing up of the graveyard was rather awful, but anything else that Si could do for revenge would be justifiable, and the worse the better. She did not tell what Si had hinted in the way of retaliation. The trapping of rabbits to be turned into Minerva's garden—the rotten rails that Dave's own hogs could root away, and gain a night in the potatoes and corn—the mixture that would make hogs seem to die of cholera. There was much that patience could accomplish, and if Dave put up corn, or 'roughness,' or meat that year it would be a surprisingly small quantity. All this had been outlined during dinner. Mrs. Warren brooded over it, but did not tell it, for she felt that her husband and Hannah were quite capable of warning Dave.

At supper Dock told some strange news to Mrs. Warren, reporting the talk about Si's house and the bad division of the things.

"He'll be hevin' a hant," Dock finished, "kase he's gwine to onderpin hisn's new house with the gravestones."

Mrs. Warren almost dropped her cup. "Sure*ly* that ain't true!"

"Thet's what they say," Dock answered, "an' all the folks is awaitin' an' awatchin' to see."

Build his house on piles of gravestones! Mrs. Warren did not sleep that night.

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For a time they did not hear any more of Si's plans: meanwhile the water subsided and things were replaced; but of course the crop was injured, the more so as there came a freeze while all was wet, and the apple and peach trees looked as if they had been boiled. It was a very bad season, and Mr. Warren's rheumatism increased day by day.

It was hard on Hannah, and Lizer Wilson, returning from Sewanee, leaned over the fence to talk to the girl, who was milking, thinking to hear some complaints.

"Hit's a hard time we're agoin' to hev," Lizer began. "Thar ain't much bo'ders come to Sewanee outside the students; an' tradin'll be sca'ce."

"Thet'll be hard on you, Lizer," Mrs. Warren said, coming out to the fence.

"Hit'll be hard on heapser folks," Lizer answered, "but if Hannah'll keep Dock in work—" with a leer in her eyes.

Mrs. Warren withered the leer with a glance. "Work'll be sca'ce, too," she said.

"An' they do say," Lizer went on, quickly, "thet the flood over to Durket's were the wust thet ever was. Hit muster skeered the rabbits, kase Jane Harner says thet the sight o' them as were ketched in Dave's garden wornt never seen afore; an' hit were eat off clean as youun's han'."

"Thet's a jedg*ment* on Minervy Budd fur cheatin' Si," said Mrs. Warren.

"Hit looks thet away," Lizer assented. "An' thar ain't a nigger thet'll stay thar over-night kase o' the hant. An' t'other night they hearn a great miration in the chicken house, an' ther they ketched two critters eatin' jest ever'thing; thar wornt *no* nestesses leff."

"Thar hit is again," commented Mrs. Warren. "Hit's a jedg*ment*; an' if you'll watch, Lizer Wilson, you'll see thet Minervy Budd won't save nothin' *this* year."

"Hit do look thet away. Jane Harner says thet water never hurt Si, kase hit wasted hitself on Dave. An' Si's garden is good, an' some o' hisn's corn is s'prisin' high."

"Whar 'bouts?"

"In the—the best corn is in the ole graveyard."

"Who'll want thet?" cried Hannah.

"Folks away won't know no difference," Lizer answered, "ner cattle at home."

"But no blessin' will come on Si," Hannah said. Mrs. Warren was silent.

"Jane says," Lizer went on, without comment, "thet Si made a good sale on the timber, an' tuck the stones to onderpin hisn's house, kase he says the Budds and Slocums is jest about fitten to onderpin hisn's house and topdress his land."

"And what do the Budds and Slocums say?"

"They're mad as fire, but they're fear'd, kase all the valley knows they done Si a onjestice."

Hannah shook her head. "Thet don't nowise skuse Si," she said. "An' what's Minervy adoin'?"

"They do say she's pestered to death. What with the niggers 'fusin' to stay thar, an' the chickens bein' eat up, an' the garden gone, an' the water awashin' everything, she's too much to stand. Folks don't favor her much, nohow."

"She ain't nothin' to favor," struck in Mrs. Warren.

"Mighty nigh true," Lizer assented. "An' they do say Si's house is tastey; but he's skeerder what he's done, an' he's drinkin' hard, Jane says. You ought to go over thar, Mrs. Warren."

"You're right," was answered, with surprising mildness. "An' I'll try to git to go." Then Lizer went her way.

"Ain't you sorry, Granny?"

"Sorry, gal? Hit's done done, an' I ain't agoin' back on my own," Mrs. Warren answered, "an' I ain't afeard to go an' stay in Si's house. Gravestones or no gravestones, I'm agoin'. An' I wants to see Minervy Budd pestered—pestered to death—please God."

Time wore on, and after a long absence, Lizer brought a message from Si that he was coming to fetch Mrs. Warren and Hannah. Lizer also told how the hogs had ruined Dave's potatoes, and that there was some strange disease among Dave's hogs. "An' the jedg*ment* is so sure that folks is skeered." Si, on the contrary, flourished; but people did not seek his company, and he wanted Mrs. Warren's aid in a social way.

"Si need not ax me," Hannah said, "I ain't agoin' to no sich place."

When Si came, Hannah was on the front piazza. She declined firmly. "Do you mean hit, Hannah, mean that you

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ain't acomin' to *my* house?" the pupils of his eyes contracting.

"Yes," she answered. "You have done a bad sin, ploughin' up dead folks, an' I ain't acomin'." There was a moment's silence, then Si raised his hand to heaven.

"'Fore God, Hannah, I'll make you sorry," he said. He shook his finger in her face. "Thar's one mo chance I'll gie you, an' if you 'fuses thet, the Lord'll hev to he'p you fur the talk I'll raise."

"I don't want no mo chance, Si, an' the Lord *will* he'p me." Then Mrs. Warren called, and Hannah went in.

Mrs. Warren was to spend two nights at Si's house. She went off with a brave front, but was much relieved to find that Jane Harner and her oldest daughter were to be there to do the work, and that Dave and Minerva were to receive her. This last bit of news pleased her, for she had come to enjoy Minerva's ill-luck quite as much as Si's house. Underneath all, however, was honest loyalty to the Durkets. She hoped that by staying in the house she could do away with the stories of "hants," and take from Hannah a strong argument against Si. If Hannah could adduce a "hant" all the world would support her against Si and the ploughed graveyard and desecrated gravestones. Whereas great prosperity and genial "free-handedness" might obliterate all, if there were not a "hant" and an obstinate girl to remind people.

Mrs. Warren was delighted with everything. There was no sign of the old graveyard; instead, a field of the finest corn she had seen. She looked furtively at the foundations of the house, but the stones were so neatly built together that no one would think of gravestones in connection with them. The house was neatly finished, and painted, papered, and furnished with a gaudiness that enchanted Mrs. Warren. She and Si walked home with Dave and Minerva that afternoon, and while at the old house Mrs. Warren called attention to all the points of superiority in Si's house and farm. She sympathized cheerfully with Minerva's misfortunes, pointing out the judgment in it all so clearly that Minerva felt that for her the last great day had come and gone.

Si and Mrs. Warren sat late over the fire that night, and finishing with hot grog the old woman slept too heavily to be roused by 'hants'; but Jane Harner heard noises like fleeing footsteps and hushed oaths! She wrapped her head in the blanket:—a 'hant' that cursed and trampled like cattle was too awful! Cows got into Dave's corn that night. Some of the top rails of the fence were old, and were broken where they jumped in. In the morning Dave was in despair, and Mrs. Warren and Si enjoyed his misfortune as only near relatives could. Many neighbors came in that day to see Mrs. Warren. She escorted them about gladly, calling on all to witness that she had slept soundly. Hot grog finished the second evening also, and though Mrs. Warren was tremulous when she reached home the next day, she could triumphantly deny the 'hants,' much to Hannah's discomfort. Not long after this, on a fair, fresh day, that made one glad to live, Si came over. Mr. Warren, whose rheumatism had gone, was in the garden, Hannah was at the wash-tub, and Mrs. Warren on the front piazza.

"I'm come to see Hannah," Si said. "The house is done, an if she's acomin' I wants to know. This is the last chence I'm agoin' to give her, an' thet's p'int blank."

Mrs. Warren's eyes flashed. "If you wants the gal, Si Durket, thet ain't no way to talk, an' Hannah ain't gwine to tuck hit."

"She kin please herself," Si said, doggedly, "but hit's her last chence."

"You're a fool!" and, knocking the ashes from her pipe, Mrs. Warren rose. "I'll call her, an' I'll talk to her; but I ain't agoin' to hev no fits ner no 'sputin'. You must 'member, Si Durket, thet you ain't got but heff o' what you hed. Jest heff o' farm, an' piece o' thet graveyard. An' I wants you to know thet hit makes a difference to me, anyhow. Not to Hannah, kase she's sich a fool she'd tuck you 'thout nothin', if so be she hed a favor to you. If you'll keep quiet, I'll keep on a talkin' to her right stiddy 'bout hit, an' bime by she mout tuck you." Si's face grew more sullen. His aunt was right. He was worth only half as much as was expected, and had become, besides, a marked man.

Mrs. Warren waited; she knew that she had him at a great disadvantage. But Si made no acknowledgment of this; he brooded for a few moments, then repeated:

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"Hit's the last chence."

Mrs. Warren hesitated. Was he in earnest? Would it be wiser to persuade him or to call Hannah and let her teach his pride a lesson? She called, and the girl came reluctantly, wiping her hands on her apron. Greeting Si quietly, Hannah stood silent. One moment the trio waited, then Si spoke.

"I promised I'd come again, Hannah," he said, "an' I'm come. What word is thar fur me?"

"An' you'd better gie him a good word," Mrs. Warren struck in. "H'll gie you time to steddy 'bout hit, if you axes hit. I'm agittin' tired o' this foolishness, an' I ain't agoin' to hev hit. The nice new house awaitin'," she urged, alarmed at the realization of the dangerous state of things—that the new house and furniture, that Minerva's complete defeat, that possibly the future of the Durkets, hung in the balance. "An' ever'thing so handy, an' Minervy nigh dead kase hit ain't hern. Now mind what you say, gal, an' gie youun's cousin a good word; fur God knows what we'll do 'ginst the winter."

Hannah glanced apprehensively at her grandmother, but as the old woman went on, half cajoling, half threatening, she turned her face away and looked down the little valley.

"I ain't never hed but one word fur Si," she said, still looking far away; "an' he knows thet word; an' you knows thet word; an' I'll set my life 'gainst the winter."

Si turned on his heel and walked away with a look in his eyes that startled the old woman. Would he kill the girl some time when she was away from the house?

"Si!" she called—"Si!"—but he paid no heed, and mounting his horse, dashed straight up the hillside. Then Mrs. Warren turned on Hannah, and for the first time in her life Hannah realized what awful things words could be. Abused, taunted, cursed, insulted, lashed past endurance by the vulgar fury of the old woman's tongue, she turned a white face and blazing eyes on her persecutor. "Thet's enough," she said, in a low tone. "Youun's words hev set me free, an' I'm agoin'."

"Hannah!" and old Mr. Warren laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Tuck thet back, chile!"

"I can't, Gramper," and, trembling with excitement, she went back to her work. Mrs. Warren's words burned in her ears; dreadful words she had never heard before. If her grandmother could say such things, what could not Si say? and he had threatened her. Her one thought was to get away from them. She would go to Sewanee and get work. She was sorry to leave her grandfather; but she could not stay where such things were said to her.

While she worked through the long day with feverish nervousness, she matured her plans, and a determination once reached, she felt happier, even though her pillow was wet with tears when she fell asleep.

XIV

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!

MRS. WARREN would not speak to Hannah the next morning, and ignored the preparations for going to Sewanee. She saw no bundle, only the butter and eggs that always went for coffee and sugar; and she drew the rash conclusion that Hannah had repented. When all was ready, Hannah led the horse to the big gate. Mr. Warren stood there, waiting.

"You're comin' back to-day?" he asked, wistfully.

"Yes, Gramper," then looking down. "Ax Granny what she said to me."

"I hearn: but furgit an' furgive, or mebbe God'll furgit an' not furgive."

"You only hearn some, Gramper." Then she rode away.

Once more she found Agnes and Max Dudley at the gate.

"Where have you been all this time?" Agnes asked.

"Home, workin'."

"You look overworked," Max said.

"Hit aint work thet hurts," Hannah answered, "but everything hev gone aginst me. I've come to hire out," looking wistfully at Agnes.

"Hire!—You?" Max questioned. "Will your people allow it?"

"I wont ax. Granny's done said words what set me free. I'll send 'em all the money; but I won't live thar any mo'. I can't."

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"If you are in earnest," Agnes said, "I want a girl. Can you wait on table?"

Hannah looked puzzled. "You mean set a table? I dunno if I knows youun's ways, but I kin larn."

"Come in then and we will talk about it."

Max lifted his cap. "I will see you later, Miss Agnes," he said. Then to Hannah. "I think I will go to Lost Cove this very day."

Old Mr. Warren and his son had impressed Max when he met them as being so thoroughly good. And the handsome face of the son was the saddest he had ever seen. That his daughter should offer herself as a servant was an unknown thing in her grade of life. Sometimes a native would go into service, but never of Hannah's class. He wondered what had driven her to it. The girl and her story interested him, and he decided to go to Lost Cove and solve the little mystery. It was a charming day for the walk, and he might do some good.

Meanwhile Hannah and Agnes had settled terms, and Hannah was to come the next day. But their relations seemed to have changed, and without being told Hannah went out by the back door. Miss Welling had been very clear and decided in the statement of Hannah's duties, but her voice had been kind, and her terms liberal, and afterward she had smiled pleasantly and hoped that Hannah would like her new home. What had made Hannah for the first time leave the house by the back door? The girl puzzled over this question as she rode.

The level road being done, Hannah gathered up the bridle for the rough descent, and saw Max Dudley.

"You have caught me," he said; "I am glad, for your grandmother might not be pleased to see me."

"I reckon she will; she mostly likes comp'ny."

Max laid his hand on her bridle, and they journeyed on together. "Do you think you will like being a servant?"

"I dunno."

"You won't be free, you know; and your place will be in the kitchen. Have you thought of all this?"

"I dunno, Mr. Dudley." Hannah's heart grew cold, and the sure things of life seemed to be slipping away. "I dunno how hit'll be, but it can't be no harder 'an Granny."

"What made her so angry?"

"Kase I won't marry my cousin, Si Durket." The color rushed into the girl's face. "I can't do that; no, sir; I'll be a nigger fust."

"And your grandfather?"

"Gramper don't favor Si."

They had come down the mountain quite rapidly while they talked, and were now at the Warrens' gate, where Lizer Wilson leaned, talking to Mrs. Warren. The conversation ceased as Hannah and Dudley appeared, and Lizer smiled as Max helped the girl off the horse, instead of leading the horse to the fence and allowing her to climb down, as was the valley custom. Mrs. Warren looked pleased, but Lizer, knowing the differences that obtained at Sewanee, smiled a smile that vocalized itself while Dock ate his dinner.

"What kin you say fur youun's great Hannah Warren," she began, "acomin' down the mountain 'longer University boy, an' him aleadin' ole Bess like Hannah couldn't ride a nag. An aheppin' her off like she were hisn's woman, an' a mile o' fence right thar whar any right kinder gal woulder clum down. An' ole Mrs. Warren so proud, like Hannah hed done met up alonger her ekals. An' him—Dudley's hisn's name—takin' of hisn's hat, an' bowin' an' shuckin' han's like he does up to the University womens. Gosh! But he jest nods hisn's head to me. I knows mor'n he thinks I knows 'bout him, akeepin' comp'ny alonger that Agnes Wellin' up yander. She holds herself mighty high; an' if she do tuck Hannah to the parlor, an' sen's me to the kitchen, taint kase she 'lows Hannah's her ekal. Gosh!" but Hannah Warren'll be as low down as Lizer Wilson soon."

"I'll kill her fust!" Dock's face had grown very white under Lizer's fire of innuendo. He had not spoken, for that would have made things worse; but his anger broke bounds at last, and it was with infinite scorn that he looked on his father's wife and said—"I'll kill her fust."

Lizer rose, too, her low face contracting with fury. "You'll kill her fust, will you! 'Fore God, I'll make hit so you'll want to, I knows how to hurt you, Dock Wilson, an' I'll do hit or die! Jest wait—wait!" and she shook her fist in his face.

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Walking up the mountain in the red afternoon light, Max Dudley remembered Hannah Warren in many different poses. She had shown to great advantage in her own sphere. He would call on Agnes Welling and tell her of the flood as Hannah had described it, making it quite an idyl. He wondered how the girl would bear being a servant, as servants were held by the educated classes. It would take character to stand such a test, and in his heart he added, "blood." There was no telling about American blood, and Mr. Warren's blood might have been very blue in ages past. Hannah might have hereditary right to her simple dignity and beauty.

And Hannah, waiting at the gate for the cows, asked her grandfather, with a hopeless ring in her voice, "What's the diffrunce, Gramper, 'twixt me an' Miss Agnes? An' Mr. Dudley don't look like he's the same kinder creetur as Si Durket."

"Thet's true," Mr. Warren answered. "An' steddyin' 'bout hit, hit seems like folks an' cattle favors one another. All cattle is got fo' legs, an' yeers, an' tails; but hit takes more'n yeers, an' tails, an' legs, to make a Jersey cow. Jim Blount, up yander, is got a cow liker pictur. Hit's a cow, but hit's no mo' like ourn cows 'an Mr. Dudley's like Si Durket. Thar *is* a diffrunce, and I've been a steddyin' 'bout hit, an' to save my life I can't see nothin' in hit but wittles, an' shelter, an' seein' fur."

"Well, thet beats me," Hannah said.

"So hit do tell you steddies 'bout hit. Now a man what ploughs must hev bacon an' corn bread, an' heapser hit; an' when hisn's day's work's done he's so tired thet he don't steddy 'bout hisn's shelter. But them folks to Sewanee, they don't to say work, an' they eats mostly chickens an' light-bread; an' when they gits done asettin' aroun' all day readin' books, they ain't to say clean wore out, an' ever'thing's got to be mighty nice 'fore they kin sleep. An' their pars, an' all their gran'pars done the like afore 'em, tell they come to look an' to be mighty diffrunt from folks what's abeen ploughin' since Adam. An' they looks at weuns like Jim Blunt's cow would look at ourn cow; an' they'd die to live like weuns live."

"But Granny don't 'llow thar's no difference."

Mr. Warren chuckled. "Granny's eyes ain't been let to see nothin' but Durkets," he said, "an,' any how, some folks don't see fur. Now thar were Pete and Joshaway; Pete were furever findin' sumpen—pickin' up buttons, an' nails, an' the like; an' Joshaway, adrappin' ever'thing. An' when I come to steddy 'bout them boys, I seen thet Pete were allers alookin' down, an' Joshuaway allers alookin' up. An' Pete traded Joshaway outer ever'thing. But Joshaway didn't keer. If he could set by the branch an' watch the water—or lay on hisn's back awatchin' the clouds—he were satisfy to let Pete tuck ever'thing. An' Pete went out to Texas to make money, an' Joshaway stayed home an' died aworking fur ole folks what couldn't do him no good. An' settin' by the fire a po' cripple, I've steddied a heap; an' if Joshaway coulder had book-larnin' he'd abeen like them folks at Sewanee, kase he never eat much no how. But Joshaway an' them folks to Sewanee seen fur—seen further 'an money. But Granny don't. She never knows the blossoms is ablowin', ner she never hears the rain atalkin'; she never b'lieves in no sperret 'ceppen the Durket sperret. But she don't mean no harm. An' folks what seen fur tuck to fine wittles; an' folks what never seen fur was satisfy alonger bacon. But I dunno which gits the most satisfaxion; an' hit seems they gits mixed somehow, kase you an' Joshaway oughter been to Sewanee, an' not in no kitchen nuther."

The girl's face grew hard. "If hit gits mixed, hit gits mixed," she said, "an' I'm a bad mistake, kase I'll heffter be satisfy in the kitchen, to Sewanee."

For a moment Mr. Warren put his hand over his eyes, then he lifted his head. "The fust time I seen Jim Blount's fine cow, she were in a mighty po' ole stall," he said, "but thet didn't hurt her, no, sir! she set the old stall off—she did."

XV

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink
i' the scale.

THE life at Sewanee was a revelation to Hannah.

"You never seen the like, Gramper,"

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Hannah said, on her first visit home. "They eats the soup, then all them dishes hev to be tuck offen the table; then they hes meat, an' taters, an' sich; then all them dishes hev to be tuck offen the table; then they has raw greens, an' all *them* dishes hev to be tuck offen the table; then I gits a silver trowel an' scrape that table to get the crumbs offen hit; then they hes sweet mixtry's they calls 'zert; an' cawfee. An' when hit's done thar ain't one o' them, 'Fesser Wellin', ner Miss Agnes, ner her leetle nevvy, hev eat a good meal—they picks."

"Hit seems to me like hit's a heap o' foolishness," Mrs. Warren said, "an' I don't see whar you gits time fur youun's dinner."

Hannah flushed hotly. "Oh, I gits time; I eats in the pantry."

"Alonger the niggers?"

"No, the niggers eats in the kitchen."

"Too good for the niggers, an' not good enough for white folks," Mr. Warren pushed his chair back. "Is you satisfy, gal?" he asked.

"Hit's bettern some things I knows on," Hannah answered. Then a silence fell while Mr. Warren walked to the gate and back. When he resumed his seat Mrs. Warren asked, "Does you set down while youun's white folks is a eaten?"

"No, Miss Agnes don't want me to set down."

"Do she let you talk?"

"No, she don't."

Mr. Warren looked at the girl curiously. "Thet's *wussern* a nigger." Hannah was silent. Her cheeks would always burn with the memory of Agnes's words—"A servant must always stand in the presence of a master or mistress, Hannah, and never speak unless spoken to." Those words made her remember how the apple-blossoms had looked after the frost.

"Hev theyuns got ary dorg?" Mrs. Warren asked at last; "kase if thar ain't none, sposen you gits down an' be a dorg?"

Hannah rose. "I must be astartin'," she said.

"I'll git Bess an' the mule," Mr. Warren answered, "you shent go back like a nigger, nohow."

Dock, who was regularly hired now, had been sitting on the step listening; and the admissions wrung from the girl hurt him. Being even *his* wife would be better. He had never dared to lift his eyes to Hannah, and he did not now, except in a sort of dream. In parting with her grandfather at the Wellings' gate, Hannah said—"I aint acomin' home fur a long time, Gramper. Long as I'm up har hit don't seem bad, kase I sees the difference 'twixt me an' Miss Agnes so p'int blank thet hit seems right fur me to tuck orders; but when Granny talks it seems awful. Farwell."

Max Dudley watched Hannah with much interest, and Cartright with amusement. "It is ruination," Cartright said, "to lower that 'wild child of the forest' to civilization."

"On the contrary," Agnes answered, "she is being elevated."

"She looks cast down," Max rejoined.

"Of course, she is now realizing that she is not the highest; but that is necessary. We must see the heights before we can scale them."

"Are you sure civilization is a height?"

"Yes, Mr. Dudley, and I say, Rise at any cost. The girl is a different creature already. You remember when you dined with us yesterday, she became so absorbed in the conversation that she forgot her duties?"

"Yes," Max answered. He remembered uncomfortably the pained interest on the girl's face as Professor Welling discussed caste and the dense ignorance of the 'covites,' their lack of ambition, and his hopelessness as to their future. The look of wondering pain in the girl's eyes had made Max contradict as flatly as he might the Professor's position. How pitiful that she did not stay in her own sphere! He looked back to where Hannah followed them, carrying Miss Welling's books. They were on their way to a mission Sunday-school, where, twice during the week, Agnes went to impart secular knowledge. Hannah went with her always. As Max looked back now, there was a lack of spirit in the girl's whole bearing that was pathetic. "Are you tired, Hannah?" he called, almost involuntarily. Agnes and Cartright turned, too, and Hannah looked up quickly.

"No, sir; no, I ain't tired!"

"You see I have been a guest in her

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house," Max explained in a lower voice to his companions, "and I do not think she understands the 'accident of birth.' To her equality is a fact, not a theory."

"I do not agree with you," Agnes answered; "Hannah quite understands that there is a difference, for she asked the cause."

"And your answer?"

Agnes smiled. "To my surprise I was rather puzzled how to answer. She told me that her grandfather thought it was due to 'shelter, an' wittles, an' seein' fur.'"

"Good!" Cartright exclaimed. "Environment; and 'seeing' far will stand for the survival of the fittest. Good!"

"And Mr. Dudley's sympathy is wasted," Agnes went on, "for you see they discuss this thing." And they moved aside to let a horseman pass. He gave a surly 'Evenin',' and Agnes thought she had never seen a more evil face. Hearing a rude laugh, she turned. "He speaks to Hannah," she said.

"Some rustic lover," and Cartright moved on.

"No, we will wait for her. See, she has stepped quite into the bushes. Call her, Mr. Dudley."

"We are waiting, Hannah!" Max called, and walked a few steps toward her. Then Si, for it was he, rode on.

Hannah had been horrified when startled from her dreams by Si's voice, and had drawn aside to let him pass; but he stopped. "I'm agoin' to the Cove," he said, "what shall I say?"

"Nothin', 'ceppen I'm well," she answered.

"An' whar's you agoin'?"

"To school."

"Po' folks' school! I've hearn 'bout 'em. Larnin' the po' Covites fur nothin'. An' you walks behind an' totes youun's missus's books. Lord!" and he laughed. "Won't I tell Aunt Tildy, an' she'll bile over."

Here Max's call interrupted them, and Hannah started forward. "Youun's marster's acallin'; go on, Nigger," jeered Si, in a low voice, and Hannah made no answer.

"Is it all right, Hannah?" Max asked as she neared them.

"Yes, sir," looking up with flashing eyes and scarlet cheeks. "Hit were my cousin, sir, Si Durket."

"Oh!" and Max resumed his place by Agnes's side.

XVI

> That small, small, imperceptible
> Small talk, which cuts like powdered glass
> Ground in Tophana.

OFTEN after this, Si met the school-party. He had ascertained the days on which they went out; and that during the week Hannah and Miss Welling went alone, but that many times Max Dudley walked out to meet them. On Sunday Dudley and Cartright always went. Much of Si's information came from Lizer Wilson, who had told him also of Dudley's escorting Hannah down the mountain. And Si had seen Dudley give his umbrella to Hannah once. A sudden summer shower, and the girl was unprotected at the station. Max handed her his umbrella and joined Cartright.

Cartright had smiled, saying: "She is very handsome, but fancy giving one's umbrella to a servant."

"She is a woman, and in many ways an unprotected one," Max answered.

"And so you draw attention to her?"

Max looked at his companion curiously. "I do not quite understand you."

Cartright laughed. "I understand you, however." A third student joined them, and the subject was dropped.

But it all sifted down to the valley, where it spread and grew up to the station again, then to the University. Dudley had been chaffed by Cartright for giving Miss Welling's maid his umbrella. The laugh grew. Some laughed at the devotion that could reach from mistress to maid; some because the maid was so handsome; but all laughed in a quiet way.

So the summer waxed and waned, and Hannah, not wanting to be disturbed, did not go home at all. At first she got home news from Dock, but gradually Dock's visits ceased, and Hannah feared that he had heard the talk which her grandmother had hurled at her that last day. At last, in September, she grew anxious, and decided to go down. She asked for a day, but a guest was expected, and Agnes

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promised her several days later on. The guest was a Miss Vernon, and after the first week she often embarrassed Hannah by her cool, amused stare.

Miss Vernon accompanied the party to the Mission Sunday-school one day, ridiculing it at every step. Merrily they squabbled, Miss Vernon and Cartright against Max Dudley and Agnes; and Hannah, trudging on behind, wondered at the bright badinage and laughter. How narrow, and dark, and empty her world had been! How could she go back? Agnes had done much for her, teaching her many things outside her work; and the eager mind had grown rapidly.

During the afternoon a storm came up that settled into a steady downpour. Only two umbrellas were in the party of five, and there was a discussion. A number of the people were going to wait, and as some had to come far on the road to Sewanee, it was decided that Hannah should wait, in hope of the weather clearing. Hannah pleaded that she preferred a wetting, but Agnes was firm, and Hannah was left. Presently the party met the negro man sent by Professor Welling with cloaks and umbrellas.

"If only we had waited," Agnes said.

"Let me go back for Hannah," suggested Max, taking the extra shawl and umbrella. "We have not come far, and it would not do to leave her to Peter," he added, in a lower tone. "He regards her only as a servant, you know."

"You are very kind," and Agnes looked up, gratefully.

Then Max turned back, and Cartright pulled his mustache to hide a smile. "I suppose Dudley is living up to the lesson I heard him impressing this afternoon," he said. "Duty to one's neighbor. He is *such* a crank; I really believe he tries to do it."

"Take care, Mr. Cartright," and though Agnes smiled, there was a flash in her eyes. "I am ——"

"I know," and Cartright helped her over a little stream. "But Dudley goes too far. At the station the other day he gave that girl his umbrella. It is foolish, and causes remark." And he drew Agnes's cloak more closely about her, looking straight down into her eyes. "After all, the girl is a servant."

"Mr. Dudley *is* queer; but, then, Hannah is uncommonly handsome," said Miss Vernon.

A horseman passed them, and Agnes recognized Si Durket, of whom Hannah had told her.

Hannah stood alone in the schoolhouse doorway. The young people who giggled together regarded her as "sot up," and avoided her. Presently she saw Max Dudley returning. The young people giggled more than ever, and the old people, who wisely kept a "great gulf fixed" between their class and the university men, looked disapproving. They had heard talk about Hannah Warren, and seeing Max return in the rain for her, the vague reports took shape. When Max entered the room there was a dead silence.

"Miss Agnes sent this shawl, Hannah," he said. "We met the servant just a little way from here. If we walk fast we can catch them."

Hannah pulled her bonnet farther over her face, and wrapping the shawl hastily about her, stepped out into the rain before Max.

"Wait for the umbrella!" he called; but Hannah did not heed. Harder and harder came the driving rain and wind, but Hannah hurried on. With her bonnet drawn down and the shawl held close about her, she seemed not to know that Max was with her, and now and then helped her over bad places. On they went, with the umbrella well down in front. Suddenly they heard a shout, and found a horseman nearly on them, the horse starting wildly at the umbrella. Hannah sprang aside, and, looking up, faced Si Durket. There was a moment's pause—even in the storm, the girl thought—and, righting the umbrella, Max stepped again to Hannah's side. With a laugh, Si rode on.

"Your cousin?"

"Yes, sir." Yes, it was Si, and those people at the schoolhouse had laughed; and Lizer Wilson had hinted many times at her not being able to guide her horse down the mountain. There would be talk. But her grandmother's talk about Dock was worse. Would not one piece of talk kill another? And where would her character be when all was said?

"How quick you have been!" Agnes said, glancing at Cartright.

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"Yes, Hannah raced." Then to Cartright: "What is the joke?"

"My dear Dudley, I am only pleased to have some assistance with the umbrellas," Cartright answered.

Plodding on behind, Hannah wondered why Si could not have met them after they had joined the party.

XVII

Art thou a dumb, wronged thing that would be righted
Entrusting thus thy cause to me? Forbear!
No tongue can mend such pleadings; faith requited
With falsehood—love, at last aware
Of scorn—hopes, early blighted.

BEHIND her back Agnes's friends were laughing at her and blaming her; varying their remarks with wonderings as to whether she would marry Cartright or Dudley. Cartright had money, but Dudley agreed with her in all her fads, especially as to these country people and—her own maid! Meanwhile, Cartright kept Miss Welling in something of a temper about Dudley. Hannah had not had her holiday yet, and for some time had had no word. She was vaguely uneasy, when late one afternoon Dock came to the back door looking very miserable. "Kin I see you, Hannah?"

Hannah came out hastily. "Is Gramper sick, Dock?"

"No, nothin' don't ail nobody; I jest come to git the word 'bout you. Is you well; is all agoin' well; is you satisfy, Hannah?"

"Yes, Dock," the misery on his face creeping into her heart. "An' what ails you?"

"Nothin'—nothin'. Jest youun's Granny couldn't sleep last night 'kase a owl come thar and hollered all night long. I couldn't sleep nuther, an' I jest come to make sure 'bout you; thet's all. Farwell." He went away, and Hannah's heart sank. Something was wrong and Dock could not help her. Things were quiet after this, but somehow Hannah could not please her mistress. Could Miss Agnes be sick? Then one morning Dock came to say that Hannah was wanted at home, and Mr. Warren would come for her that afternoon. And Dock could explain nothing and escaped as soon as possible.

Very slowly Hannah went to find Agnes; very slowly, for she was weak and cold, and trembling. She paused in the dining-room to gain composure, and heard voices in the drawing-room. It was the high, sharp voice of Mrs. Skinner. "Indeed, for her own sake I would not keep her a moment longer," she said. "Good or bad, I would send her home. I have always thought her much too handsome for a servant." Then the voices were lost in the hall as Agnes conducted her visitor to the door.

Hannah leaned against the wall. It was she they were talking about, for the cook was black, she who must be sent home. Agnes returned through the hall, and Miss Vernon with her, laughing. "You are as solemn as an owl, Agnes. I would not let the stupid talk bother me. Send the girl home. I heard when I first came that they were laughing at Mr. Dudley about Hannah."

"And you did not tell me?" Agnes asked, quickly.

"Why should I? You have eyes and ears, and as Mr. Cartright is the coming man, why should you care if Mr. Dudley makes a fool of himself? And he seems to have done it thoroughly."

"I do *not* care," Agnes answered, but she shivered a little. The color flashed into Hannah's face, and her drooping figure straightened—a fire seemed lighted in her brain. Her grandfather had heard all this; all Sewanee had been talking, and of course the valley. She was to be sent away; her name was a byword! And Miss Agnes did not care. She went into the drawing-room and found Agnes and Miss Vernon at the window, watching the approach of Mr. Cartright. "What is it?" and Agnes turned her head. "Gramper is sent for me," her eyes were full of ineffable sadness; "says he'll come this evenin'."

Agnes's delicate color faded a little. "Very well," she said. "Your money will be ready. And——" she paused, then added, "as the term is nearly over, you need not return."

"Yes, Miss Agnes," the dark eyes not wavering; "shall I set the dinner-table?"

"Yes, and let Mr. Cartright in." Cartright met the eyes of the girl as she held

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the door open, "like a dumb animal," he thought, and hurried past.

"I am only a thing," Hannah thought. "A stick or a stone 'thout no feelin's." Great God! She knew her own class thoroughly. She had done nothing, and they knew it; but they would be glad to humble Mrs. Warren who "held her head so high," and herself, who had kept aloof. They would pretend to scorn her; would whisper when she came near; would laugh and make coarse jokes on her. A great wave of bitterness swept over her. Miss Agnes, who knew the truth, had turned from her; who would speak a word for her good name? Good name! it was already a byword. The glass she was polishing fell from her hands with a crash. She looked down—one of the best tumblers. The shock restored her and changed her train of thought. "We kin stan' up tell we draps," Dock had said. She must stand up, as far as the world could see.

She finished her work and went to her room to arrange her clothes. Her wardrobe had greatly increased and her things made two bundles. But all the things that Agnes had given her she put aside. She could not take them. Just as she finished she saw her grandfather at the gate, with old Bess and the mule. He looked older, and his head was bent, as if he could look no man in the face. *Why* did he not face the world and cry out to all that Si had done it! Why did he not kill Si? She went down hastily with the two bundles. "Hardy, Gramper," looking at him wistfully. "Here's my things."

The old man lifted his eyes, but not his head, and sighed.

"Si done hit, Gramper." She went on hurriedly, "You knows hit's all lies?"

"Lies or no lies, everybody is atalkin', an' Hannah Warren's name is in the dirt. Thar's no use atryin' to hide thet; we must hide you."

For a moment Hannah leaned against the horse. Si *had* ruined her.

"What is this, Hannah; going home?" Max Dudley stood behind her. "Ah, how are you, Mr. Warren?" to the old man.

"Yes, sir," Hannah answered, shocked into strength once more. "I'm goin' home. I'll be back in a minute, Gramper," and she turned to the house just as young Melville came up hurriedly, saying, "Come, Dudley, come, I have something to tell you." She knew what he meant.

Up to her room she crept, sitting down one moment to regain her strength; then she folded each ribbon and frill that Agnes had given her—the collars, the simple brooch. She would put them in Agnes's room—they would speak and say: "Covites have feelings." Would anyone ever love Agnes as she had done?

She pinned her little shawl about her, and, taking the little fineries and her bonnet, went to Agnes's room. In the doorway she paused; it was so pretty. Suppose she had lived in a place like this, would she have grown careless of people's feelings? Did fineness make people hard? A dry sob broke the stillness. She moved hastily to put down the things.

Not on the dressing-table, nor on the table: the sofa? that was lower. She turned the things over in her hands; they looked to be very poor when brought into this room? She laid them on the rug, near the fire-place. Miss Agnes would see them when she came—a humble little pile—then she went out, closing the door. In the hall below she met Agnes, with some money in her hands. Her eyes shone, and two spots of color were on her cheeks. "Your money," she said; "you have done remarkably well as waitress."

"Yes, Miss Agnes," but Hannah did not touch the money. "I broke one o' the good tumblers, Miss Agnes, an' please tuck it out."

"That is nothing," Agnes said, quickly, "I *never* count such things."

"But I does, Miss Agnes," and Hannah's hands remained folded.

Agnes paused, too provoked to speak, then put the money on a table near by. "There is your money," she said. "Good-by," and she walked away.

Hannah watched her a second, then took all the money save one half-dollar and went out. She mounted the horse in silence, and as they rode off asked, quietly: "What did Mr. Dudley say, Gramper?"

"Nothin' much. He axed what made you go, an' I tole him, an' they turned round and gone, lookin' like the dead."

"An' all fur Si's lies," Hannah said.

"Lies or no lies," the old man answered, as before, "hit's done done, an'

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youun's name is ruined. Youun's Granny laughs one minute, an' cusses the next. Thar's nothin' fur me to say, kase when the women-folks of a fambly goes down, hit's done fur. An' Lizer Wilson grins, an Si—well, Si says he's willin' to kivver youun's shame. Si says thet, an' hit's all we kin do."

Hannah clenched her teeth. Si, whose vile lies had brought her to this, offering to screen her from the world! Did they forget that death was left her still?

When they were out of the station limits Mr. Warren spoke again. "Hit's a good offer, to kivver youun's name. Thar's mighty few'd be willin' to pick a gal up outen the mud."

"Gramper, Si's throwed the mud on me to git me," Hannah said, sternly. "I ain't done nothin', an' I ain't agoin' to tuck Si, like I'm glad to git shed o' my name. I ain't shamed, an' I'll die 'fore I'll tuck Si."

"Hesh, gal! youun's life ain't yourn. Mertildy says hit all comes o' you bein' so biggitty, an' hit's true. Weuns is got to git outen this trouble, and Si's the best chance."

Hannah wheeled old Bess across the road, and stopped the mule. "If you says thet agin, Gramper, I'll ride straight on an' never come back no more." Her eyes burned like fire.

A groan broke from Mr. Warren's lips. "God hev mercy!" he said. Hannah waited a moment, then turned the horse and rode on. Presently Mr. Warren's mutterings began again. "Whar *is* he'p to come from? Mr. Dudley'll not make no motion. He kep' on asayin' 'Thar's nothin' in hit; God knows thar's nothin' in hit.' An' he looked like death. An' t'other feller says, 'Come, Dudley, come; hit's all damned nonsense.' 'Damned nonsense,' says I; 'yes, but *my* name is in the dirt, and *my* gal is done ruined. Who'll b'lieve hit's damned nonsense?' Thet's what I said, an' Dudley looked like death."

Hannah's head drooped. Shame on shame. Agnes had turned from her, and Max Dudley—— ? He had been so good to her; she knew it hurt him. The old man muttered on, but she did not listen. Her thoughts went back and forth, and pain seemed everywhere.

Down the rugged road they went in silence; then the green valley and the old home. The cows were waiting outside the fence, the chickens were scratching in a perfunctory way before going to roost—the pigs in their favorite mud-holes looked pictures of content, and the blue smoke curling from the kitchen stove-pipe showed the approach of supper. The mountain-tops still gleamed with sunlight, but the shadows were thick in the little valley.

Hannah saw her grandmother in the lobby, and longed to turn and flee, but her horse followed the mule and the bent old man through the gate that Dock, with averted face, held open. Mrs. Warren went into her room, and shut the door. What did it matter? When even Dock Wilson turned his face away, the limit was reached. Hannah went quietly to her room, but though Mr. Warren followed he did not put down the bundles, and to Hannah the room looked strange. Harness and tools were against the walls, and the clothes hanging about were men's clothes. Mr. Warren watched her. She asked no questions, but moved to take the bundles.

"Not yit," he said. "Dock stays in har, an' Si, when he's over. Youun's granny 'llowed the loft would do fur you."

A blow from the old man would not have been so cruel a shock.

"Yes, hit'll do," she answered.

"Youun's granny 'llowed Dock'd run the place on shar's, an' you'd tuck Si an' go," Mr. Warren said, as he followed up the steep steps and, putting aside the bundles, sat down on the low bed, made of boards laid on boxes, and looked at the girl, who had gone to the end window. Presently she turned, and said: "The loft, or the cow-house, or the pig-pen is good enough fur me, if so granny likes, but Si ain't good enough. If hit's to choose 'twixt rags, an' starvin', an' p'intin' fingers, or Si, I'll tuck hit all, but I'll *never* tuck Si!"

Mr. Warren climbed down the ladder slowly.

XVIII

Stronger than woe is will; that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.

ONLY one end of the loft had been made habitable, but on its improvement some one had spent great energy. The bed was

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neatly made, and by it was the bit of rag-carpet that had been in Hannah's room, down-stairs. There was no way of making a fire, for the chimneys went through in solid columns; but a bolt had been put on the trap-door that shut the loft from the lower world and air; and the largest cracks in the roof were stuffed carefully with straw. A shelf had been put near the window, and on it was Hannah's little looking-glass. On a box in one corner stood a tin basin and a piece of yellow soap; a rough-dried towel hung from a nail in the roof, and a bucket of fresh water was near.

"Dock done hit," she said; "if he turned his head away or no, Dock done hit;" and, at this first sign of sympathy, the tears sprang to her eyes. Tears were not for her now, and, brushing them aside, she untied her bundles. She took out her finest apron and best kerchief and, after rearranging her hair, put them on. She was quite conscious of the improvement in her wardrobe and in herself, and was determined to appear at her best. She needed every possible help now.

If her grandfather had stood by her; if her grandmother had not shown her contempt by putting her in the loft—shown it to Dock and to Si, and so to the country-side—she might have left her cause to others and broken down; but this treatment, as of one absolutely unworthy, roused her. The experience of a lifetime had swept over her since morning. She had to fight, and she descended to her grandmother's room as if she were an honored guest. She even went so far as to smile as she crossed the lobby, thinking, "Hit's the Durket sperret."

She did not heed that, after the first glance on her entrance, her grandmother turned her head away, but walked to the fire and, drawing a chair forward, sat down. Mr. Warren stared. How changed, how grand she was; what had happened? And he looked across at his wife doubtfully.

But there was no doubt in Hannah's manner as she smoothed her white apron, and folded her hands, as she had seen Agnes do: then began quietly to speak words that froze Mr. Warren's blood, almost.

"Granny," looking at the old woman, "couldn't you have stopped Si's lies? You knew hit was lies, kase you knew me. Hit don't look natteral for you to let 'em do me this bad to skeer me into tuckin' Si, an' you aknowin' that I aint skeery?"

Mrs. Warren was knitting, but at the girl's first words her hands began to tremble, then she dropped them and her work in her lap, but did not turn or speak.

"You said some hard words to me afore I went away," Hannah went on, "words thet no decent gal hed no 'casion to hear; but I never 'llowed you'd let outside folks talk 'bout youun's own flesh an' blood. An' I never 'llowed thet you b'lieved hit till you put me up loft."

Mrs. Warren trembled. Had the last day come that she should be dared like this! She was boiling with fury, but she remembered the third fit, and controlled herself. Her hands were gripped together—her eyes were flashing—her lips were quivering, but when she spoke her voice was quiet.

"I would have stopped it, Hannah Warren, if I hed hearn hit start; but hit were all through the country 'fore I hearn hit. An' I knowed pint blank that amany a ole debt o' mine were patched on to hit, an' I were abein paid off. An' I put you up loft kase hit's good enough for you. An' I hev cussed you, yes, an' all the Warrens; an' I cussed Si—yes, cussed him with a blight an' a blain, an' the sufferin' o' death 'thout death!" and rising she left the room.

There was silence until Mr. Warren spoke. "Si's astoppin' har," he said.

"Si!"

"That's hit; youun's Granny kep' him har fur you."

Hannah rose. Through the window she saw Si coming; then Dock spoke to him, and he turned toward the kitchen.

"Minervy an' Dave's nigh ruined," Mr. Warren went on, "an' Si hev done hit. He tole hit when he were drunk."

"An' Si thinks to ruin me."

"An' he hev done thet—" Mr. Warren rejoined, "through all the country he hev done thet. Jim Blount tole me so, an' Bill Cole tole me so, an' Lizer Wilson an' Jane Harner tole me so. Yes, hit's done done!" clasping his hands as he looked into the fire. "My Joshaway's gal 's ruined! I let you talk youun's Granny down, but thar aint no stoppin' the world, gal, lessen you gits married. An' thar aint

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no man but what'll stop befo' he'll stoop to Hannah Warren—my Joshaway's gal!"

Hannah stood with one hand on the mantelpiece and listened. It was true. She had felt it that morning in Agnes's manner—in the ride through the village, where every one stared, and no one spoke —felt in Dock's averted face—in her grandfather's despair—in the very atmosphere—this disgrace so unmerited—so dreadful.

"Si makes a mighty good offer," Mr. Warren went on; "he says he'll settle hisn's farm on you, if I'll settle this place on youun's chilluns. I tole him I'd done settled hit on you a'ready; an' he 'llowed thet Dave's shar'd come in to you, too, kase Dave hedn't no chilluns, an' hedn't no right to leff the land outen the fambly. Hit looks to me like hit'd be the upbuildin' o' both famblies. An' Si"—looking away from the unwavering eyes of the girl—"Si, drinkin' like he does, ain't agoin' to live much longer."

There was a pause; then Hannah turned toward the door. "To tuck a man an' watch to see him die o' drink is wussern all that hes been said 'bout me."

"Hannah!" The despair in the cry stopped her with her hand on the latch. "I've been abearin' so much!" raising his clasped hands. "Thar were the talk 'bout you an' Dock—the talk youun's Granny tole you—then come the talk 'bout you an' Dudley. An' every day I hearn hit agrindin', an' agrindin', tell I knowed thar worn't no wusser hell. An' when the talk settled an' I poured hit off, the dregs was jest this away: Dock wouldn't never dar' to ax you—an' Dudley ain't agoin' to steddy 'bout you—an' Si jest come in 'twixt the two," putting his hands over his face; "an' I 'llowed hit would not be sicher a long trial; an' a many a woman hev stood sich. Oh, God furgive me!"

Hannah crossed the room swiftly, and kneeled by the old man's chair. "Gramper, I kin live the lies down—or go."

"If you goes the lies will grow like weeds of a rainy summer; an' *I* can't live 'em down—hit 'll kill me." Hannah rose. She had no answer for these bitter truths.

At supper she talked a little to Dock, for neither Mrs. Warren nor Si would speak, and Mr. Warren refused all food. Her help in all work being declined, she went outside where the cows were. When Dock came to turn them out he said, as he passed, "'Pend on me, Hannah, an' don't be skeered into nothin'. I couldn't kill Lizer, she's a woman, but I kin kill Si!" Then Mrs. Warren calling Hannah, he hurried away.

"You called me, Granny?" Hannah asked when she reached the old woman. Then she saw that Si stood just within the doorway. Mr. Warren sat bent over the fire. "You called?"

"Yes," Mrs. Warren answered, "but I ain't awantin' you. Si is the fool."

"I'm axin' fur the last time, Hannah," and Si half closed his light eyes as he looked at her. "An' mighty few would ax you now."

"Mighty few, Si," Hannah answered, "but I won't be beholden to none."

"What'll you do? Hope an' pray fur Dudley?" The scorn of the girl's eyes made him look away. Mrs. Warren's clasped hands grew rigid, and the old man lifted up his bowed head. Almost he could have killed the villain!

"Whatever I hopes an' prays fur," Hannah said, quietly, "thar is this fur *you* to 'member, Si Durket. I kin be druv down to the lowest, but never druv down to tuckin' you—never!" and she smiled as she saw that Lizer Wilson had come in and had heard. "An' I hope you'll tell hit, Lizer Wilson," she added.

Mrs. Warren started, and reeled a little, then went to her place by the fire. Si looked at the door, but Hannah stood there. She saw his wish, and smiled. "You've hed enough?" she said. "Your jedg*ment* is jest a-startin'; soon this won't seem like nothin'. 'Twon't be long 'fore all youun's wickedness comes home—not long;" then she went to her loft.

. . . . . .

"It is nonsense," Melville said. He and Max had been walking up and down the road for some time. "To dismiss the girl was foolish," he went on, "for that gave the affair tone and color; but I cannot see where you have any duty or blame in the matter. As for Cartright, he is scheming for his own ends."

Many, many times Melville had covered this ground; but Dudley came back always to the starting-point—Hannah's misery.

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"You do not understand," he answered in a voice that had lost all life, "what an awful thing it is for the girl. Blount says that the stories grow worse at every turn."

"Damn Blount!" Melville interrupted.

"Suppose we do; that does not help my position. Just consider *my* position."

"I have gone over it a hundred times, and you have to thank Cartright's envy and Mrs. Skinner's folly for it. Come; it is bedtime."

"You go; I will come presently." Once alone, Dudley walked into the forest and sat down on a fallen tree. He felt dazed still. When he had met Hannah at the gate that afternoon, and heard the old man's story, he was shocked and angry, and alone with Melville had called him a fool for taking the girl away. Melville betrayed, unwittingly, the extent of the talk, and Cartright joining them, fresh from the Wellings, revealed that Agnes had dismissed the girl. Max walked straight to Blount's shop, and Blount's words appalled him. "The girl is ruined, and as nice a girl as ever stepped. It is a shame, but it is done."

Then with Melville by his side, raging and swearing, he returned to the University in a sort of a mist.

How had it happened? Who had done it? What was his duty?

For a year his name had been coupled with the name of Agnes Welling—he was Professor Welling's assistant and most intimate in the house. He had only waited to finish his course before speaking to Agnes.

Melville said that Cartright had influenced Agnes into dismissing Hannah—it was this that had ruined the girl. Cartright's influence was a new thing. If he should go to Agnes and say—"This talk is all false—you know that I love you—will you marry me?" Could she say "Yes," and hear the world say, as Cartright reported it to have said already, that her rival was her maid, who had to be sent away? His ideal Agnes would have stood by Hannah.

He sprang to his feet—*still* she was his ideal! He had loved her so long—so truly—he could not let her go.

In reality it was Agnes who had disgraced Hannah, and must he pay for her mistake by righting the girl before the world? A servant? A 'Covite!' A woman. As a gentleman and a Christian, what was his duty to this fellow-creature?

The moonlight seemed to fade, and the darkness to fold about him hopelessly. The night was waning; he would go home.

For a little while the next morning things seemed confused again, but he lay still until he collected his thoughts and laid fresh hold on his determinations. After twelve o'clock he would be free, and would go to Lost Cove.

Poor Melville could find out nothing. He followed Dudley until twelve o'clock, when Dudley said, "I have an engagement—" and Cartright joining them, Melville could find out nothing, and went away. Dudley walked on, with Cartright beside him, until Dudley turned off.

"Going to the station?" Cartright asked.

"No, to Lost Cove."

"Good Heavens! man, in the face of all this talk?"

"Because of all this talk."

Had the autumn woods been ever as beautiful—or the sky as blue—or life as full of charm and possibility as on this day—would it ever be thus again? But he must not think. He must bend all his being to this duty; there would be time enough afterward for thinking.

It might be that he could yet lay his case before Agnes. His ideal Agnes would uphold him. But the real Agnes—Agnes as Cartright seemed to know her—would she laugh at him for his pains?

XIX

If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you:
Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

DINNER was over, and Lizer Wilson was heating irons in Mrs. Warren's room, where the old man sat over the fire. Mrs. Warren was busy in the kitchen—Dock in the yard, while Hannah, not being allowed to help, had wandered off. She had gone to the spring, and sat on the edge of the basin. On one side, through the thick growth of slim young poplars and maples, she could see the valley and fields,

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and the mountains that shut all in. On the other she looked down to the mysterious pool. It was dark and still, and people said it had no bottom. At Sewanee she had heard this idea laughed at.

Sewanee! she bowed her head on her hands. Her grandmother did not want her, need she stay here? The talk would grow in the valleys, but at Sewanee it would soon die; then Miss Agnes could marry Mr. Dudley, and all be well. She would be left desolate—but she was only one. Trampled in the dust — left for dead! who cared?

A noise startled her, and she rose quickly, to find Dock standing before her. "Does Granny want me?" she asked.

Dock stood silent, with one hand grasping a young maple until it shivered and dropped its scarlet leaves about him; while the girl watched and trembled as the young maple did. At last Dock raised his head, and his eyes were full of pain and fire.

"Lizer says thet you need not a-been so beggitty last night to Si, kase Si only done what he done kase youun's Granny axed him to do hit to save the two families. An' there worn't no other man would tuck youun's now." A fresh shower of scarlet leaves fluttered down about him. "I didn't knock her, kase I ain't never knocked a woman yit. I told her she were a-lyin', an' she knowed hit, an' I were one man thet would lay down an' be chopped to pieces fur you—body an' soul. An hit's true, Hannah;" and his eyes were filled with a light that would have glorified any face on earth. "Hit's God's truth; but I never would have told hit, 'ceppen fur everybody a-turning 'gainst you. I ain't nobody, an' I knows hit; an' I don't 'llow thet you hev come down to me—thar ain't no sich foolishness in me. But all is a-talkin', Hannah—" shaking his head sadly —"an' I kin give you a honest name, an' I kin work fur you, and shoot fur you—an' I *would*. An' no pusson would dar' to tuck Hannah Wilson's name 'twixt tongue an' teeth to spit hit out, kase I'd kill 'em. An' if you wants to go 'way, I'll go, an' if you wants to stay, I'll stay. An' I'll never cast nothin' in youun's teeth, ner sot up to be no ekal o' yourn. Don't gimme no word now," he added, swaying the little maple-tree back and forth, "but keep it in youun's mind fur sumpen to hold on to." Then he went away.

Nothing could have shown Hannah the depth of her fall as completely as this offer did. Nothing could have proved as cruelly the hopelessness of her position. That *Dock Wilson* should dare such a proposition! She sat down again, casting her apron over her head, and rocking herself back and forth. The strength of the man's love had not touched her yet. Hannah Wilson! He had coupled the names. Hannah Wilson! what better than Lizer Wilson? To Agnes Welling and her friends, all were 'Covites' together. *Was* there a true difference? Between herself and Agnes Welling there was a wide difference, but between herself and Dock? And between Dock and the much admired Si Durket? This last difference was plain enough, and Dock's kind face, glorified by his love, rose up before her. Soul and body he would die for her—he would work and fight for her, and never think she had descended to his level! She remembered how he had worked for her and watched over her in the spring—asking no return.

The swaying motion ceased, and her apron fell from over her face. Now he offered to stand between her and the world; and he knew that Si, who made the talk, would keep it alive.

What was the difference between her and Dock? Somehow or other he seemed above her now. Marry Dock, then Miss Agnes would know that the talk was not true, and would marry Mr. Dudley. With the thought of Sewanee there came a vision of her leaden lined future.

Suddenly the sound of the horn came to her. She looked at the sun; it was not supper-time; what could it mean? Again the sound, and this time more sharp, and some one was waving to her down in the field. Quickly she went, and saw her grandfather beckoning. Before she reached him she heard the words—"Mr. Dudley's to the house—" and her heart seemed to stop. Had Agnes sent for her to come back, and give the talk the lie? She laid hold on the old man's arm to steady herself. The joy shook her as no pain had done.

"Mr. Dudley!"

"Thet's hit. He's come to tuck you

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away, chile, an' stop the talk. Mertildy's in a mighty takin', an' Lizer Wilson looks like she's been frost-bit. Lord, gal, you are done saved, and nobody'll dar' to talk no mo'. An' thar'll not be no mo' kitchen fur you to Sewanee."

"Gramper!" she staggered a little, stopping him with a sudden gasp. "What is you a-sayin'?"

The old man hurried her on, and his voice was a little less tremulous as he repeated his words.

"Come fur me?" the girl whispered. "Mr. Dudley!" and she flung up her hands as one who is mortally wounded. How low—how low she had fallen! She clung to a post of the back piazza, unable to go farther. Dudley come for *her*—then all thought the worst of her. And Agnes!

"Come on, gal, come on. Mr. Dudley's awaitin' fur you; an' youun's Granny's awaitin'. I reckon she's right sorry she put you up loft. An' Lizer Wilson is a-scorchin' all the clothes she's a'tryin' to iron—don't you smell 'em? An' yander she is a-peepin' at you."

Hannah straightened herself up, and the shivering ceased. She stepped quickly through the lobby, where Lizer was ironing, to the front piazza, where Max Dudley and Mrs. Warren were waiting.

Max leaned against one of the posts, holding his Oxford cap by the long tassel; and behind him, through a purple mist, the gorgeous, autumn-tinted mountain-side. Standing there, he looked so lonely—so apart—as if some magic line had been drawn between him and his kind, while an atmosphere of deathlike stillness seemed to hem him in. And watching him curiously, with anxious, flickering eyes, old Mrs. Warren waited.

For weeks the old woman had been under a great strain, struggling with all her strength against the many warring passions that tore her and cried for utterance. All this morning she had hurried from one thing to another, to keep from an outburst of some sort, until now the supreme excitement of Max Dudley's coming seemed to have weakened her beyond movement, save for the nervous rocking of her chair.

He had made his offer calmly and quietly in the presence of all, and for a moment things had grown dim before Mrs. Warren's vision, then cleared as she looked proudly into the astonished eyes of Lizer Wilson—and into the sad face of Dock, who had come up while they talked.

People might say what they pleased now, but no girl in any valley had ever had a chance like this. And Si! How Si would rage to think of what his talk had accomplished! Hannah could stand with the best now, and the Warrens be acknowledged as the equals of all.

She started when Hannah's quick step sounded in the lobby, and Max lifted his head and drew himself away from the support of the post. His tired eyes dilated, and his pale face grew whiter as the girl approached. And Lizer paused, with uplifted iron, and Dock drew a step nearer.

"You wanted me, Mr. Dudley?" and Hannah paused in front of him, with her hands clasped and two crimson spots on her cheeks.

"Yes, Hannah." His voice was very low, and the girl realized, by a subtle instinct, all that he suffered—saw clearly the marks of despair on his face, and wondered why she did not die of shame. "Yes, Hannah;" then he paused, as if to steady his voice. "I have come to ask you to marry me, and help me to stop this talk. Your grandfather and grandmother have given their consent, and the matter lies with you. We know that there is no truth in anything that has been said; and everyone who knows you, Hannah, knows you to be a good, true woman, and as such I have come to offer you the protection of my name." His voice was very low, but Hannah thought that she had never heard anything sound so sweet before. All bitterness passed from out her heart—all doubts—and the great humiliation of her life seemed turned to glory. Then his voice ceased, and in the tense stillness Mrs. Warren rose, with a strained look in her eyes. What was it she saw in Hannah's face! Dock leaned forward—Mr. Warren drew a step nearer, and Lizer forgot the heavy iron she still held poised.

"I'm obleeged to you, Mr. Dudley, fur the true words you hev said this day," Hannah began, "an' fur stannin' up fur me thet couldn't do nothin' fur myself. An' I knows what hit means, Mr. Dudley, for you to say the words you have said this day, an' I prays the Lord will bless

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you for hit all." And while she spoke soul looked into soul, the distance between them was bridged, and the strength of her beauty struck Max as it had never done before. She was superb. "You hev been mighty good to me, Mr. Dudley, but thar 's a fur way 'twixt you an' me;—thar's a diffrunce as wide as all this valley," with a little, sweeping gesture. "An' you ain't fur folks like me. But thar's one o' my own folks, Mr. Dudley, hev offered me his honest name, an' please God all will hap out right. But all the same, God bless you, Mr. Dudley."

"Hannah! Gal!" a sharp voice cried, and all turned quickly, "Is you crazy—crazy! Si 'll never come agin—never!" There was a moment's pause, and Hannah looked down into the old woman's face, pityingly. How gray and drawn it looked; and she said, soothingly, "Num mine, Granny, hit's all right—hit's a better man 'an Si Durket, Granny."

"True, Hannah?" And Max laid his hand on Hannah's shoulder.

"As true as God's daylight, Mr. Dudley," turning her beautiful face up to his. "An' yander he stands—Dock Wilson——"

There was a low moan, and the old woman reeled forward heavily.

XX

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground, to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard,
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

It was cold, but Melville waited patiently at the top of the mountain for Dudley. He would not go farther, for fear of missing him in the dusk, and he had much to tell him. It was a long way he had come to meet his friend, but what he had to say was not for others to hear, and the long walk back would give Dudley time to recover himself.

Presently he heard him coming, and Melville shrank from the task he had set himself. How could he tell Dudley what had happened! But Max was upon him by this, and started, as if from a dream. "What has happened?" he asked, and laid his hand on Melville's shoulder.

"I was anxious," Melville faltered, "What has happened?"

"Nothing. The girl refused me. A princess could not have done it more grandly; and the old grandmother died in a fit. But what ails you?"

"Cartright——"

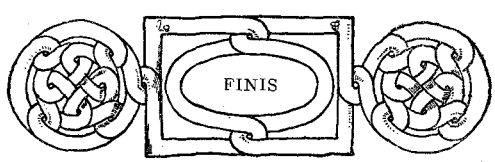
"Well, Cartright?" and leaning against a tree, Dudley took off his cap and passed his hand wearily across his brow and eyes. The scenes in the Cove had tired him more than he had realized until now, and now he felt almost too weary to go farther. "What about Cartright? He knew where I was gone; has he posted me for a fool?"

"Worse than that."

Dudley started forward, taking hold of Melville. "What has he *dared* to say!"

"About you? Nothing. It is—it is Miss Welling." The grasp on Melville's shoulder became almost unbearable. "Oh, Dudley, Cartright is engaged to Miss Welling! Asked her at noon—announced it at once, and Mrs. Skinner says that Professor Welling is 'immensely pleased.' I told you Cartright was working for his own ends; and I thought that you would like to have a walk after hearing. So I slipped away; nobody knows I am come."

There was a moment's silence, then Dudley turned homeward, walking slowly.



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THE POINT OF VIEW

TIME was when the Westerner of fiction was a rudely heroic figure, chivalric and resourceful, reckless of life as the new school of novelists, and inured to adventure as one of Mr. Davis's heroes. He lived by preference in a mining camp, or if geologic considerations prevented that he was apt to be a rancher, an Indian fighter, or at least a cowboy. There was more than a suggestion of the untamed wilderness about him, and though generally impossible he was always interesting.

The Westerner of recent fiction is an entirely different character. His home has been changed, for one thing, and instead of the Rockies or the Great Plains he now affects what might be called in semi-nautical phrase the West-middle-west. He has lost his naïvely reckless ways in the removal, and his chief purpose in life now seems to be to set forth the iniquity of existing social conditions. Octave Thanet's missionary sheriff, it is true, is a lineal descendant of the old type, as engaging if perhaps as improbable as the gentlemanly and high-minded gamblers or the simple-hearted desperadoes in whom Bret Harte revelled; but turn to the characters of that self-proclaimed prophet of the Northwest, Mr. Hamlin Garland, and what a falling off we find! His people do not live; they work. Life, as he sees it, is a ceaseless round of fierce toil performed angrily and rebelliously by men who lack the force to make their rebellion effective. They complain, and sometimes they grow brutal toward their womankind, but their revolt carries them no farther. They have altogether lost the fighting spirit. They shrink and cower before the winter's cold; they shudder and wince at the pain of husking corn with worn fingers; they swear and rage over the discomforts of heavy work in hot weather. They do the thing they hate because they cannot get away from it. One looks in vain for any trace of that gay courage and defiance of hardships which animated, for instance, the men who "dammed the Sacramento," or inspired the little band of outcasts from Poker Flats. Equally wanting is any remnant of that stern delight in the conflict with an unwilling and grudging nature which made the life of many a New England farmer a heroic epic. For them the hardships and discomforts of life loom large, and its courage and inspiration do not exist.

A Questionable Type.

Worse still, this state of affairs is looked upon not as due to peculiarly adverse circumstances or individual incapacity, but as the common lot of Western farmers, imposed upon them by social forces against which it is vain to contend. "Social conditions," Mr. Garland assures us, are such "that only men of exceptional endowments, and willing and able to master many of the best and deepest and most sacred of their impulses, could succeed." Men might start out hopefully and ambitiously enough, but to no purpose. "Conditions were too adverse; they simply weakened, slipped slowly back into an ox-like or else a fretful patience." "Fate," says Mr. Dick Swiveller, contemplating his unpleasant predicament, "fate has brought me to this. Very well; I wash my hands of it. Fate may get me out again—and I wish her joy of the job." That is the attitude of Mr. Garland's farmers, except that they lack the cheerful philosophy of Dickens's light-hearted scamp.

Surveying these things, the disinterested reader cannot refrain from questioning whether Mr. Garland is less true to life than he thinks, or whether there has really been a sudden and unfortunate change in the character of our Western citizens. In the nature of things, "The many fail: the one

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succeeds," whether they live in the East or the West; and when, as is the case with most of Mr. Garland's heroes, success means a political career ending in an election to Congress, perhaps this is not greatly to be regretted. But it is cause for regret if the majority of Western farmers, being disappointed in this or some other ambition, really take the helpless, invertebrate attitude so frequently portrayed by Mr. Garland. The miners and cowboys of the early writers were not model citizens, but they were far more hopeful material for the upbuilding of an ideal commonwealth than are these weaklings. A man may gamble and drink and use his revolver with an abandon untempered by any scruples regarding the sacredness of human life, and yet have heroic possibilities; but the man who, when confronted by difficulties, "simply weakens and slips back," the man who, finding himself in a thoroughly distasteful environment, querulously protests that society has put him there, and who, instead of striving with might and main to get out of it, settles down to wait with a "fretful patience" until society shall be ready to remove him, devoting himself, meanwhile, to ineffective railings against those conditions which he has not the courage to fight, has lost the very fibre of manhood. It is a new attitude for Americans to take, and it is singular enough that it should appear on the fertile plains of the great West. Can it be that a real deterioration of character has taken place there? or has Mr. Garland mistaken individual cases for a type?

On the Discussion of Friends.

IT is a fact, and whether or not we grieve over it does not change it, that there is usually a difference between what we say of our friends to others and what we say about them to themselves. Persons for whom we have a real regard, we look upon as part of our lives and feeling a certain property in them, we often wonder how they are getting on, and what sort of a business they are making of life. When we see them we take notice, and we remember what we hear about them, and speculate a good deal about them at odd moments when they happen to come into our minds. Unless we happen to be confessors to them, or to have surer sources of information than we usually do have, our knowledge of them is apt to be inaccurate, and our conclusions, being based on it, are liable to error. Yet, because we think about them, we are likely, on occasion, to talk about them, and the occasion is when we come across someone who knows them well and is interested in them as we are. Now, of course, when we talk about our friends to people who don't know them well, and who perhaps are not especially sympathetic to us, we talk commonplaces, and use that discretion in our utterances which people of prudence are expected to use at all times. But when we are with people who know our friends, and are interested in them, and whose minds excite our minds, and who seem to us worth talking to, then is the time of our danger; for then we reach down and bring out our thoughts, and put our brooding hypotheses into words, and show our acumen and the searching quality of our discernment by shaping our conclusions and offering them to be examined. Talk of this sort does not consist of sworn statements, and of course among honorable people involves no betrayal of confidences and no disclosures of things that ought to be hid. It is not testimony, but merely a conversation, where fact is scarce and opinion abundant, and where one sentence so hangs by another, and every opinion is so related to its context that a single sentence singled out for repetition is almost sure to misrepresent the person who spoke it.

I confess that when I get to discussing my friends, even those to whom I am greatly attached, on such occasions as these, I am liable to put into words the impressions which happen to be strongest in my mind at the time. I trust that I can hide a friend's infirmities with anyone; if I happen to know facts which ought not to be disclosed, I am under no temptation to disclose them; but in the exchange of speculations and impressions, I practise more latitude. And, of course, latitude involves risks, and risks involve occasional penalties. Sometimes things that I have said in bursts of fluency finally work around back to me through the very persons of whom I have said them, and give me bad dreams and distressing sensations. People who are talked about show so little consideration for those who have discussed them! They hear that you or I have said thus and so about them; and if they have reason to believe the report, if the "thus and so" was not pleasant to them, they accept it as the sure evidence of our true and permanent attitude toward them, and credit us sometimes with hostility or jealousy or

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malice, when really we have kindly and loyal feelings toward them, and are guilty of nothing worse than of looking at them, for the moment, as mere human beings, and blurting out what we thought we saw. They look us over, oftentimes, in the same inquiring, dispassionate way, and estimate our qualities and say their say about us; but that seems not to make them any more tolerant of our indiscretions of speech when they have caught us in them.

If there is anything in the good old doctrine of sure eventual retribution for sinners, people who repeat what was not meant for repetition will have a surprisingly bad time after they die; but meanwhile the damage they do on earth would be greatly lessened if people in general could recognize that their friends talk about them pretty freely, and usually say what they happen to think at the moment; and that what they think to-day may be different from what they will think to-morrow; and that, even when their thought is, in some particular, unflattering, the expression of it does not necessarily imply a lapse of affection or fidelity.

THE FIELD OF ART

ART PRIZES AND AWARDS—RENÉ REINICKE

COMPETITIVE exhibitors being but children of a larger growth, it has long been the custom to tempt them to put forth their best efforts by the promise of various medals, awards, documentary commendations called Honorable Mentions, etc., and Art—being a *difficile* profession, in every sense of the word—has been especially prolific of these glittering baits. In this country the list of these prizes offered in the various picture exhibitions is already very long, and, gradually lengthens, sometimes by very important additions—as in 1896, by the opening of the first annual exhibition of oil paintings in the Pittsburg Carnegie Art Galleries. Various methods of solving the very important question as to the supreme authority who is to award these awards have been tried, with various results. In the New York Academy of Design, for example, the republican plan of leaving this selection to the votes of the exhibitors themselves, was practised for several years in succession, but with such indifferent success that for three consecutive years one of these prizes was not distributed at all, owing to the neglect of a "quorum" of the voters to attend. At present, the consent of the various parties controlling these prizes having been obtained, they are awarded by the jury of selection that admits the works to the exhibitions. The three prizes of the New York Academy, founded at different periods by the gentlemen whose names they bear, are—the Thomas B. Clarke prize of $300 for the best American figure composition painted in the United States by an American citizen, without limitation of age; the Julius Hallgarten prizes of $300, $200, and $100 respectively, for the three best pictures in oil colors painted in the United States by American citizens under thirty-five years of age; and the Norman W. Dodge prize of $300 for the best picture painted in the United States by a woman, without limitation of age. The qualification, common to all, of stipulating that the work must be executed in this country, is for the purpose of shutting out students or artists enjoying the superior advantages of European residence. The Academicians themselves do not compete for any of these prizes; and no competitor may take two prizes or a prize of the same class a second time. The Clarke and Hallgarten prizes have been awarded every year since 1883, with the exception of

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1890, 1891, and 1892, when there was no award of the latter; the Dodge prize since 1886. The exhibitors at the Academy have also benefited for the last two years by the expenditure of a fund of $1,000 subscribed annually by members of the Lotos Club for the purchase of one or more of the paintings at these annual exhibitions.

At those of the Society of American Artists two prizes are awarded by the jury —the first, the Webb prize of $300, for the best landscape in the exhibition, painted by an American artist under forty years of age, and the second, the Shaw Fund Prize of $1,500 (originally $1,000) for the purchase of a figure composition painted in oil by an American artist. The first was instituted in 1887 by Dr. W. Seward Webb of this city, and is to be given every year during the lifetime of the founder. An artist having once received this prize, is not eligible a second time. The picture chosen by the jury for the second, becomes the property of Samuel T. Shaw, the donor of the fund. This has been awarded for the last five years—to Messrs. Theodore Robinson, Edmund C. Tarbell, Henry P. Walker, William M. Chase, and George W. Maynard.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which has recently closed its sixty-sixth annual exhibition, of more than usual importance, is still more liberally endowed. The Temple Trust Fund, created by the late Joseph E. Temple, yields an annual income of $1,800 for the purchase of works of art at the discretion of the directors of the Academy, and for the issue of medals to artists. This competition is open to all American artists. Two gold medals may be awarded by the painter's Jury of Selection for the best two pictures painted in oil, without regard to subject; but the jury has power to withhold one or both medals if the pictures offered in competition are not considered of sufficient merit. At this last exhibition, these medals were awarded to George De Forest Brush for his "Mother and Child" and to John W. Alexander for his group of eleven works. The Walter Lippincott Prize of $300, was awarded for the fourth time to Albert Herter's "Le Soir." This carries with it an option on the part of the founder to purchase the picture chosen, for one week after the announcement of the award, at the price named by the artist in the memorandum of entry. The conditions governing the award are, that the work selected "shall be, all its qualities considered, the best figure painting in oil by an American citizen" (last year, "the best landscape or marine in oil"); the jury is to be designated by the Academy, but has the right to withhold the award, if in its judgment the pictures offered are not of sufficient merit. The Mary Smith Prize of $100, founded by Russell Smith, was awarded for the nineteenth time by the Exhibition Committee, to Miss E. F. Bonsall's "Hot Milk." This, according to the present modified terms, is to be given "to the painter of the best painting (not excluding portraits) in oil or water colors exhibited at the Academy, painted by a resident woman artist for qualities ranking as follows: 1st. Originality of Subject; 2d. Beauty of Design or Drawing; 3d. Color and Effect; and, lastly, Execution." The Academy has no claim on the painting thus selected, and the same artist may not receive the prize twice in succession, nor more than twice in all. There is also a gold medal of the Academy, which was founded in 1893 by John H. Converse, and is awarded "at the discretion of the Board of Directors, in recognition of high achievement in their profession, to American painters and sculptors who may be exhibitors at the Academy or represented in the permanent collection, or who for eminent services in the cause of Art as to this Academy, may have merited this distinction." This medal has been given four times: to Ridgway Knight and Alexander Harrison in 1893, to William M. Chase in 1894, and to Winslow Homer in 1895.

At the sixty-fifth annual exhibition of the Academy, which opened in December, 1895, an additional prize of $5,000 was offered by Mr. Wm. L. Elkins, of Philadelphia, for the best work by an American painter to be exhibited at the Academy, specifically entered by the artist for the prize and not to have been exhibited previous to that year, the founder of the prize to have for twenty days after the award the right of purchasing any picture or pictures submitted, at the price named upon the memorandum of entry. The jury of award, to be named by the Academy and to consist of seven persons, four of them to be artists, might award the sum either in one lump to the picture of the highest merit, or in two sums of $3,000 and $2,000 to the two of highest merit, and under these terms they gave the first prize of $3,000 to Abbott H. Thayer for his "Caritas," and the

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second to Edmund C. Tarbell for his "Girl with the White Azaleas."

In Boston, the Museum of the Fine Arts holds conditional legacy from the late J. William Paige of $30,000 under the conditions that the Museum shall, within five years after his death, add $10,000 more, the income from the gross amount to be devoted to a two years' scholarship in Europe for a pupil of the institution who shall have been most proficient in painting. This additional sum has not yet been raised. The Museum ceased to give annual exhibitions many years ago, that function being now filled by the Art Club in Newberry Street, and the only award dispensed by the Museum is a scholarship prize of three years residence in Europe under the auspices of the School of Design and Painting connected with the institution. This, in connection with other prizes of a similar educational character, will be noticed later.

The recent first annual exhibition of the Carnegie Art Galleries, in Pittsburg, marked the inauguration of a Department of Fine Arts in that city, which, in the language of the Director, "has as one of its chief objects the founding of a collection which will represent American Art." So many important canvases, both domestic and imported, were attracted by the liberal sum of $40,000 for purchases placed at the disposal of the Art Committee and the prizes and medals offered, that it was found impossible to hang at first all the accepted ones. The first prize of $5,000 was offered for the best painting in oil produced in the year 1896 by an American artist, wherever resident, which was to be first shown in this exhibition, the successful work to become the property of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Fine Arts and Museum Collection Fund, and to be hung permanently on the walls of the Carnegie Art Galleries. This offer was made "on condition that the work shall be adjudged worthy and of sufficient artistic worth to properly represent the best American Art of the year," and under these conditions it was given to Mr. Winslow Homer's coast scene, "The Wreck." The second prize, of $3,000, for the painting in oil adjudged to be next in artistic value, under the same conditions, was given to Mr. Gari Melcher's "Shipbuilder." The Board of Trustees also awarded three medals of honor to the three artists, without regard to nationality, whose works were adjudged of the highest artistic value among those exhibited, the gold medal, to John Lavery, Glasgow, Scotland, for a painting entitled "Lady in Brown;" the silver medal, to J. F. Raffaelli, of Paris, for a "Notre Dame," the bronze, to Miss Cecilia Beaux, of Philadelphia, for "Ernesta." The exhibition circular announced also that the Board of Trustees, as provided in the Deed of Trust, will each year purchase not less than two works by American artists, for the Chronological Collection intended to represent the progress of American Art beginning with the year 1896, and that two medals of honor will be awarded to the two American artists whose works are placed in this collection. All these awards are guarded by the stipulation that an artist having once received a prize or medal shall not be considered eligible for the same a second time.

For the second annual exhibition in these galleries, opening November 4, 1897, provision has been made for a jury of eleven persons, one of whom shall be the Chairman of the Fine Arts Committee of the Board of Trustees, who shall act as President and have a deciding vote. Of the ten other members, two shall be artists residing in Europe, and all shall be elected by the votes of the invited contributors to the exhibition, only those votes received by the committee in Pittsburg on or before September 15, 1897, to be counted. The members of the jury will be the guests of the Board of Trustees of the Art Fund; they may exhibit works but shall not compete for medals or prizes. To the three medals of honor has been added an Honorable Mention, all to be awarded without regard to nationality, but only to works still in the possession of the artist, and which have been completed within three years of the date of opening of the exhibition. The gold medal carries with it an award of $1,500; the silver, of $1,000, and the bronze, of $500. The monetary value of the two prizes offered to American artists has, however, been reduced from $5,000 and $3,000 to $1,000 and $500 respectively, the artist accepting the prize agreeing that the Trustees shall have an option for sixty days from November 4, 1897, on his picture, at the price at which it was entered in the exhibition.

At the annual exhibitions of the Chicago Art Institute several years ago, prizes of $200 or $300 each were awarded. No medals are now given. The recent International and Cotton States Exposition in Atlanta, Ga.,

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used only one general medal in making the awards in all departments of exhibits. At the Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the St. Louis Exposition and Music Hall Association, which immediately preceded that at the Carnegie Galleries in Pittsburg, and which was also an important display of carefully selected paintings, European and American, no prizes or medals were offered, we believe, this exhibition relying upon its heavy sales to attract the artist's envois. These, it is claimed, "have exceeded in number and amount the sales at any similar expositions in the United States." Consequently, and also because of the systematic efforts to present the most interesting schools of contemporary Art, this claims to hold the position of "the leading Art exhibition of the year in the United States." The most valuable collections of paintings and sculpture in the year 1896 certainly seem to have been gathered west of the Alleghanies, and not on the Atlantic seaboard, if we except the autumn exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy, to which many of the Pittsburg pictures were transferred.

Not many of these official awards are offered by the more important Western Art institutions, several of which, indeed, do not hold any regular exhibitions. The Layton Art Gallery has no system of medals or awards, nor has any other artistic society in the city, so far as is known. It is recorded that Mr. Frederick Layton one year offered the Milwaukee Art Association a prize. The only medals connected with the history of the Detroit Museum of Art are two bronze ones presented by the trustees to Messrs. Frederick Stearns and James E. Scripps in June of last year, in acknowledgment of their services to the museum. The Cincinnati Museum Association, which holds interesting exhibitions of works of arts of all kinds, and corresponds with the leading academies and museums of the country, has not yet offered any medals or money awards to exhibitors, though it has on several occasions purchased works exhibited; on one occasion giving $500 for a painting by a Cincinnati artist. The Art Association of Indianapolis has no official prizes to offer; nor has the Art League of Minneapolis; nor the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, excepting in the art schools; the latter, however, reckons among its funded assets two donations, one of $10,000 and the other of $20,000, from both of which the interest is devoted to the purchase of works of Art to be added from time to time to the permanent collection of the academy. The first of these was received from Mr. S. S. Jewett in 1871, and the second from the late F. W. Tracy, Esq.

On the Pacific coast, the San Francisco Art Association issued an address to "the artists of California" in November, 1895, announcing a competition in historical painting to be held under its auspices in the following winter, for three prizes offered by its president, Mr. James D. Phelan, "for the encouragement of local art and historical research." The first prize, of $800, was for the best picture painted by a California artist, resident in the State, representing one of these subjects: "The Discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa;" "The Discovery of California by Cabrillo;" "The Discovery of the Bay of San Francisco by Portola." The second choice in the competition was to receive $150, and the third, $50. The successful picture was to become the property of the Art Association, and all the competitive canvases were to be exhibited at the next spring exhibition of the association, in April, 1896. The judges were chosen in the following manner: Two artists by the competitors, two laymen by the directors of the association, and a fifth, who was to be an artist, by the four so chosen. Under these conditions the competition was carried out, and the prizes awarded respectively to Messrs. Mathews, Keith, and Pissis. Historical art being a plant of very feeble growth in this country, or, rather, being one that having made a promising start in the early days has since died and completely departed, such well-meant encouragement is worthy of record and imitation.

In the national capital, the Corcoran Gallery of Art awards prizes only in its schools, and the two artistic societies, that of the Washington artists and the Cosmos Club, make no awards. The latter purchases annually a picture to the value of $200 from the exhibit made by the former.

THE remarkable series of illustrations by René Reinicke for Mme. Blanche Willis Howard's story "No Continuing City," in this number of the Magazine, marks the first appearance of this famous artist's work in any American periodical. In Germany he has been for years one of the most important and constant contributors to the illustration of *Fliegende Blätter*, and few men enjoy a greater popularity.

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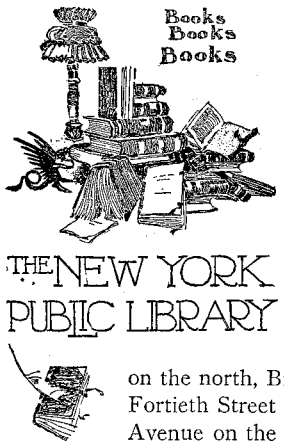
Herr Reinicke's genius for embodying types and bringing out odd notes of character is enough to make him one of the great succession of character-draftsmen to which Cruikshank and Leech belong; while his work shows all the advance in method of the most modern school. The faithfulness and suggestiveness of the drawings for "No Continuing City" will not need to be pointed out to anyone familiar with the street types of a German town, even if he has no closer acquaintance with the German poor.

ABOUT THE WORLD

AND so at last New York City is to have a great library—a library which will be to other libraries what the metropolis is to other cities. It was an exceedingly happy thought to combine the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations in one great democratic institution; the directorship has fallen into the hands of a man of great force and administrative ability, Dr. John S. Billings; and a site has been chosen which is well-nigh ideal—the space now occupied by the imposing masonry of the old reservoir, in the parallelogram formed by Forty-second Street on the north, Bryant Park on the west, Fortieth Street on the south, and Fifth Avenue on the east.



The methods and plans of the trustees for the buildings and equipment of this coming New York Public Library are so carefully thought out, and speak so intelligently the last word in the science of library-making, that they have an interest for many people other than the vexed New Yorkers of library habits and needs who have been contending as best they might with the lack of public facilities in the metropolis.

In the competition for the designing of the buildings, no less than eighty-eight architects submitted plans; the judges, Professor Ware, of Columbia University, and Mr. Bernard R. Green, engineer of the Congressional Library, selected twelve architects to compete in the "finals," each of the twelve to receive a prize of $400, and $800 to cover the cost of drawings, whether or not any of his suggestions are used. Under the terms of the legislation which established the library, its buildings are to be constructed by the Department of Public Works, from the plans secured by the Trustees after these have been approved by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

The space now occupied by the reservoir, which makes such a picturesque feature of the Fifth Avenue vista, is 482 × 455 feet, so that there will be room for an edifice of really magnificent dimensions, with sufficient space about it to insure a plentiful supply of light and air. The structure will cost $1,700,000, exclusive of heating, lighting, and all interior equipment. It will measure about 230 by 340 feet, which would allow about seventy-five feet of ground on the Fifth Avenue front, and about fifty-eight on Fortieth and Forty-second Streets. On the west side there is, happily, Bryant Park, with its pleasant relief of green foliage. The stone building will probably be faced with Indiana limestone. The book-stacks will be in the first and second stories and the basement, leaving the third story for the reading-room and other purposes. This arrangement

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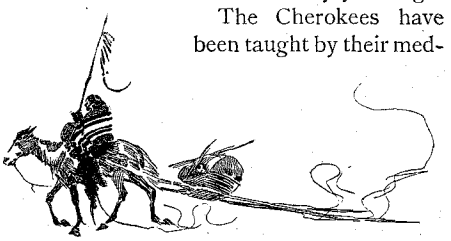
seemed best not only because of the light and airy position given to the reading-room, but also because it would allow an easy and symmetrical extension of the building to the west, if that should be desired. The spacious main reading-room, lighted from above, and free from dust and noise, will be supplemented by special reading-rooms for students, on the second and third floors.

The Trustees's report shows that everything has been thought of down to the least detail, —the perfect height of the ceilings, the proportions of the book-stacks, the best elevation of the window-sills, floors carpeted with cork, reception-rooms, a women's room, two cloak, parcel, and bicycle rooms, telephones, public lavatories and two or more elevators.

This report of the Commission gives some interesting statistics of the interior of the structure: "Of the reading-rooms freely open to the public, the main ones are to accommodate eight hundred readers, and to cover 26,800 square feet, allowing thirty square feet for each reader. There will be three rooms, so arranged that only one need be used at a time, but all can be readily served from one counter. The periodical and newspaper rooms are to cover 4,000 square feet each. There will be a patents room, 3,500 square feet; public documents rooms, 4,000 square feet; a children's room, 4,000 square feet, accommodating eighty readers, and a library for the blind, 800 square feet, for twenty readers. The reading-rooms for scholars and special students, to which admission will be by card only, will be divided as follows: Five or six special reading-rooms, from 1,800 to 2,000 square feet each; manuscript department, with a store-room, reading and librarian's room; a music-room, 800 square feet; a Bible-room, 800 square feet; a map-room, 1,000 square feet, and eight work-rooms for special students. The lending-delivery room will have a counter sixty feet long and seats for one hundred and fifty, and will cover 16,000 square feet. There will be three exhibition-rooms, open to the public, consisting of a picture-gallery, the Stuart collection-room and an exhibition-room for the history of printing. The administrative department will have a trustees' room, directors' rooms, an order department, a cataloguing room, an accessions department, a receiving and checking room for books, a packing and delivery room, a duplicate and exchange room, a main stack room for 1,500,000 volumes, 187,500 linear feet of shelving, a binding department, a printing-office, a business superintendent's office, a photographing department and lunch-rooms."

THE CHEROKEE PILGRIMAGE

AS this is written, the Cherokee nation, in the Indian Territory, is preparing for a great pilgrimage to the East to visit the tomb of its famous chieftain, Watohma, near Russellville, Ky. This great warrior, according to a Cherokee tradition, was killed in a tremendous battle with the Shawnees, a hundred and fifty years ago.



The Cherokees have been taught by their medicine-men that the tribe will be extinct in a few years; and with a reverential sentiment that is not unimpressive, the nation is going to make this arduous pilgrimage to deposit its most precious mementoes and trophies on the grave of its great ancestor and leader. The small army of twelve hundred will march East during the month of October, and beginning with November 3d, the date of the battle, will indulge in a week's round of festivities in their old home, where they flourished before Daniel Boone and those who followed him sent them, with the bison and the elk, toward the setting sun. At first the citizens in the neighborhood of Russellville and the line of march were, not unjustifiably, somewhat nervous over the prospect; but the emissary whom the Cherokees sent to prepare the way succeeded in convincing them that the tribe will be orderly, and that no motives exist ulterior to the ceremony. The line of march crosses the Mississippi at Chester and enters Kentucky at Shawneetown. Such a picturesque incident ought to furnish a good text for the writers in England and America who are so enthusiastic over the educational and moral benefits to be derived from historical pilgrimages, especially as it does not appear that any of the Cherokee medicine-men are interested in a tourist business.

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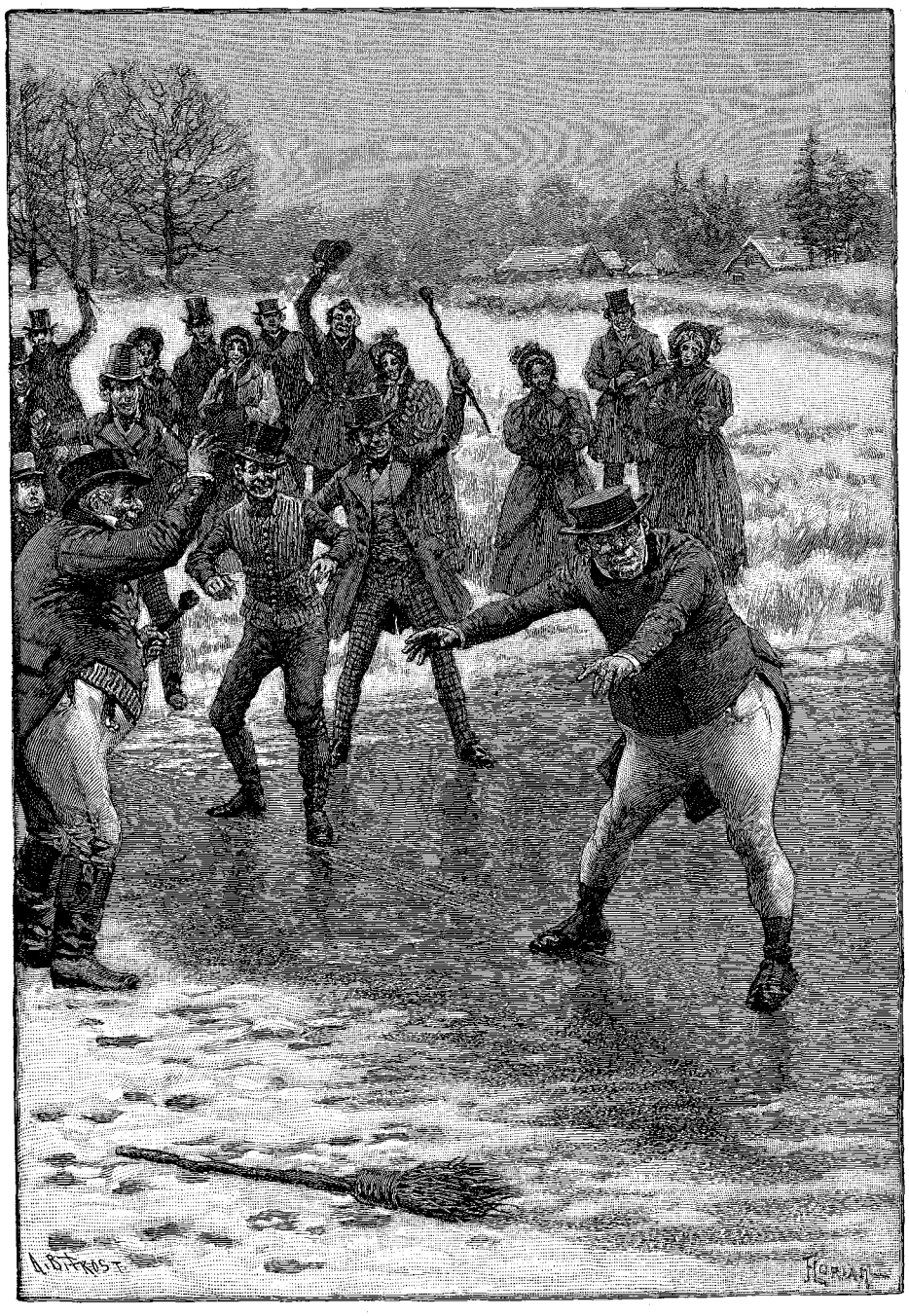

SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—XI.

THE SLIDE.—*Pickwick Papers, Chapter XXX.*

It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony.

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